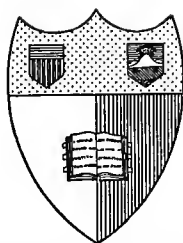


Mrs. E. M. Ward's Reminiscences

Edited by
Elliott O'Donnell

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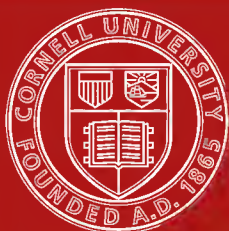
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MRS. E. M. WARD'S
REMINISCENCES



PHOTO BY

ARTHUR ROUSSELLE

M^{rs} E. W. Haid

MRS. E. M. WARD'S REMINISCENCES

EDITED BY
ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

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EDITOR'S NOTE

IN presenting to the public this volume of Reminiscences I am conscious of no little obligation to those of Mrs. Ward's friends, whose considerate courtesy has enabled me to re-produce so many letters.

GUILSBOROUGH,

NORTHAMPTON, 1911.

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Mrs. Ward's Reminiscences

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

MY name in full is Henrietta Mary Ada Ward, and I was born in the early "thirties" at No. 6 Newman Street, W.,—at that time an artists' colony.

For whatever talent I may possess I am, no doubt, indebted primarily to my grandfather, James Ward, R.A., and his brother, William Ward, A.R.A., the engraver; indirectly to my great uncle by marriage, George Morland, R.A., and my uncle by marriage, John Jackson, R.A., and more directly to my father, George Raphael Ward, the mezzotint engraver and portrait painter, and my mother, *née* Mary Webb, miniature painter and frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy.

About my grandfather so much has already been written that it is difficult to find anything fresh to say. He has been described as a genius, and as an animal painter it is said he stood alone in his day. He was undoubtedly a worker—a constant worker—and in that one respect at least I might say he was a phenomenon, for no other word sums him up so satisfactorily.

He was one of those men whom Fortune kisses on one cheek and slaps on both—a man endowed with the rarest talents and handicapped in all his endeavours to excel in them by the most unusual and unremittingly adverse circumstances.

Impecuniosity, brought about by a succession of misfortunes, prevented his parents from educating him decently, and from being of any subsequent material assistance; whilst his brother William, to whom he was apprenticed to learn mezzotinting, perceiving in him a possible rival, at one time did everything he could to dissuade him from pursuing that art.

His early friendship with George Morland, son of Henry Robert Morland, who married pretty Anne Ward, and drank himself to death, was productive of nothing but misery and annoyance. The Press was dead against him, and his *Magnum Opus*, the elaborate Allegory of the Battle of Waterloo, on which he spent seven of the most valuable years of his life, was a comparative failure; but in spite of these and other disasters, which would have completely crushed any ordinarily constituted man, my grandfather's grim, puritanical nature, sublimely heroic in its desperate struggles against the longest odds, eventually triumphed; and he won for himself a permanent reputation.

He was married twice, his second marriage taking place on the same day as that of my parents.

Leaving London, as he then hoped for good, he retired to an Elysium in the country; my father and mother residing for a time in the old home in Newman Street, and removing a year or so after my birth to 31, Fitzroy Square.

My earliest recollection is of an incident occurring in the latter place. Left to myself one morning on the balcony—for my mother was a strong advocate of fresh air—I at length grew tired of playing with my dolls, and, wanting to see what was taking place in the street below, thrust my head through the iron railings and had a good look. So far, so good! For

some minutes the passers-by, in their high chimney-pot hats and tight trousers, their big poke bonnets and still bigger sleeves, tickled my fancy and made me laugh—but the spectacle soon palled.

After all, dolls were more in my line ; I could get at them and make them play with me—and—well ! some of the people were really very ugly and not a few looked extremely cross.

But when I tried to extricate my head I found it was no easy task, the bars holding me fast. Reasoning with myself I was determined I would not cry. I had been able to get my head through, and as it could not have grown any larger I must be able to get it back. So I struggled on in grim silence. The hot sun poured on my head, whilst terror and fright, steadily increasing, ultimately put to flight my heroically formed resolution—my tightly compressed lips relaxed, and I burst into tears.

In response to my cries help speedily arrived, but neither my mother's scolding nor my father's angry pullings at the bars had any effect, and it was not until a carpenter had been fetched that I was released from my ignominious and painful prison.

Another episode, I vividly remember, took place about the same date and in precisely the same spot.

Craving one day for a little mild excitement of a more stirring nature than my dolls could afford, I got hold of a fishing-rod, and, leaning slyly over the railings, prepared to follow the Biblical mandate, and become an accomplished angler for men.

But, like every other art, fishing cannot be learned in a minute, and I had to try over and over again before any of the human fry fell a victim to my machinations.

At length, however, my hook held fast, and peeping cautiously into the street, I perceived it had actually

caught someone's top hat ! Oh ! the delirium of that triumphant moment—the never-to-be-forgotten thrills of delicious and patiently earned victory, and the exquisite joy with which I resorted to my reel and began to wind up the trophy.

But the fish fought, at least it swore, and in the most undignified and non-piscatorial fashion, which, however, far from frightening me only made me laugh the louder ; like a true sportsman I did not deem success worth having without some little effort on the part of the quarry.

Higher and higher in the air soared the hat, and louder and louder in the street grew the vociferations, now augmented and swelled into a chorus by the voices of some half-dozen astonished though much amused pedestrians.

Presently there came a series of tremendous bangs on the front door, and I heard my parents' voices raised in vehement altercation with some stranger. I was not long left in doubt as to the cause of the disturbance, my parents rushing on to the balcony and frantically commanding me to restore the irascible old gentleman's property.

This, I affirm, was my one and only experience as a fisherman ; for the rest, I was content in future to amuse myself with my dolls, for which I still cherish the greatest affection.

I made my debut as an artist when I was four years old.

My uncle, James Claude, who held a commission in the army, came to visit my parents one afternoon, driving up to the house in a gig, and as I watched the arrival from my favourite post of observation on the balcony, I was all at once fired with an ambition to draw the beautiful pony.

But there were obstacles in the way—my vigilant nurse and my over-anxious mother. If I could elude

them and steal out into the yard—for I could not possibly draw the animal from where I was standing—all would be well.

I was seldom daunted. Carefully selecting a pencil and sketch-book I awaited the propitious moment, and taking instant advantage of it, noiselessly turned the handle of the front door, and with fixed purpose glided on to the pavement.

Fortune favoured me—no one was about.

With trembling fingers and rapidly pulsating heart I set to work immediately, first the head, then the body, then the legs ! On and on flew the pencil, and so alas ! the afternoon. The time for tea arrived. I was wanted, and the hue and cry was raised.

The truth, of course, speedily leaked out ; a crowd of urchins were seen clustering round the pony cart, and I was discovered, not the least bit abashed, still hard at work as if my very life depended on it.

I am told that I could use a pencil before I had learned to talk, and my chief delight was to colour every picture-book that came my way, my doting parents—particularly my grandfather—aiding and abetting me.

“ Here, Henrietta ! here is a new publication for you to paint,” my father exclaimed one winter’s day, when I was sitting in front of the fire in Fitzroy Square ; “ see what you can make of this.” And he threw me the first number of *Punch*. Needless to say I made much !

My eye for perspective and proportion apparently came to me naturally. I remember when about six years of age criticising a portrait my father was engraving, and observing that the figure in it was too short for the head. My parents laughed, rebuking me for my precocity ; but as I stuck to my assertion my father jestingly measured it and found to his chagrin I was correct.

In odd contrast to this early development in the technique of my art I was abnormally fond of dolls, and continued to play with them till the very day of my marriage. This unusual fondness for certain toys may be in part attributed to the fact that, as a child, I had to rely entirely on my own inventive faculties for amusement.

My mother, an extremely nervous woman, was too afraid lest I should catch "something" to allow me to mix with other children; as a natural consequence I fell a victim to every possible epidemic, whooping-cough, measles, rose rash, scarlet fever and frequent feverish attacks, all of which nearly frightened her to death.

Though a chronic invalid, my mother was accomplished and industrious. She played the harp, the fashionable instrument in those days, and worked both in plain and fancy most exquisitely. As a linguist she was brilliant, conversing in French and Italian like a native.

It was in reference to this last accomplishment that Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., said to my father, "I would give all I possess to be as able a foreign linguist as your wife. A lack of proficiency in this attainment seriously handicaps me in my social duties." Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., was an old friend of my family, and my father was the only painter he allowed to copy his portraits in miniature. Writing to George Raphael Ward apropos of a miniature, Sir Thomas says:—

"RUSSELL SQUARE,

"*Thursday evening.*

"Dear Sir,

"If it be possible for you to complete those alterations to-day, and to let me have the miniature in its case by twelve o'clock to-morrow, you will much oblige me.

I am unengaged with sitters all the morning, should you have any wish to show it to me.

“I remain, dear Sir,

“Most truly yours,

“THOS. LAWRENCE.”

My father and John Constable, R.A., had a common friend in John Chalon, R.A., and amongst my father's correspondence I find one of Constable's letters written to John Chalon on the occasion of the latter's being elected an associate of the Royal Academy.

“WELL WALK, HAMPSTEAD,

“*Nov. 12, 1837.*

“My dear John Chalon (Constable begins),

“Accept my most sincere congratulations on an event which does equal credit to all parties—and believe me, that your having obtained the Diploma of the Royal Academy makes the possession of my own the more gratifying—as I have always felt the conviction that your great excellence in landscape has long deserved that mark of distinction—that I should first have been informed of your election by your own family has not a little added to the pleasure it has given me.

“I remain,

“Dear Chalon,

“Always very truly yours,

“JOHN CONSTABLE.

“My best compliments to your family.

“To JOHN T. CHALON, Esq.,

“Associate of the Royal Academy Elect,

“Great Marlborough Street.”

I saw a great deal of my father, most of his spare time being devoted to me. I recollect, when staying with an aunt in Brighton, going with him to see Mrs. Fitzherbert's suite of apartments in the Pavilion. I had not the least idea who Mrs. Fitzherbert was, but I was much impressed when told that the rooms were just as the Royal favourite had left them, and to me the pretty and tastefully arranged furniture proved the artistic temperament of its owner. What a story of happiness and sorrow those rooms might tell, could they but speak! They are now in the occupation of the "Young Men's Christian Association"!

When dressed for a party I always went to my father to have my sandals tied. They were usually black, and the satin ribbon, either black or coloured, was crossed on the instep and tied round the ankle. In return it was my custom to put on my father's straps for him when he went out for a walk, and to unbutton them when he came in. These straps were worn under the boot, and fastened to the trousers to keep them from "rucking up"; they were then made of strong leather and later on of india-rubber.

It was my height of bliss to see my father fully dressed to go out to dinner. Like most of the young *beaux* of the day he paid frequent visits to the hair-dresser, and had his hair curled all over his head in tiny ringlets. He wore a beautifully embroidered shirt front, sometimes with delicate pink underneath,—a variegated rich velvet waistcoat, and boots made to look like open-work stockings. He really looked charming, and I was justly proud of him.

He was of medium height, dapper, and extremely handsome, so handsome in fact that he had carried all before him in his courtship of my mother, the latter, ever fastidious, having preferred the

good-looking painter to the eminent but intensely plain caricaturist, Cruickshank, who proposed to her three times.

In disposition my father was scrupulously truthful, frank, sweet, and kind, and ever ready—in fact too ready—to help the needy, who would frequently accept his generosity without even so much as a “Thank you.” He was a great whist player, and a guest at innumerable card parties, but he would never play for money. He tried in vain to initiate me into the mysteries of his beloved game, and at his request I would sit down in the evening with my mother at the card-table, when, after listening patiently to his instructions for what seemed to me an eternity, I invariably fell asleep. Try how I would I could not conquer my detestation of cards, and even now I cannot sit at ease in a room where cards are being played.

Both my parents loved music, transmitting their taste for it to me, with whom it was at one time a question which I should cultivate, music or painting. My father introduced Rubenstein into England at a soirée given by the Society of Fine Arts, which Society he himself had originated, and my grandfather, also a lover of music, sang with so much force as well as sweetness that the rumble of his notes made glasses on the table shiver ; whilst, to complete the category, my uncle, James Claude Ward, was an amateur violinist of no inconsiderable ability.

But having decided to take up painting as a profession, I received every help and encouragement from my parents, whose ready criticism and correction of my drawing afforded me a constant means of improvement.

After church on Sunday my mother always gave me the option of illustrating the sermon we had heard,

either by drawing or an essay, and it is needless to say which method I employed to convey my meaning.

My mother was a staunch Protestant, and when she could attend a service, which was seldom, went to the nearest church in the neighbourhood. She was much interested in theological questions, and always consulted her father-in-law on the subject of religion, regarding his opinions as conclusive.

Apropos of Sunday, it was a pretty sight to me to see the Charity girls sitting round the altar-rails, picturesquely clothed in brown dresses with white kerchiefs round their shoulders, their legs conspicuously adorned with yellow stockings and bright buckles; but the music, entirely entrusted to them, in conjunction with the Charity boys, was rendered disgracefully.

The clergyman wore a black gown, and, if a fashionable preacher, would not infrequently appear in the pulpit in dove-coloured kid gloves, and long widow-like cuffs. Despite her orthodox church views, my mother was no bigot with regard to amusements, and I was often taken to the theatre. The day after one of these visits to the playhouse, Lady Alethea Sparrow (who subsequently married one of George IV's brothers) came to see us. She was extremely Low Church, and like the majority of that persuasion, held all theatres in abhorrence.

Being fond of children, however, she soon had me on her lap, and in the conversation that ensued managed to extract the information that I had been to a play the previous evening.

Lady Alethea was horrified. The Drama! And one so young!

"Do you never say your prayers, child?" she queried, when she had sufficiently recovered her composure to speak.

"Yes, always!" I replied, nodding my head complacently.

"But not after going to the theatre," Lady Alethea corrected; "you are surely too tired then?"

"I am never too tired to say my prayers," was my response, whereupon Lady Alethea, pleasantly surprised by this rebuff, smothered me in kisses.

The next day an enormous box arrived, directed to "Miss Henrietta Ward." It contained a large number of religious books, a present from the Lady Alethea.

Being so well known in the Art World, my parents naturally attracted a large circle of interesting friends, amongst others, Thomas Moore. I cannot definitely say when my father's friendship with Thomas Moore actually began, but I see from his correspondence that the first letter he received from the poet is dated 1836. The letter, which was written apropos of an engraving my father printed and altered at Moore's request, runs thus:—

"ROPESTON,

"*Dec. 4th*, 1836.

"My dear Sir,

"I was both surprised and mortified by your letter which reached me yesterday and cannot conceive what has become of my answer to your former one—for I wrote to you almost immediately on receiving yours with the print. It is too provoking, and I cannot say how much I lament your being inconvenienced by the accident. If the letter has not by this time reached you, pray let me know, that I may make enquiries on the subject, as such negligence on the part of some one or other (messenger or franker) might be attended with even more disagreeable consequences than I trust have resulted from this. I have only time at the moment to say that we were all

most delighted with the improvements you had made in the Print.

“Yours, my dear Sir, most truly,
“THOMAS MOORE.”

Moore was a most lovable character, and so kind that he was never known to say a harsh word about anyone. The story of our first rencontre may not be without interest. It took place in the interim of his sitting to my father for a portrait. Mr. Moore lived some distance from Fitzroy Square, and it was doubtful whether he could walk as far as our house. This was very disappointing to me, my anxiety to see the famous poet being constantly increased by my parents' frequent allusion to him. At last the long desired opportunity came. Playing one day in the Square, I suddenly saw the queerest of little men in the queerest of rough beaver hats, that stuck out all over a very big head, slowly going from house to house and coming away each time sadder and sadder. Instinct telling me that this must be Thomas Moore come to pay the long desired visit, I rushed indoors and informed my parents. Of course I was ridiculed. How did I know it was Moore? I had never even seen him.

Besides he was much too decrepit to walk so far. It was absurd—preposterous! Then the front-door bell rang—Moore was announced and it was my turn to laugh.

I can see him now as he appeared to me then—a stout little man dressed *à la mode* in a tail coat, big choker and high collar. He had curly hair, a retroussé nose, round chin, humorous mouth, rather full, twinkling and exceedingly pleasant eyes, and a lofty forehead. It was a fascinatingly clever and shrewdly kind face—the face that cheers men's lives and frightens no one.

He had not been many minutes in the house before he displayed his partiality for children, and beckoning me to approach he seated me gently on his knee.

"What is my name?" he enquired, tilting up my chin and playing with my curls. "Tell me, my dear, do you know who I am?"

"You are Tommy Moore!" I chuckled, "little Tommy Moore," and then catching the look of horror on my mother's face I grew suddenly grave.

"Tell me once again," Moore demanded, "who am I?" But I replied this time with great decorum: "Mr. Moore." The sudden change in my manner displeased the poet, and he murmured quietly, "Try again, girlie! try again," upon which I cried out with great glee, "Little Tommy Moore! Little Tommy Moore! I'll tell you a story that's not in Tommy Moore."

Moore was delighted, and the friendship that had come within an ace of dissolution was forthwith permanently renewed.

From the incidents I have already related, it may be readily deduced that I had a singularly happy childhood.

Although I began to make a serious study of drawing under the tuition of my mother at an age when other children were still in the nursery, my work was made so delightfully attractive that I looked upon it as a pleasure rather than otherwise.

I fancy I inherited my grandfather's love of animals.

My black and white spaniel "Mac" was very human. He was trained to call me in to meals from the Square by barking in a peculiar manner, and in the performance of this duty he was never known to blunder. Another of my pets, a guinea-pig, would follow me up and down stairs, and everywhere I went, like a dog.

A portrait of this guinea-pig, painted by my grandfather, and presented to me as a birthday gift, now hangs by the door in my dining-room.

My first great grief was the death of my uncle, James Claude, the uncle whose pony, doubtlessly endowed with a reflected glory, had made so good a model for my first drawing from the life.

In his youth, James had been a constant source of trouble to his father ; perhaps, in later years, he had toned down ; at all events, the mere fact of his kindness to me showed there was some good in him. To me, he was just a big, jolly playfellow, always sympathetic, always full of fun, and I adored him.

It was he who first introduced india-rubber articles of all kinds into this country—the use of india-rubber up to that time being greatly restricted. Amongst his many presents to me were a watch-chain of india-rubber bound with coloured silk, goloshes which were quite a novelty, people having hitherto worn wooden “clogs” in wet weather, and garters ! The latter, I am shocked to say, I put on and tried to show my friends, the attempt being instantly checked by my mother, who somewhat reluctantly allowed me to wear them round my arms instead !

When my uncle died I was six years old, and was of course put into mourning. My dress now had tight sleeves for the first time, sleeves having been previously worn large and full.

I remember feeling proud of this new black frock, until suddenly recollecting that the death of my beloved uncle was the reason of its being given to me, I became extremely penitent, and never allowed myself to feel pleased with the dress again.

Some short time before this sad occurrence, there had been a revolution in clothes, and I can never forget calling my mother to the window to look at

two lady friends who lived a few doors away. They were dressed in the newest fashion, having on brown satin poke bonnets lined with pink, black satin pelisses, and rather short brown velvet dresses with very tight, straight sleeves. I could only compare them with trussed fowls, and was extremely shocked.

The crinoline did not come in for many years later, when I brought one from Paris and wore it at a ball.

"I hear they are bringing in steel petticoats in France," one of my partners remarked. "I cannot believe such a thing possible."

I smiled naively.

"Perhaps you will be still more incredulous," I responded, "when I tell you that at the present moment I am wearing such an article as you describe."

I was very sorry when the crinoline went out of fashion; and I found the skirt clinging round the feet most uncomfortable for walking.

Besides relieving one of weight, the crinoline, like the hoop of old days, gave a spring and a style to the dress which is sadly lacking in the modern "would-be" classic skirts. The Louis XVIth paniers, worn during the early crinoline period, were also very becoming, and at that time, turbans—which were most picturesque—and bonnets entirely took the place of hats.

I have vivid recollections of going to see my great aunt in fearful anticipation as to what the latter would be wearing on her head. Would it be the turban of light blue crêpe decorated with silver stars and half-moons, or that other one of pale pink crêpe decorated with gold spangles! It was always a matter of the keenest speculation, although both were equally certain to make me sit speechless, gazing in open-mouthed and awestruck admiration.

This aunt—the sister of Anne Ward—often talked a great deal about the beautiful and saint-like Mrs.

Morland, and I remember how indignant I used to be on hearing that George Morland, accompanied by his boon companions, would come home at all hours of the night, and insist upon his wife getting up and cooking them supper! He literally broke her heart; yet she stood by him to the last, and always declared that she should not survive him many hours. This prophecy was practically fulfilled, as she outlived him only three days. The Wards one and all adored her, and even now we speak of her with bated breath.

A rather grim experience happened to me in connection with one of my maternal uncles, Mr. Webb, who died whilst on a visit to 31 Fitzroy Square.

Curious to know what a dead person looked like, but not daring to say so, I cautiously opened the door of the room where the body lay, and tiptoeing noiselessly in, peeped fearfully at the bed. One glimpse of the corpse as it lay stretched out—cold, grey and silent—was enough, more than enough; overwhelmed with horror I fled precipitately, and was too frightened to mention the circumstance to anyone.

To turn from grave to gay, there is rather an amusing circumstance in connection with my first ball.

It was given by the Babington Peels, in honour of my eleventh birthday, and as I showed a decided preference for "grown-ups," my friends prevailed upon my parents to allow them to invite only adults. The ball, a great success, was prolonged far into the morning, and utterly regardless of propriety, I spent most of the time with one partner. The latter, brought to book by Mrs. Peel, was so ungallant as to excuse himself on the grounds that the young lady had given him every encouragement.

"Oh, indeed!" Mrs. Peel sarcastically observed with a slight elevation of her brows, "and pray how old do you take her to be?"

"Certainly not less than eighteen," the youth retorted, and everyone laughed.

In those days girls, clad in Dutch dresses, used to sell little bundles of brooms for a penny, singing the song, "Buy a broom, ladies, buy a broom." The tune was fanciful and pretty, and my mother, struck with an idea, wrote some verses to it which she persuaded me to learn. Then, dressed *à la Dutch*, in white watered silk with satin binding and a high cap, I was taken, song in hand, to a party at "Old Tom" Landseer's.

The song, an immediate success, was applauded by all save the host, who was, unfortunately, stone deaf. However, being, I suppose, rather taken with my appearance, and wanting to know what the excitement was about, "Old Tom" signalled to me to approach, and, presenting his ear-trumpet to me, bade me repeat the song.

With crimson cheeks and fearsome glances at the yawning mouth of the perplexing and dreaded instrument, I managed to get through the ordeal, though how I ever succeeded in doing so remains a mystery to this day.

"Old Tom" Landseer, an engraver by profession, and elder brother of the famous Edwin, and the clever, though perhaps less known, Charles (also an engraver), was remarkable for his eccentricities. Their father, John Landseer, lived not very far from us, and I often saw him coming from an *à la mode* beef shop adjoining Fitzroy Square, with his dinner tied up in a glaring red handkerchief. Edwin, being immoderately fond of animals, and having a small garden at the back of his house in the Grove End Road, kept a regular menagerie, which, however pleasing to me, was probably not so agreeable to his neighbours. Edwin was not handsome, but he had a pleasant face

with a snub nose, and was remarkable for his general good humour and ceaseless wit. Like his father, he was eccentric, and I recollect, that on returning from a dance on an icy cold night, I saw Edwin Landseer, in a fancy dress costume, sitting on his doorstep fast asleep. He had apparently grown tired of rapping, and was quite content to remain in the snow-bound street. Sir Edwin Landseer's handwriting, though quite legible, was most peculiar and utterly unlike any other writing I have seen. It was very graceful and full of a pronounced character and style. His crest, a stag's head, was most appropriate. Writing to my father with regard to the Nelson Monument, Sir Edwin Landseer R.A. says :—

“ ST. JOHN'S WOOD ROAD, N.W.,

“ *Feb. 8th, 1867.*

“My dear Ward,

“I thank you very sincerely for your friendly praise and flattering commendations of my share in the Nelson Monument. Your note touched me deeply.

“Very truly yours,

“E. LANDSEER.”

In another letter which is thoroughly characteristic of him, as it bears neither address nor date, Sir Edwin writes :—

“My dear Mr. Ward,

“Allow me to thank you sincerely for your kind answer to my note, and your wish to propose me. I have not asked anybody to second my name, thinking you might speak to somebody, and I do not think the Governor well could. I think it better to tell you that I have written to two other members for votes.

At any rate there is nothing I should like better than being a member. Well, many thanks for your kind reply.

“Believe me very sincerely yours,
“E. LANDSEER.”

Thomas Landseer's writing was also distinctly individual. I find that among my father's letters, I have one that “Old Tom” wrote to him with respect to the Chalons. It runs thus :—

“CUNNINGHAM PLACE,
“ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
“*March 26th.*

“Thank you, my dear Mr. Ward, for thinking of us. Touching the works of the distinguished Chalon we are all very much pleased with the landscape of J. Chalon, but I wanted most of all a fair example, the sort of subject that would have been approved of by A. E. Chalon, as representing him either drawing or painting. A. Mitchell has in the most polite way presented me with two little flower subjects. I still hope to get a figure one. I wish you would favour us with a call. I have the pleasure to remain,

“Always faithfully yours,
“THOMAS LANDSEER.”

In odd contrast to this handwriting is the much more orthodox penmanship of Charles Landseer, who, writing to my father on the death of James Ward, R.A., says :—

“35, GROVE END ROAD, N.W.,
“*June 19th.*

“Dear Ward,

“It is very kind of you to write me to attend the funeral of your late lamented father, but a severe

cold will unfortunately prevent me from paying that last tribute of respect to my poor old friend. I must therefore ask you to excuse me. With sincere condolence to yourself and family.

“I am,
“Yours very truly,
“CHARLES LANDSEER.”

My father and husband, of course, often met G. F. Watts, R.A., at various friends' houses, though they did not know him so intimately as they did many of the other Royal Academicians.

On the occasion of a visit to the theatre with my father, I saw the then notorious Lady Blessington about to get into her brougham. The good looks of most society women at the present time are so much exaggerated by the photographer, and the Press, that one cannot help feeling somewhat sceptical with regard to the claims to beauty of this class in the past. But there is no question in the case of Lady Blessington; she really was lovely. Her exquisitely moulded mouth, dainty but firm, her pointed chin, and long, dark eyes took my fancy most, and so rivetted my attention that I can only recall one detail with regard to her dress, namely, a very becoming lace cap fastened with a fold of tulle under the chin.

As all the world knows, Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay were inseparables. A. E. Chalon, R.A., painted them together, and being in an impecunious state at the time not unnaturally asked for payment. He eventually got his money, but in consequence of his unpardonable indiscretion lost half his clientele. Previous to this unfortunate incident, until, in fact, the commencement of her friendship with Count d'Orsay, to whose sinister influence the occurrence may be attributed, the Countess of Blessington had

been on the very best of terms with Alfred Chalon. Through her agency, A. E. Chalon, R.A., had obtained numerous commissions for portraits, amongst others, as the following letter shows, that of Lady Albert Conyngham :—

“Dear Sir (she writes),

“Lord Albert Conyngham has requested me to ask you to name a day for commencing the portrait of Lady Albert. It is to be engraved for my ‘Book of Beauty,’ and I know you will do the subject justice. Be so good as to write a line to Lord Albert naming the day and hour.

“Believe me, dear Sir,

“Very truly yours,

“M. BLESSINGTON.

“To ALFRED E. CHALON, Esq., R.A.,

“12, Great Marlborough Street.”

Amongst other tastes which the Countess shared in common with Alfred Chalon was a great love of the theatre ; and writing to him from Gore House on October 15th, 1838, she says :—

“Dear Mr. Chalon,

“I saw the vignette and Irish piece on Friday, and admired them exceedingly—nothing can be happier than the fancy, or more graceful than the execution. The Love Birds will henceforth be the emblems of Henry Moore, and quite explode Doves. I have written to Mr. Heath, but can offer no explanation of what appears to me an unsolvable enigma. I have seen the Bayarders, and almost wish I had not, for the sight has destroyed an agreeable illusion—I fancied them graceful and interesting but found them only

the last, owing to an apparent ill-health, a very unpoetical cause for interest. I do not think you will like them, and am sure you will prefer Taglioni's version of a Bayardere to the reality. I write with half a dozen people talking around me, but I would not longer delay telling you how beautiful I find the drawing, and how truly I am, dear Sir,

“Your obliged,

“M. BLESSINGTON.”

One can scarcely believe that the friendship of the Countess for A. E. Chalon, R.A., was entirely superficial, but, on the contrary, from her correspondence one is led to believe that she really had a genuine and kindly feeling for him. In a letter dated April 2nd, 1842, she expresses her sympathy with him on the loss of his sister thus :—

“Dear Mr. Chalon,

“We do indeed, deeply, truly feel for you, and your brother, under the heavy affliction with which it has pleased the Almighty to visit you, an affliction which leaves your home and hearth desolate. Who could know the amiable and excellent sister you have lost without deploring her death and sympathising in the sorrow which now overwhelms you? I know how utterly vain all attempts at offering consolation under such circumstances are, but I believe that *true* sympathy is never unacceptable. It was only yesterday morning that I heard the sad event, and I assure you it equally shocked and grieved me. The only source of consolation left is the recollection of the virtues of the dear departed, which must convince you that, though those very virtues render it more difficult for you to support her loss, they insure her a felicity never found on earth, and that you may hope to join

her in Heaven—may God grant you courage and resignation under this heavy trial is the sincere prayer, dear Mr. Chalon,

“Of yours truly,
“M. BLESSINGTON.”

Yet, incredible as it may seem, it was within a very short time of the writing of this apparently sincere letter to A. E. Chalon, that the Countess systematically accomplished his financial ruin!

I have in my possession a beautiful inlaid cabinet which formerly belonged to Lady Blessington, and was bought at a sale of effects after her death. I saw Count d’Orsay, the object of her admiration, many times; my first encounter with him taking place at Lord Coventry’s town house in Piccadilly, where I had gone to see Lady Holland, before her presentation at Court. Count d’Orsay’s appearance greatly impressed me, for he was wonderfully handsome, and could not have been more imperious in manner had the whole world been subject to him. I can see him now, dressed in the very height of fashion with a high collar and enormous turned back cuffs to his coat sleeves.

He drove an exceedingly smart kind of cabriolet, and his “tiger,” a tiny fellow, oddly contrasted with the huge black horse he held when waiting for the Count.

I watched the equipage with the greatest interest from the window.

A sort of revolution in vehicles was going on just then. Cabs had “come in” in the shape of two-wheeled carriages, painted yellow with a seat for the driver at the side; and they in turn gave place to four-wheeled contrivances which crept along at a snail pace and had a door at the back for “fares.”

On one occasion, and one occasion only, I rode in a stage coach, and I also remember travelling from Windsor to London—no inconsiderable journey in those days—in an open railway car—an experience which was certainly more novel than agreeable.

Astley's circus was to me a paradise. I loved to watch the graceful and intelligent horses; and the daring equestrian performances of Ducrow, the circus manager, together with his wife and children, whilst filling me with intense admiration, almost deprived me of breath. In imagination I was whirled with them faster and faster, through spangled hoops, up dizzy heights, round sudden curves—a participator in their wildest and most fantastic evolutions from start to finish.

One night, when I had just finished dressing to go to the circus, a servant came rushing into my room calling out, "Astley's is burnt down—the horses' legs are lying about in all directions."

I could not, and would not believe, my darling animals were destroyed—it couldn't be true! But alas! the news was speedily confirmed, the circus had caught fire, and, before morning, was burnt to the ground. A new one was speedily built—larger, more elaborately fitted, more brilliantly illuminated—but to me at least it was not the same; it was no longer a fairy land, the glamour had gone.

An incident of a serio-comic nature, in which Madame Vestris played the principal rôle, occurred during one of her operatic performances, I happening to be present.

Owing to the vehemence of her acting Madame Vestris's false teeth suddenly became loose. With sly movements of her tapering fingers the famous singer endeavoured to coax them back, but finding it was of no avail, and perceiving there was no other

alternative, she suddenly turned her back on the audience, and taking the plate right out of her mouth, carefully readjusted it—then she finished her song.

The house, sympathising with her embarrassment, and appreciating her fortitude, rewarded her with the most tumultuous applause, in which it is needless to say my father and I heartily joined.

I think it must have been a year or two earlier than this that I saw Mrs. Keeley in "Jack Sheppard," and was so impressed by the character of *Blue Skin*, the thief, in the same play, that, on the following day, I requested my parents to let me practise picking pockets, at which, to my surprise, they were extremely shocked.

Years later I remember saying to Mrs. Keeley, whom we then knew very well, "Can I ever forget your expression, as Jack Sheppard was going to be executed? It was prodigious, wonderful!"

Whereupon Mrs. Keeley, looking anything but pleased, rejoined, "I am surprised that you should remember me best in that rôle, when I've played so many more important ones since."

Nothing seemed to tire or daunt her, and she was as full of vigour at fifty as most people are at thirty, indeed she must have been past middle-age when she electrified us all by her extraordinary feat of dancing in the "pas de tambourine and carving knife" scene in the pantomime of "Open Sesame" at the Lyceum.

One of her daughters married charming Albert Smith, the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, Kyril Bellew's father, performing the ceremony, whilst another daughter married the famous Q.C., Montague Williams.

I seldom went to pantomimes, as I never cared for them, but I recollect that on one occasion, when I was very small, and my father had taken me either to Sadler's Wells or one of the other theatres, I can't

exactly remember which, I was so taken with the antics of the clown that, on my return home, I made up my mind to reproduce them. After practising sundry feats alone and martyring myself to the extent of many cuts and bruises, the result of several violent blows, I considered myself fairly efficient, and, resolving to make a brilliant and startling début, I entered the drawing-room.

An opportunity to distinguish myself soon presented itself, and fondly imagining that my performance would meet with general approbation I snatched away the chair, just as my mother was about to sit down—she collapsed and so did I.

One incident recalling another, I very well remember the commotion caused in London and the suburbs by the appearance of a man at night, on the roofs of houses, as well as in the streets and lanes, attired in the most grotesque and ghostly garments.

He never committed any actual violence, apparently his one idea being to frighten people either by pouncing out on them from some dark, empty house, with a gigantic leap, or by jumping over some wall or hedge of a prodigious height, right in front of them, which feat he was supposed to accomplish by the aid of powerful springs fastened to the soles of his boots. He was known to the masses by the sobriquet Spring Heeled Jack, and I heard him alluded to in Society always in whispers—a very puzzling state of affairs to a child of my enquiring nature.

When the scare was at its height, my mother took me to see one of my grandfather's pictures at Somerset House, and was absolutely appalled by my asking in a very loud voice if the demon in his picture was Spring Heeled Jack. Catching me by the shoulder, my mother hastily bundled me out of the room, and although, at the time, I thought her behaviour most

unaccountable, I never again ventured to mention the name of my favourite bogey in public.

As a child I went to a great variety of entertainments, some of which I liked a great deal more than others. I remember one afternoon going with a Mr. Lemon (not Mark) who was a very old friend of my parents to an exhibition held in connection with a certain explorer whose name I have forgotten.

A little girl friend of mine accompanied us, and I am ashamed to say she and I derived infinitely more amusement from "bunting into" kind and fat Mr. Lemon, who very foolishly walked between us, than we did from the exhibition.

In justice to myself, however, I must say that these boisterous moods were the exception, and not the rule; for even in my extreme youth, of which I am now speaking, I loved the genuine study of drawing better than any game or frolic, and, as time went on, I applied myself more and more seriously to it.

Thus sticking hard at my work, and surrounded with the loving care of idolising but judicious parents, my early childhood glided happily by, drifting nearer and nearer to the great event which marks the most momentous epoch in every woman's life.

CHAPTER II

E. M. WARD, R.A.

HAVING ended the first chapter of these reminiscences with a suggestion of my approaching marriage, I had better begin the second with a brief sketch of the early career of E. M. Ward, R.A., my future husband. He was not, by the way, before our union related to me, and the fact that my grandfather also married a Ward belonging to a family entirely separate from his own forms, I think, a curious example of that tendency in history—even in the history of individuals—to repeat itself.

Born in Belgravia in 1816, Edward Matthew Ward, R.A., was seventeen years older than I. His father, a manager in Messrs. Coutts' Banking Co., possessed artistic tendencies, being fond of drawing and copying, whilst his mother, a Miss Ford, one of the three handsome daughters of a Devonshire gentleman, was the sister-in-law of the well-known essayists and miscellaneous writers, James and Horace Smith.

Edward was quite a child when his parents moved from Belgravia to Adelphi Terrace, Strand, with which address his earliest recollections are associated. I cannot say I know much about his childhood; he seldom alluded to it, and I admit I was too jealous of any event in his life, with which I was not personally associated, to question him very fully about it.

His one act of disobedience to his father, to whom he was devoted, was, he told me, when he ran away from school to attend the funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., of whose pictures, even as a little boy, he was a great admirer; indeed, my future husband not merely appreciated art but began to draw and paint almost as soon as he was born.

When quite a young lad he went on a visit to Worthing, where the late Queen Victoria—then a girl of ten or so—happened to be staying, and the Head of the Household inviting my future husband to spend an afternoon at the Royal establishment, he was accordingly taken thither by his parents and was much impressed when the Princess Victoria entered the room into which they had been ushered, on purpose to make their acquaintance. Shaking hands with Edward, and gazing intently at him for some seconds, she enquired if he had any sisters, and on being informed that he had none, remarked : “ Oh, what a pity ! ” from which it may be implied that she would not have been averse to playing with them.

That so shrewd a connoisseur of human nature as Her late Gracious Majesty should have shown such friendliness towards him will convince my readers, more conclusively than any statement of my own, that my husband must have been an exceptionally nice little boy. I might also mention further to illustrate his character, a story his dear old father often used to tell me.

One day, in order to test his sons’ integrity, Mr. Ward sent them into the dining-room to look at the table, which was arranged for a dinner-party, and taking up his position behind the door observed, unknown to them, of course, their respective movements. Charles, after one or two cautious peeps around him, to make sure no one was looking, slyly pocketed some sugar plums, whereas Edward, placing his hands resolutely behind his back and walking admiringly round the table, came out of the room without having touched anything, which fully shows, I think, what sort of a boy he was.

On completing his academical education, Edward entered his father’s bank. As may readily be

imagined, however, bank life was most uncongenial ; his whole soul was in Art and his parents quickly perceiving their mistake in having " put " him to office work, soon gave him every facility to follow the profession that was nearest and dearest to his heart. Beginning his Art training under the tuition of a Mr. Cawse, whose two daughters were well-known singers, my future husband, before he was twenty, had obtained the silver palette of the Society of Arts (1830), had painted on commission a portrait of O. Smith, the actor, in the character of *Don Quixote*, and had illustrated his uncles', James and Horace Smith's, works, " Brambletye House " (the original illustrations of which, drawn by my husband, are now in the possession of Mr. Horace Rounds, a grandson of Horace Smith) and " Rejected Addresses."

Both my parents-in-law being equally devoted to Edward, and only too anxious to do all that lay in their power to further his aims and foster his ambition, sent him to study in Italy. Painting by turn in Venice and Florence, and never exceeding the annual allowance his father made him, he at length arrived in Rome, and was there awarded the Silver Medal for Historical Composition. From Rome he moved to Naples, in which city—as he confided to me years afterwards on gazing over the placid blue bay, so truly Eastern, at the distant mountain in eruption, and listening at the same time to some half-dozen rollicking sailors bawling out familiar national songs at the top of their voices, and making a noise which despite its discord was, nevertheless, marvellously welcome—he first grew home-sick. Being in Italy during an epidemic of cholera, Edward, though happily escaping himself, nursed a fellow-artist, Henry Burloe, who, curiously enough, was my godfather, though

Edward, never having heard of me then, had no idea of it at the time. Henry Burloe was in reality Henry Behnes, having adopted the name of Burloe on account of the excesses of his brother, William, the famous sculptor. Henry, whose character was in every way excellent, was, however, very inferior as an artist to William. Sad to relate, he succumbed to the cholera, and died in the arms of my future husband.

Edward returned to England in 1839. Of all the places he had visited, he loved Venice best, and after our marriage often urged me to go there with him. I did go eventually, but alas! not until after his death.

Settling in London, Edward now applied himself to painting in grim earnest, and in 1839 had his first picture, "Cimabue and Giotto," hung in the Royal Academy; the subject matter of his subsequent works, always with him a matter of the utmost importance, was almost invariably confined to historical incident.

Apropos of choosing a subject, my husband often told me that in his opinion the greatest weapon for good or evil was entrusted to artists, for he argued people could see even if they could not read. Education in his young days was strictly limited to those who could afford to pay for it. In accordance with these views, Edward, in all his pictures, pointed to some particular moral, most obviously, perhaps, in his "South Sea Bubble," "Abdication of James II," "Disgrace of Clarendon" (in the Tate Gallery), and in "The Death of Charles II," "Last Sleep of Argyll," etc. (in the House of Commons).

On his return from Italy, my future husband continued to reside with his parents, who had removed from Adelphi Terrace to Russell Place, to within,

indeed, a stone's throw of our house, and it was owing to the similarity of our names and consequent confusion of our letters—the postman invariably leaving ours at their house and theirs at ours—that we first heard of Edward M. Ward.

A quite orthodox introduction, however, was actually brought about by a friend in common who insisted on taking my father round to Russell Place to see a cartoon of Boadicea, which Edward had done for a prize competition, and which in his, the friend's, opinion was a real work of genius.

I remember the occasion quite well, for, bitterly disappointed at not being allowed to accompany my father, I cried and screamed, utterly regardless of my poor mother's attempts to console me, till he came back.

Of course Edward returned the call, and thus my curiosity was soon satisfied. The impression I received of him at our first rencontre is still vividly stamped on my mind. He was then twenty-seven years old, and appeared to me to be singularly handsome, with a very pale complexion, straight dark hair which he wore rather long and parted on one side, and a slightly aquiline nose. He was so much like an Italian, both with regard to features and colouring, that he was often mistaken for one, the illusion being intensified by the circumstance that he could speak Italian most fluently. Being close on six feet (with a proportionate width of chest), he was comparatively tall, but a certain droop of the head and slight stoop, a habit he had doubtless acquired from criticising his own and other people's work, considerably detracted from his height.

His only hobby—if one can so call a study of such vast importance—was history. He was passionately fond of reading Lamartine, Hume, and other great

historians, and would frequently come home laden with books or curios in the way of dress or weapons. He hated cards and billiards, was a non-smoker, and took no interest whatever in sport ; but he was by no means so serious as he looked, and possessed a rich fund of quiet humour that would often convulse a whole room with laughter.

He was so frank, simple, and unaffected in his manners that I took to him at once and we became the greatest friends.

Shortly after his first visit to our house, I sat to him for a picture he was painting entitled "Temptation." It represented a child carrying a basket of fruit on which she cast the most longing eyes.

I played the rôle to perfection, indeed to such perfection that it was with the greatest difficulty I could abstain from helping myself, inwardly condemning what I considered the meanness of Mr. Ward in not offering me any—an omission, however, amply atoned for by his mother, who always took me into the drawing-room before I went home and loaded me with dainties.

I can see Edward now, as I saw him then—painting as if for dear life, attired in a long, flowing dressing-gown, besmeared with paint to an extent that horrified me. I soon idolised him, and my dear mother, who was never happier than when planning to give me pleasure, would often say, "Now, Henrietta, if you do your lessons thoroughly well and are very good this morning, I will send round and ask Mr. Ward to come in to tea"; and the bribe, if such I may call it without detriment to my fond parent, was never known to fail—for the rest of the day I was an angel.

Edward was then both shy and absent-minded, and at the time antimacassars were in vogue would

often leave our house with one hanging on his shoulders, not observing the circumstance till he was well on his way home. He would then hasten back, and, after knocking timidly at the front door, would convulse us with laughter by sneaking into our presence overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

The evenings he spent with us passed all too quickly, he was such an admirable talker that wherever he was conversation never flagged, and in corroboration of this statement I will quote a remark the late Lord Lytton once made to me.

"Although," he said, "I have enjoyed the companionship of endless great men, I have never met one who was so grand a conversationalist as your husband."

Edward sang, chiefly in Italian, and danced the Tarantella with the grace and agility of a native. As a mimic, too, he was quite unsurpassed—a past master in the art—as Frith used to say—albeit always a kindly one. He could imitate the curious or rather shuffling walk, and more especially "the snuffling" of a certain Mr. Salter—commonly known as "Snuffling Salter"—so admirably to the latter's face, that those present were often at a loss to know which of the two it was who really snuffled.

Chorley, too, the writer who was instrumental in bringing Arthur Sullivan before the public, was another of Edward's victims. He possessed a singularly squeaky voice that reminded one of a guinea pig, and being a constant talker was nicknamed "Mr. All-Squeaks." He was a prominent figure at musical gatherings, at which he was very fond of airing his opinions; and whenever Edward was present and Chorley was speaking, the audience would shake with laughter on hearing a series of echoing squeaks from an opposite corner of the room.

The love of mimicry, however, carefully exercised as it was, proved a not infrequent source of anxiety to my husband's friends. Whilst Edward was at Lord Northwick's, painting his "Fall of Clarendon," Frith, who was also staying with Lord Northwick, told me that he was in constant fear and trembling lest his lordship should catch Edward mimicking him. Lord Northwick was one of those people who, whilst professing to love Art, show a decided disinclination to pay for it; indeed he appears to have been a general all-round "poser," for nothing pleased him better than to pretend that Nelson's friendship for Lady Hamilton was perfectly innocent and justifiable. "Ah!" he would say, "if ever there was an excellent—I might truly say, a model wife—it was dear Lady Hamilton; how sweet, how gentle, how noble she was, and how calumniated! But is it not always the way with those of us who are really good and virtuous?" and then, carefully scrutinising the faces of his audience in search of the smile he so well knew could not be suppressed, he would roar out his denunciations of the innocent lady's detractors. In support of this affectation he would invariably narrate an anecdote relative to the execution of Caracciolo, in which he took very good care to shift the onus of the deed from Lady Hamilton's shoulders to those of Nelson. According to Lord Northwick's account, Caracciolo asked to be shot, but was refused this privilege and hanged on the yard-arm instead by Nelson's express order. As a sequel, it was stated that on the following morning, Nelson, whilst shaving in his cabin, received a violent shock, for on looking through the porthole he perceived Caracciolo standing upright in the water and staring at him with wide-open, glassy eyes, bobbing up and down in ghostly imitation of a live

person. As one would naturally suppose, Nelson was considerably startled. But Lord Northwick told the story in such a way as to lead one to infer that Nelson's fright was entirely due to his guilty conscience, and whilst emphasizing the latter he very carefully suppressed any reference to Lady Hamilton; whereas it was entirely through Lady Hamilton's influence that Nelson—much against his better feelings—had ordered the execution. I have no doubt all who listened to Lord Northwick were perfectly well acquainted with the correct story, but sooner than give his lordship the opportunity he sought to champion Lady Hamilton, they unanimously agreed to maintain a rigid silence.

One day when my husband was out driving with Lord Northwick, they picked up Lord Ellenborough, who had but recently come home from India, crowned with honours. Happening to pass a clump of laurel bushes, Edward solemnly leant forward, and with a great show of interest and respect, asked Lord Ellenborough if they were the laurels his lordship had won in India. Lord Ellenborough was furious; whatever appreciation of humour he might have possessed once had evidently been dried up by tropical suns, and instead of a smile, with which no doubt my husband had fondly hoped he would have been awarded, his lordship assumed a most diabolical scowl. "You are doubtless aware," he snapped, "that Dr. Johnson hated puns."

"I am aware that he couldn't make them," Edward gently insinuated; "but I fear your lordship didn't like my remark, and I apologise accordingly. At the same time I think you can scarcely call it a pun."

"It resembled one too closely to be anything but odious," Lord Ellenborough snorted, and here the conversation ended.

I have mentioned the fact that Frith was staying at Lord Northwick's when the above incident happened. He was, I believe, Edward's oldest friend, and although somewhat a contrast to my husband in appearance, being short and not particularly good-looking, was a most lovable character, the personification of kindness, and loyalty, and good-humour. Among their friends in common was an artist of the name of "D." I remember on the occasion of one of Edward's afternoon visits to us in Fitzroy Square, noticing that he looked unusually thoughtful, and on someone, my father, I think, enquiring what was the matter, he replied, "D.," he's been behaving in such an odd way lately that I hardly like having him in my studio."

Shortly after this conversation Edward spoke to "D.'s" father about him, but the latter only pooh-poohed remarking, by way of jest, that a day in the country would soon blow the cobwebs out of "D.'s" brain and set him right. A day or two later "D." and his father set out on a walking expedition to a village just outside London, and "D." came back by train—alone. As the train was nearing town "D." suddenly produced a razor and casually informed the people in the compartment that he had murdered his father, and that if they chose to look they would find the corpse in a certain wood. A search was at once instituted, and "D.'s" unfortunate father was discovered—in the spot described—with his head all but severed from his body. "D." was forthwith arrested, and on him was found a paper containing pen-and-ink portraits of a number of his friends—each with his throat cut. Under each portrait was the name in full of the person it purported to be, and at the bottom of the page a footnote to the effect that this was a list of those of his

friends he intended to murder; he meant to go through the list systematically, calling at each of their studios in turn. Amongst the names was that of Edward M. Ward. "D.", who was only twenty-six years of age, was, of course, proved to be insane, and committed to a lunatic asylum during Her Majesty's pleasure.

Born at Chatham, in 1817, "D." at an early age entered the Royal Academy Schools, where, I believe, he gained several medals, and certainly won everyone's (including Edward's) esteem by his sweetness of disposition, gentleness, and modesty. Being far from strong, he made a fatal mistake in going to Egypt, as the heat of that climate was far too severe for his delicate constitution. He went there with T. Phillips, R.A., in 1842, got laid up with sunstroke, and without a word of warning to his companion, returned to England. He then set to work at once, and painted a picture entitled "Arabs" (which attracted considerable attention at the Liverpool Exhibition), following it up with a cartoon which he sent to the Westminster Hall Exhibition, and a fanciful work entitled "Puck and the Fairies." These three pictures caused his friends grave apprehensions concerning him, for they could not help noticing that in the conception as well as in the execution of these works, there was something abnormally queer. Three months after the completion of his Westminster cartoon, poor "D." was in the asylum. In my opinion "D." was little less than a genius. His greatest work was undoubtedly "Puck and the Fairies," which apart from the extraordinary beauty of its conception is excellent in colour and correct in drawing. It represents Puck sitting on a moonbeam, whilst dancing round him, in a circle, are a number of the prettiest and daintiest pixie maidens, and the

queerest and most grotesque pixie youths. Towering over the heads of the dancers are charming wild flowers, whilst to add to the glamour of the scene and render it still more fantastic is a crescent moon, the beams of which impart a silvery light to sky and landscape.

In this picture there are subtle indications of the artist's fast approaching madness, especially in the gestures of the fairies, many of which only just fall short of the absurd.

One of "D.'s" sisters married John "P.," afterwards called "P." of Spain, because he invariably chose Spanish subjects for his pictures. "P." came to London, a raw Scottish lad, became a student of the Royal Academy, and a protégé of Lord Panmure. He was a clever, painstaking artist, and painted with rare facility.

I well recollect seeing, at the Royal Academy, his picture, "The Water Drinkers," which was such a striking and powerful production that it attracted the eye, and held it from everything else in its vicinity. It represented two Spanish women in holiday attire, receiving water from a water-seller of Seville. The women, with their dark skins and black eyes, were true types of Spanish beauty. Nothing could have been more accurate than all the conditions of the composition. The firmness, decision and palpability of the group were wonderful. But "P." made the mistake of repeating himself, the majority of his works being merely variations of what he had done before.

I remember his wife coming to a ball at our house (after I was married), and thinking her very distraught and peculiar. Shortly afterwards she went completely mad, and as the crying of her youngest child annoyed her, she made frantic efforts to strangle

it. She was put in an asylum, the sad affair nearly killing poor "P."

In 1843, I remember hearing of a somewhat remarkable incident that occurred during a play at Her Majesty's Theatre. I forget the name of the piece, but the scene of it was laid in Andalusia. The theatre was packed with people (amongst whom were my friends, who related the incident to me), and all were keenly anticipating the appearance of a new dancer, whose dancing was said to surpass that of Elssler, of Cerito, and even that of the famous Taglioni. Nothing was known of the *débutante* excepting that she was Spanish! After a long delay, when everyone's expectations had risen to the highest pitch, and patience was nearly exhausted, the stage was suddenly cleared, and amidst the most intense excitement the figure of a girl, enveloped from head to foot in a black veil, bounded towards the foot-lights. With a quick movement of her hands she cast aside the covering, revealing to the electrified audience the most beautiful face—a perfect type of Southern beauty—and magnificent dress imaginable. For a second there was breathless silence, and then the most terrific applause. But to everyone's surprise and consternation the dancer, casting a terrified glance round the theatre, turned her back on the audience and fled. The curtain immediately fell, and the new-comer was seen no more at Her Majesty's. After leading a notorious, though chequered career in Bavaria and California, Lola Montes, for such was the stranger's name, returned to England in 1859 (when her first appearance was almost forgotten) and lectured on "Europeans in the New World." I was unable to attend her lectures, but I confess I should like to have done so, as the romance attached to her, to say nothing of her

extraordinary beauty, particularly appealed to me. I believe she was of Irish extraction.

Among Edward's friends of this period, and they were legion, were Wilkie Collins, Augustus Egg, R.A. (who lived at Ivy Cottage, in Black Lion Lane, where he entertained extensively), John Leech, Mark Lemon, D. Maclise, R.A., Thomas Webster, R.A., and a host more, to most of whom I will refer later on.

I fancy I must have given Edward satisfaction when I sat to him in "The Temptation," for he soon wanted me to sit again. I posed for him twice as the girl coming downstairs with the Admiral in "The South Sea Bubble" (1847), which is, perhaps, the most popular of all his works. His studio was in the house of a Mr. Illidge, in Berners Street, and I used to spend the day with Mrs. Illidge when I went there. I also sat to Edward as the "Singer" leaning on the black boy, in his "Johnson in Lord Chesterfield's Ante-room" (1845), the model for the black boy being a bona fide negro who had the most taking manners and charming expression possible. But, alas! boys—at any rate negro boys—are not always what they seem, and I had not only my handkerchief stolen but also the entire contents of my pocket. The next time I posed as principal was in the "Fall of Clarendon" (1846).

Though Edward was a quick worker, only requiring me to sit to him twice, each sitting occupying about two hours, he was very fond of detail and always took care that it should be most accurate.

His works having brought him into prominence, he was created an Associate of the Royal Academy, in 1846. About the same year, however, Fate dealt him a counter-blow and his life was saddened for some time, if not permanently, by the death of his mother. He was devotedly attached to her and

could not ever allude to her decease without tears. And no wonder! for to him she was everything a mother could be, to me a perfect friend; and to all whom she knew, no matter how slightly, she was most kind and genial. Although she could not herself draw, Edward told me that she was a most valuable critic of his work, and whenever anything had to be done again, he invariably reconstructed it in accordance with her judgment. When she was dying she called Edward to her side, and said, "I want you to marry early—there is that little girl, Henrietta Ward, I like her—watch her and see how she grows up"; a suggestion Edward afterwards assured me he was nothing loth to carry out. As time went on our attachment to one another strengthened, and at the age of fourteen I was formally engaged to him. My parents, with whom he had always been on the most excellent terms, raising no other objection than the very natural one that I was too young to be married, yielded to my persuasion and promised to give their sanction to our union after the expiration of two years.

CHAPTER III

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

To celebrate the occasion of our engagement, Edward gave a ball at his studio in Berners Street. More than a hundred and fifty people were present, and, if they enjoyed it half as much as I did, they must have enjoyed it very much indeed. I never missed a dance, and was very reluctant to leave off when my father told me it was time for us to be going home. I well recollect that I wore a yellow tarlatan dress with a double skirt run round with narrow satin ribbons, and looped at the side with a white rose. I also wore white satin shoes, and a white camelia in my hair, and carried in my hands a bouquet of white flowers Edward had given me. During the evening an incident occurred causing no little amusement. Edward, who was always a conscientious host, and, on this occasion, was, perhaps, more than usually anxious that everyone should be well attended to, rushed after and peremptorily laid hold of one of his guests in mistake for a waiter.

But a more serious sensation than this was caused later on when Russell, whom Edward had engaged to amuse his guests, for some unearthly reason sang a song entitled "The Maniac." The performance, instead of making us laugh, made us all shiver.

Before this dance and on the announcement of my engagement to Edward, my parents insisted upon my putting an end to an amusing love affair with a boy called Parratt. This boy—one of my few children friends—had always been alluded to as my fiancé, and it was jestingly arranged by our respective parents that he should marry me when

we were both grown up. He made a practice of sending me valentines—then a great token of friendship—and I was much disappointed if I did not get my usual number—eighteen. I believe, poor boy, he was genuinely sorry when the days of our courtship ended. I remember being taken by my parents to Westminster to see the Boat Race in which William Parratt was taking part. He was in the winning boat, and at the conclusion of the race was brought perfectly insensible and looking ghastly, to the umpire-boat in which we were seated. I thought him dead and was greatly shocked. Some time after this he married, and before leaving England to go to India, where he had obtained a post, called to see my husband and me. This was the last occasion on which we met. He died a few years ago, and his tomb at East Finchley is close to those of my daughter, my son-in-law, and my grandson. Apropos of illness, when Edward was staying with Lord Northwick I nearly succumbed to a very virulent attack of chicken-pox. Indeed I was so ill that for three days I knew nothing, and my parents fearing the worst communicated with Edward. A rather amusing incident occurred during my convalescence. My aunt, Mrs. Jackson, came to the house, and when I was told she was downstairs I begged to see her. She came up, and after I had chatted with her for some minutes there was a roar of laughter, and I then discovered I was talking to my father who had slipped on my aunt's bonnet and shawl. In addition to chicken-pox I had the influenza, of which complaint there was a regular epidemic about 1847. We were all—mother, servants, and I—laid up with it, and my father, the only one in our house who escaped, waited on us. Edward, also, one of its victims, was confined to his bed, and

we carried on a correspondence in pencil notes. During this illness our dear old dog Mac was a great solace. To test his fidelity, though he proved it in many ways, my mother, who occupied the room next mine, used to place a piece of sugar, of which he was especially fond, in a spoon, saying, "Take it to the little girl," and he never failed to bring it to my side and lay it on the bed. He was also wonderfully intelligent, and sat to me as a model in my first drawing, "Elizabeth Woodville Parting from the Duke of York." One morning when I was abruptly called away in the middle of my work to see some friends, I threw him a piece of sugar, thinking, of course, he would take a rest and eat it. I was away about an hour, and on my return found to my amazement that the sugar was still there, and that Mac, although there were tears of tantalization in his eyes, had not budged an inch, nor in any way altered the attitude in which I had placed him.

If Mac had a rival in sagacity and affection it was Dash, my grandfather's spaniel, and the only time I ever remember a difference between the two was when Dash caught a baby rabbit. Poor dog! he brought it with great pride to his master, and my grandfather instantly killing it, gave the flabbergasted Dash a severe hiding, followed by a solemn lecture on his wanton cruelty. Dash's portrait, painted by James Ward, R.A., now hangs in my dining-room, and nothing would ever tempt me to part with it.

These recollections of Mac and Dash bring to my mind visions of the country and of a dear old house at Chelsea. A Mrs. Watson, niece of my grandfather, then lived there, and I often used to spend a Sunday with her, much appreciating fields and wild flowers after the murky atmosphere of central, smoky London. Of course, in those days Chelsea

was a village, and what are now streets were then smiling meadows or green lanes.

I was also very fond of accompanying my father to hear the band in St. James's Park, when, in between the performances, he would take me to the cattle-stands, in front of which were ranged a number of delightfully picturesque old women knitting, and treat me to curds and whey or new milk.

The dairy where we regularly dealt was situated in the New Road, Marylebone, and was kept by a Mrs. Dawkins, who, despite her fine, comely appearance, suffered from chronic asthma.

When we were out for our morning walk my father would generally take me there, and on ringing the bell of the large, front gate, Mrs. Dawkins, immaculately dressed for the occasion, would open it herself, and with a rare show of dignity, conduct us direct to the cow-stalls. I can see the place now—a long passage, on either side of which were quite model stalls, full of the most inviting and deliciously scented hay, whilst the cows, real picture cows, were scrupulously clean and quite in keeping with their surroundings. At a stately gesture of Mrs. Dawkins' plump hand, the dairyman would approach the cow of my choice, and after milking it in our presence, would present me with a glass of the almost steaming beverage, which tasted far nicer than any of the milk I drink now.

I recollect, too, a celebrated confectioner's in the street leading to Soho Square. It was kept by a Miss Somebody or other—I forget her name—but she sold several condiments that I have never seen elsewhere. One of her specialities was castor sugar coloured pink, which we always had with fruit whenever we gave a tea-party; and another speciality was oranges preserved in syrup, which were most

delicious, and an extremely popular dish at winter desserts. Her buns, made with preserved peel, were quite exceptionally good, and in my opinion far superior to the things they nickname buns at the present day.

I cannot recall many of the old shops, saving Shoolbred's and Maple's, both of which were insignificant compared with what they are now.

And how vastly has the City changed! Nearly all the streets with which I was familiar as a girl have either gone or been altered beyond recognition, whilst the traffic, which even then we regarded as enormous, has more than doubled. There were many good private houses in Fleet Street, and I well remember being taken there to call on some of our most intimate friends. The neighbourhood of the Strand, too, was very different; it did not contain nearly so many theatres as it does now, though I recollect even then we used to think them legion.

One of our greatest friends was Macready. He and my father were frequently together, and I often went with my father to his house; but after one of the Macready boys, with whom I used to play, set fire to my dress and all but burnt me to death, I was never allowed to go there again.

Macready was a most powerful actor. In my opinion there is no one half so great now, and he was so dignified and peremptory in all his actions and sayings that he appeared to be even greater than he really was; indeed, to such an extent did he carry his aptitude and passion for greatness, that when at table in his own house, he never addressed the menials save in tones of the utmost austerity, and always in monosyllables. He always gave my father a box or seats at his theatre, though he would never let his children go to see him unless they paid

for the tickets out of their pocket-money. As *Othello* he was truly sublime, and he frightened me so much in the scene where he murdered *Desdemona* that I actually shook with terror and would have hidden myself under the seat had I but dared to move; yet I saw him in it three times! Macready told Charles Dickens, who afterwards told me, that when he was playing *Romeo* to Miss O'Neill's *Juliet*, the latter made love to him with such effect in the balcony scene, that for a moment or so he lost his head and stood speechless with amazement at her magnificent acting; the audience, not knowing of course what had really taken place, and seeing only in Macready's gestures and silence a clever piece of acting, applauded him with such enthusiasm that he was obliged to repeat his mistake every evening so long as the piece lasted. The amusing part of it is that Miss O'Neill was in reality an intensely plain woman.

Macready married twice, and we knew both his wives. I see in one of his letters to my father, he alludes to the ill-health of his first wife, which was a constant source of anxiety to him. Writing to George Raphael Ward on Jan. 6th, 1837, he says:—

“My dear Sir,

“I have great pleasure in thanking you for the opportunity you afford me of bearing testimony to your success in your beautiful art—through the two admirable specimens which I shall treasure as your gift. I am particularly struck on the first rapid glance I make, by some effects in the full length portrait. I am sure both Mrs. Ward and yourself will be gratified in learning that my sister is going on as well as we could desire; she hasn't yet come downstairs, but is gaining strength and recovering

her spirits. Mrs. Macready is, I hope, improving, but I have not seen her since her trial of Dr. Eliotson's prescriptions. Will you make my kindest regards to Mrs. Ward,

“And believe me to be always,

“My dear Sir,

“Most sincerely yours,

“W. C. MACREADY.”

Some years later, in reply to a letter from my father and mother, condoling with him on the loss of the first Mrs. Macready, he writes :—

“SHERBORNE HOUSE,

“SHERBORNE, DORSET,

“Oct. 11, 1852.

“My dear Mr. Ward,

“My full and perfect faith in the genuine and deep sorrow you and Mrs. Ward feel with me and for me makes my thanks poor and weak in acknowledging your kind letter and in endeavouring to express to you how sensible I am of your friendly sympathy. All who knew her, whom I have in this world lost, will be able to form some estimate of the affliction allotted to me, but I am grateful to say there is not one bitter thought mingled in that cup of sorrow, which it was the Almighty's wish should not pass from me. My sister unites with me in kindest regards to Mrs. Ward, and I remain, dear Mr. Ward,

“Ever your sincere friend,

“W. C. MACREADY.”

Mr. Macready and James Ward, R.A., were not only great friends but genuine admirers of each other's work. In reply to an invitation from my grandfather to stay with him at Round Croft Cottage, Cheshunt, Herts, W. C. Macready writes :—

"Dear Sir,

"In acknowledging your kind note I beg to say that it would give me great pleasure to accept your obliging invitation, if the opportunity should fall in my way, which I much doubt whilst I much hope.

"With every sentiment of respect and esteem,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

"W. C. MACREADY."

That Macready was a man who not only felt things deeply himself, but was ever ready to express his sympathy with others, may be gathered from the letter he wrote to Alfred Chalon, R.A., on the death of the latter's sister :—

"CHELTENHAM,

"Nov. 21, 1854.

"My dear Mr. Chalon,

"It is with most sincere regret we read of the sad and irreparable loss you have just sustained, and beg you will receive our heartfelt sympathy and condolence. None better than myself can feel with and for you, and I do so most keenly. Words in such circumstances are vain ; there is but one consolation, that is, that it is only ' Good-night ' ; we shall all meet again at the dawning. Hoping that when you feel able and inclined to write a line that you will let us know how you are.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Chalon,

"Yours ever most sincerely,

"W. C. MACREADY."

One of the first Mrs. Macready's letters to my father, in which she talks about the proposed memorial to Mrs. Siddons, has a melancholy association—Mrs. Macready herself dying shortly afterwards.

" My dear Mr. Ward,

" It has been proposed, and is now in contemplation, to render an act of justice, long due, to the memory of Mrs. Siddons, by placing a bust of her in Westminster Abbey. It will be executed by Sir Francis Chantrey, and as this is a business in which my husband interests himself very warmly, he wishes me to invite all our friends to be contributors. The subscription is limited to a guinea. I trust Mrs. Ward and yourself and little treasure are well—I need not tell you how sorry I am at not having been able to call upon you for so long a time, sickness and grief having kept me a close prisoner, and with united kind regards to your fireside,

" Believe me, my dear Mr. Ward,

" Yours very truly,

" CATHERINE F. MACREADY."

Macready taught my dear friend, the late Canon Fleming, elocution, but with characteristic autocracy would never allow him to declaim with him on any religious subject. When he died, Canon Fleming buried him.

One met celebrities of all sorts at the house of the S. C. Halls'. Mr. Hall edited the *Art Journal* for many years, whilst his wife was distinguished for her highly successful and clever drama of "The Buccaneers."

They were both deeply interested in Spiritualism, and consequently innumerable séances were held at their house. The notorious H.—about whom the S. C. Halls told us the most wonderful stories—was their favourite medium. On one occasion they had seen H. fly out of one window and in at another, afterwards rising to the ceiling and making a mark on it with a pencil, which mark Mrs. S. C. Hall was most careful to point out to me.

Another extraordinary occurrence at the S. C. Halls' house happened one Good Friday evening. Mrs. S. C. Hall related it as follows:—"As we were all seated in the drawing-room, we suddenly heard music of the deepest and saddest character coming, as we fancied, from the conservatory into which we could distinctly see, as it was only separated from the drawing-room by a glass door. Too overcome with astonishment and awe to speak, we could only sit and listen in breathless silence, until the music gradually died away. A brief lull, abruptly broken by four loud clanging knocks which, our instinct told us, corresponded with the four nails driven through our Blessed Lord's hands and feet, ensued, and then, another short silence, which was in turn interrupted by strains of music of a most joyous and triumphant nature. The phenomenon ended, we made a thorough search of the place from whence the sounds had proceeded, but could find nothing to elucidate the mystery."

Of course, Mrs. S. C. Hall never once questioned the integrity of her favourite medium, and was thoroughly convinced that this Good Friday manifestation was the work of spirits; but as I had attended many séances conducted by Mr. H., at which I had detected trickery, I am bound to confess I thought otherwise.

I well remember going to a séance at the S. C. Halls', conducted by the two celebrated mediums—Mrs. M. and her niece. After the usual performances had taken place, namely the mysterious playing of musical instruments, uncanny knocks in remote corners of the room, and the banging of trays with invisible fingers—(though to my mind there did not seem anything very remarkable in the fact that the fingers could not be seen, since the room was in

darkness)—the mediums, perceiving that they had failed to convince me of the existence of any occult agency in their antics, announced that there was an antagonistic spirit present which prevented their doing anything, and that, until the unfriendly presence was withdrawn, no further manifestations could take place. It was then more than gently hinted that the antagonistic spirit was none other than the lovely Rosebud, a name the mediums, doubtless for reasons of their own, had bestowed upon me, and I accordingly withdrew, whereupon the manifestations promptly recommenced.

My husband met Mr. H. at a dinner party given by Lord Lytton. On that occasion, so Edward informed me, the things Mr. H. did were really marvellous, and he thought the phenomena that took place outside the room in which they were all seated, the door being open, must have been produced by means of an electric battery concealed in Mr. H.'s pocket. He did not for one instant believe that any of the things that happened were due to the presence of spirits, but attributed them to clever jugglery on the part of H. An event in the private life of H. may be of interest—in my opinion, at least, it is significant. H., after having ingratiated himself into the goodwill of a rich old lady, suddenly became possessed of great wealth; and it was subsequently discovered that the old lady had given him everything she had, without reserve. H. was quite honest, but the case was tried by law, and the relatives recovered the bulk of the money which he had carefully placed in a bank. Shortly after this affair H. went abroad, and having married a foreign princess lived and died far away from any of his former friends and relations.

Mr. S. C. Hall possessed a great personality, and

I have heard it asserted that it was from him that Charles Dickens took his character of Pecksniff, though, candidly, I never could trace the likeness. He was very good-looking, with an enormous quantity of silver grey hair, which he wore long, and very prominent black eyebrows; he always wore a large white frill to his shirt front. Whenever he saw my children he greeted them with the remark, "I have a kiss for the girls and a box on the ears for the boys," a threat he never failed to carry out; but according to my daughter Beatrice, who, as a little girl, often hid under my carriage seat to avoid contact with the "scrubby" chin, the boys were certainly more to be envied than the girls.

Edward painted a portrait of Mr. S. C. Hall, which is now in the possession of the latter's family; whilst Mrs. S. C. Hall sat to my husband for the back of the lady in "The Disgrace of Clarendon" (now in the Tate Gallery). It was after a dinner at the S. C. Halls' that my husband and I had a most enjoyable conversation with Ruskin, who discussed a great many subjects with us, including, of course, Art. With regard to the latter he was most modest, and in alluding to his own work, said: "I know I have a way of sentencing my words, which tells with the public more than my knowledge of Art."

I was very small, probably not more than five, when my mother took me to see Alfred Chalon's full-length portrait of Mrs. Thwaites. As depicted by him she appeared to be a fine, big woman, literally ablaze with diamonds; and on my mother asking me how I liked it, my answer was a very decided, "Not at all; it's altogether too chalky," an opinion I expressed again when I saw it many years later.

On the very day of our visit to Alfred Chalon's studio his dog Pedro, a cross-grained poodle, bit a

gentleman, and on the latter complaining, Alfred coolly replied, "Poor Pedro! he has bitten the wrong person, someone else must have teased him."

Apart from being clever painters, John and Alfred Chalon were skilled bowmen, and gave large archery parties, the invitation cards being designed and illustrated by Alfred. On their death the house and garden where these entertainments took place went to a distant relative of theirs, a watchmaker living at Bébé, who, thinking it a great nuisance to have to come to England to look after the property, sold it, and the site is now covered with small and painfully inartistic villas. John died first at a very advanced age, Alfred dying some years later. The latter left his house, "El Retiro," in Kensington, together with his valuable collection of china, pictures, and curios of every description, to the nation, appointing his two old servants caretakers, but as, at his death, it was discovered he had not signed the will, owing to a superstitious belief that he would die the moment he did so, the whole of the estate reverted to the next of kin—the aforesaid watchmaker of Bébé.

Of lesser note than the Chalons, though decidedly talented, was John Franklin, a black-and-white artist, and a frequent visitor at our house. He was a most delightful man with children, and would while away many an hour drawing pictures in my album. He illustrated "Old St. Paul's," and many other of the leading works then in vogue. He made a habit of working till the small hours of the morning, and never without a very large and antiquated pipe, characteristically stuck in the corner of his mouth. I fancy we must have seen most of Franklin in the year of the Chartist Riots, of which I have the most lively recollections. One of the principal factors in these demonstrations was a water-colour artist of the

name of L——, a not infrequent visitor at our house. He was imprisoned for his share in the disturbances, and on his release married the authoress, Mrs. Lynn-Lynton, an extremely charming though somewhat plain woman. Rumour said she married him more out of pity than for love, and that their married life was not particularly happy. Both my father and fiancé were sworn in as special constables on the day on which the riot was expected to take place, and my mother and I watched them stalk out of the house with their truncheons by their sides, trying to assume the regulation air and walk of policemen, and signally failing, equally to their own and our amusement. All that day, I remember, we sat at home in fear and trembling, momentarily expecting to see them brought back on stretchers, or to hear the demoniacal howling of the savage mob as it came seething furiously into Fitzroy Square. Happily, however, no such dreadful thing happened, and although the two heroes did not return till midnight, they came back whole-skinned, and with no worse accompaniments than tired legs and huge appetites. In speaking of our watch on this occasion from the window, I am reminded that in between my work or when awaiting the arrival of my fiancé, I derived considerable amusement from taking snap glances at our neighbours. The two that interested me most were the Forbeses, Sir John and Lady Forbes, who lived immediately opposite us. Although they were separated, they inhabited houses a few doors apart, and when Sir John had anything for dinner Lady Forbes particularly liked, he would send the favourite dish to her elaborately set out on a large tray. The butler, a most pompous-looking individual, with nose raised several inches in the air, would carry it, solemnly followed by an equally dignified and

gaudily-clad footman; and after Lady Forbes had helped herself, the procession, bearing the empty dishes, would slowly return, never increasing their pace or relaxing their set expressions of professional hauteur, no matter how inclement the weather. On Sundays Sir John escorted Lady Forbes home from church, and, taking off his hat in the most gallant and splendid style, left her at her own door. They were a great contrast in appearance, Sir John, an ex-soldier, was stately and handsome; whilst Lady Forbes was insignificant and dowdy. They had one daughter, who, though in all probability scarcely middle-aged, appeared to me to be a female Methuselah. She lived with her mother and would often take a solitary walk round and round the square, apparently taking an interest in nothing, and looking, what no doubt she felt, the quintessence of misery.

On the other side of the square were our friends the Mayhews, great entertainers and a very handsome family of twenty-four. Their juvenile parties, some of which I condescended to attend, though as I said before I preferred grown-up ones, would to my mind have been much more enjoyable, had not the large drawing-room in which they were held been lined all round with huge mirrors, placed in such a fashion that wherever I stood I saw myself reflected—an arrangement I hated, as it always caused me the uncomfortable sensation that I was being mimicked.

Other friends of ours in the Square, also fond of entertaining, were the Elliotts, two brothers and two sisters, who gave particularly attractive breakfast parties, then a fashionable craze.

But I am dwelling too long on frivolities. Indeed, I fear I have already created in the minds of my readers an impression that I was more given to play than to work. Should this be the case, the following

chart of my usual daily routine will, I trust, serve to dispel it.

I got up at six o'clock, practised for two hours on the piano (much to my own disgust and everyone else's annoyance), breakfasted at eight, studied French and Italian (which I loathed) with my mother from nine to eleven, worked hard at drawing or went out with my father from eleven to two; lunched, and in the afternoon, either went out again or read—reading being a pastime to which I always was and still am devoted. Edward generally put in an appearance at tea, after which meal my drawings and paintings were brought out for him to see. The inspection over we would go into the back parlour, and he would either draw something for me, often suggesting the most fascinating ideas for costumes, or supervise me whilst I worked. His criticism was, of course, invaluable, and the many casts of hands and feet he then brought for me to study are to this day counted amongst the priceless treasures in my studio. After supper we would assemble in the drawing-room, and whilst my father generally engraved, Edward and I would sing duets (our *répertoire* always including "Give that wreath to me"), my mother and Mac, of course, both sitting on the sofa listening.

The meetings of the Art Union of London, which, almost as far back as I can remember, I generally attended, were as a rule presided over by the Duke of Cambridge. He was a very charming old man, but had the very embarrassing habit of thinking aloud. For instance, he would often cause a disturbance in church by "capping" the clergyman's exhortation "Let us pray," with a very loud and emphatic "By all means."

At one of the meetings of the Art Union, when I was asked to preside at the wheel and draw the prizes,

the Duke nearly frightened me to death by peering at me closely as I ascended the platform, and exclaiming in his naturally loud and somewhat terrifying voice, "Pretty girl! pretty girl!"

As one would expect, I drew and painted a great deal when I stayed at Cheshunt with my grandfather, James Ward, R.A., who, taking the greatest interest in my study of art, materially assisted me both by his criticisms and his encouragement.

During these visits so beneficial to my work, Edward would run down for week-ends, when the three of us had the most delightful time imaginable. My grandfather still painted, and Edward, to use his own expression, was "overwhelmed with the beauty" of James Ward's pictures. I am glad to say James Ward's admiration of my future husband's work was equally emphatic. These were indeed halcyon days; we passed the mornings out of doors, and the evenings at the piano, when my grandfather always insisted on my singing "Auld Robin Gray," though he could never abstain from shedding tears during the performance.

To an artist, criticism from an expert is, of course, always of use; but the remarks of a layman, however well meant, are often most disconcerting if not actually distressing. To wit, I well remember Edward being not only disturbed but greatly incensed when his father, after gazing attentively for some minutes at his Academy picture, to which he was adding a few finishing touches (it being within a few days of sending-in time), remarked in the pleasantest of voices, "Plenty of work to do yet, my dear boy, plenty of work."

Shortly after Mrs. Ward's death, Edward's father retired from Coutts'. He was living by himself—my fiancé having gone into rooms in Berners Street so

as to be near his studio—and a few days after his resignation was awakened in the middle of the night by hearing someone moving about on the ground floor. Though alone in that part of the house he was not in the least frightened, but jumping out of bed and arming himself with a revolver, opened his door cautiously and stole out on to the landing. At the head of the staircase he saw a man about to ascend, and, covering him in an instant with his revolver, he demanded his business. The man, obviously taken by surprise at such unexpected resistance, mumbled out some incoherent reply, whereupon Mr. Ward quietly informed him that unless he cleared out of the house at once he would be shot. Thinking to deceive Mr. Ward, the man made a pretence of going, returning some seconds later only to find my fiancé's father standing quite coolly on the staircase waiting for him. Being now armed himself the burglar meant business; and thinking, perhaps, that the old gentleman's weapon was not loaded, and that he was merely being fooled, he made an ugly rush up the stairs. Mr. Ward fired, and the wounded burglar having had quite enough of it, turned tail, and ran for his life, the sound of carriage wheels in the road outside suggesting to Mr. Ward that he had had a vehicle in waiting and was being driven away. The affair was put in the hands of the police, but as the latter could discover nothing more important than a trail of blood leading from the staircase to the garden gate, the identity of the intruder was never solved. The cabman who had driven Mr. Ward and his money-safe from Coutts' on the day of his retirement might have been in the know, but as nothing could be proved, the matter was quietly dropped. Happily, my future father-in-law was never again molested. At the time of the occurrence he was

considerably over seventy years of age, and I think this fact alone makes his having stood up to a burglar sufficiently interesting. His indomitable courage was, perhaps, only in keeping with a remarkably fine physique, but his beautifully shaped hands suggested delicacy rather than strength. He followed his son's career with the keenest interest, and was never so happy as when speaking of him to us.

The following incident illustrative of Edward's absent-mindedness is only one of the many he was never tired of telling us. One day at dinner he handed his plate to Edward for some vegetables. The latter returned it to him without them, but well-covered instead with the contents of the pepper cruets.

My father, my future father-in-law, and Edward were great friends, and when the trio met they invariably discussed old times, leaving me, not altogether to my liking, quite in the cold.

Thanks to Edward's able coaching, however, I had progressed sufficiently well with my work to get the black-and-white picture of "Elizabeth Woodville Parting from the Duke of York" (to which I have already alluded) accepted by the Royal Academy shortly before I was fourteen, whilst the following year two of my studies of heads were also accepted and hung. When I was sixteen I married (Wilkie Collins officiating as best man), and the next scene of my life is laid at St. John's Wood and Harewood Square.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIED LIFE AT HAREWOOD SQUARE

THE first house we rented after our marriage was in St. John's Wood. Apparently it was all that could be desired, but owing to the imperfect construction of the chimneys, which rendered it quite uninhabitable from smoke, we had to leave it almost immediately. Not only was this disappointing, but the inconvenience and expense of another move annoyed my husband so much that he brought an action for damages against our landlord, easily winning the case. For a year after my marriage I studied under the supervision of Mr. Henry Sass in Bloomsbury, and it was not until we removed to No. 33 Harewood Square, that I enjoyed, for the first time, the privilege of a studio all to myself. Setting to work at once on still life, I painted the picture entitled "Results of an Antwerp Marketing," which I succeeded in getting accepted and hung in the Royal Academy in 1850. It was very favourably noticed in the *Athenæum*.

The following year I was again in the Royal Academy with two pictures, "The Pet Hawk" and "Rowena," from Scott's "Ivanhoe," whilst in the '52 Academy I exhibited "The Antwerp Market," in which my eldest boy Leslie (Spy) was introduced as a baby. This picture was bought by a Mr. Bashall, of Preston, whose son-in-law, Mr. Hick, having also intended to purchase it, on learning that it had already been sold, at once commissioned me to paint another. "The Queen of the May," the picture I especially designed and painted for him, was exhibited some years later in the Royal Academy of 1856.

Whilst I was hard at it, spending the greater part of the day in my studio, my husband was no less busy in his. He had two pictures, namely:—"Benjamin West's First Effort in Art," and "Daniel Defoe and the MS. of 'Robinson Crusoe'" in the Royal Academy of 1849.

The *Illustrated London News* of that year, in speaking of E. M. Ward, Frank Grant, Frith, and others, said, "It is for your men like these within the Academy to advance, and this it is pleasing to find they have done almost beyond expectation."

I think such criticisms as these cannot fail to do good. My husband, though not indifferent to praise or blame, was, perhaps, less affected by it than most men; but many a young artist, to my knowledge, has flagged for want of a little encouragement from the right quarter.

At the same time I cannot help feeling that there are few among the present generation of artists who work as Edward did—with the same independent fixity of purpose—the same whole-hearted love and desire for the furtherance of art.

In 1850 his principal work in the R.A. was "James II receiving intelligence of the landing of the Prince of Orange"; and the following year his "Charlotte Corday led to Execution" attracted considerable attention, it being designated by the *Illustrated London News* "unquestionably the best historical painting in the exhibition." The Royal Academy, when I first remember it, was at Somerset House, after which it was moved to the National Gallery, and it was from the roof of the latter that I watched the ever memorable funeral of the Iron Duke.

In connection with the Duke of Wellington, I recollect a rather amusing episode relating to Mr.

Jones, R.A., who was once Keeper of the Royal Academy.

Mr. Jones, not satisfied with being considered very like the Duke in appearance, imitated his walk and gestures—at first consciously and then unconsciously—to such an extent that, at times, he really imagined he *was* the great person he was imitating.

This craze naturally afforded considerable amusement, and friends and strangers alike could ill suppress their merriment when they saw the naturally mild Mr. Jones suddenly metamorphosed into the austere and frigid Iron Duke.

The case soon became notorious, and crowds of people out of curiosity flocked to see the Keeper. At last someone ventured to tell Wellington that he had a double, namely, a Mr. Jones, who was flattered beyond measure to be considered so like him. "How very odd," the Duke exclaimed, lifting his eyeglass in genuine astonishment, "how very odd! no one has ever told me that I am like Mr. Jones!"

The Duke, wishing to have his favourite horse painted, commissioned my grandfather, James Ward, R.A., to do the same, and on the 5th February, 1823, he wrote to him thus:—

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Ward and has received his letter of yesterday. The Duke will have his horse taken up from grass in the Spring, and he will probably be in condition to be painted in June or July.

"LONDON,

"5 February, 1823."

Three years later, the Duke of Wellington again having occasion to enter into correspondence with James Ward, R.A., sent to him this letter:—

" LONDON,

" *September 6, 1826.*

" Sir,

" The bearer of this note is the person to whom you are to deliver the picture of myself belonging to Mr. Arbuthnot. It must positively be delivered to him to-morrow, Thursday, at seven o'clock, and I beg you will show him the case, etc., in which it is to be packed, in order that he may be certain of sending it off as desired.

" Your most obedient servant,

" WELLINGTON."

One of my earliest experiences was going to Apsley House to see the table laid for the annual dinner to be given by the Duke of Wellington to the Waterloo heroes. It was very magnificent, and the gold plate and glass, which were superb, made a deep impression on my juvenile mind. I used constantly to see the Duke out of doors, parading about with his beautiful daughter-in-law, Lady Douro, to whom he was devoted.

How well I remember the Duke's statue being erected at Hyde Park Corner! I lunched that day at Mr. Wyatt's studio, where the statue had been designed and cast. An excellent meal was provided for a great number of guests, and I both admired and ate, but the conversation, which was almost entirely confined to the statue, bored me horribly, and I became almost desperate when my father and Mr. Wyatt talked so long that we had only just time to put on our things and rush to the Park before the statue arrived. It was brought on a huge truck drawn by forty of Mr. Goding's (the great brewer of that day) finest cream-coloured horses bedecked with green bays. The brightness of the day and the ladies'

costumes made the spectacle positively brilliant, and far in excess of anything I had hitherto seen in London. But the crowd on this occasion, though then considered large, was absolutely nothing compared with the crowds that daily thronged to the Park to see the Great Exhibition of 1851.

On the opening day of the latter my husband and I got up at six in the morning, and set out to see what the streets looked like.

The whole of London was awake and the roads and pavements positively seething with people—people of every sort and description—lumbering yokels from the country, sore-eyed and hungry, clad in picturesque corduroys and leggings; farmers in broad-brimmed beavers, tail coats, gaudy waistcoats and tight breeches; red-cheeked country wenches in spotted cotton dresses positively weighed down with nosegays and ribbons; sleek, dapper, dark-skinned foreigners; immaculately dressed, shifty-eyed swell mobsmen; quick-moving, nattily clad, light-fingered ladies; dirty, broad-jowled, broad-shouldered bullies and ruffians; pasty-faced, undersized clerks; neatly clothed, prosperous tradesmen; meek-eyed curates; over-fed matrons with thin-waisted, becrinolined daughters, and fidgetty, spoilt boys in trousers three sizes too large for them—assuredly odds and ends of humanity from every clime and corner.

A family of rustics who had evidently camped all night in the doorway of an empty house, and had been suffered to do so unmolested by the Police, attracted my attention. I stole a covert glance at them as we walked by and perceived "Paterfamilias" in the act of distributing handfuls of cold sausages and fat bacon which he had extracted with no little difficulty from the deep pockets of his fustian coat,

whilst the plump and genial-mannered partner of his life was holding a gigantic bottle of milk—elevated at the dangerous angle of ninety degrees in the air—for the baby—a creature of prodigious size, to drink from.

A little further on we saw an old Irish woman seated on a kerbstone, indifferently puffing away at a short clay pipe, and regarding all the bustle and confusion with an imperturbable air of the utmost contempt.

On reaching Hay Hill and wending our way towards Berkeley Square, we noticed that the social status of the invaders had undergone a sudden change, and that we were now in the midst of wealth and fashion.

Fearing there would be great difficulty in getting into the Exhibition, owing to the vast crowds expected to flock there to greet the arrival of the Queen and Royal Family, a great number of people had come up to town overnight and had slept in their carriages.

It was just about their breakfast time when we threaded our way amongst them, and the servants, many of whom wore powdered wigs, were busily engaged cooking bacon, boiling eggs, and making tea on the pavement. There was a great clattering of pots and pans and crockery, and a perfect babel of voices. Servants were shouting at each other and being shouted at in turn by their masters and mistresses; frail forms in silken gowns and richly-fashioned poke bonnets, with plaintive voices were crying out for something hot to drink, and whilst distracted footmen were colliding with each other in their frantic efforts to be quick, we heard on all sides, "Oh, do make haste, James," "Do tell him to make haste, John," "I am dying for a cup of tea, I shall faint if it isn't ready soon," and in gruffer tones, "Come, hurry up at once, James, or take a month's notice," and so on—till my husband and I, really fearing we

should witness some dreadful catastrophe, quickened our pace, and, leaving the pandemonium behind us, were soon immeasurably relieved to find ourselves in comparative quiet. But only for a brief space of time. A sudden turn brought us into collision with the outskirts of a stupendous mass of people, stretching from where we stood right up to the main entrance of the Exhibition.

What a sight! a sight that filled us with both pity and amazement. If the crowd were gigantic now what would it be two hours later when the gates were opened! Without any intention of seeking admittance ourselves we stood and waited, waited till the universe itself seemed scarcely large enough to have generated the people. And what a squash! a squash in which little respect was shown for sex or age, or rank or beauty, and in which it seemed to me that every matron, English or otherwise, felt it incumbent on her to stand up for her brood and push.

"That's right, Adolphus," I heard a stout, flashily-dressed woman exclaim (I always remember this incident as I thought the name Adolphus so ludicrously inappropriate) with a furious glance at a timid, inoffensive looking cleric who was wincing with pain, "that's right, Adolphus, if anyone stamps on your feet stamp back—it serves the cowards right," which injunction I thought very unnecessary and superfluous, as Adolphus had already stamped, the broad grin on his precocious face betraying a thorough enjoyment of the result.

"That's a good boy," I heard another matron say; "push, we shan't get in else," and I watched the urchin, who, all along, had been striving his hardest to oust everyone else out of the way, suddenly lower his bullet-shaped head, and, placing it in the small of his neighbour's back, butt like a ram.

As the morning advanced the heat increased ; and the sun's rays falling pitilessly—for it was an exceptionally hot summer—on the sweltering heads of the densely packed and ever-augmenting myriads, whilst adding considerably to the general discomfort, rendered the tableau positively nauseating. Yet, despite its sufferings, which must have been intense, the temper of the crowd on the whole was excellent ; we heard few murmurings, and when the Royal carriage arrived there was a most tremendous cheering.

We waited until the Queen had entered the gates and then returned home.

Some days later, when the furore of novelty had to some degree abated, we visited the Exhibition.

The huge building with its glass roof and monstrous crystal dome, all ablaze with scintillating sunlight, appeared to us then like Aladdin's Palace—a fairy-like vision of grace and wonder—and as we entered the transept and stood face to face with the long avenues of glittering industry and art, we mutually agreed that the sight was sublime.

Every triumph of metal, stone, wood, and cloth lay before us : tray after tray of sparkling jewellery—diamond pendants, rings and tiaras, ruby and emerald bracelets, golden necklaces of the most exquisite design and workmanship, jewelled fans from Persia, and countless other ornaments, that, needless to say, possessed an irresistible attraction for ladies, and the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond, which in particular rivetted my attention. The glistening pile of pottery also pleased me ; the lace was beautiful, both in pattern and texture, whilst in the furniture department I particularly admired the mosaic table-tops by Barteri, of Rome, and the rich variety of Tuscan cabinets.

We were greatly amused at the effect produced on

"our country cousins" by the statuary, the novelty of which perplexed and shocked them.

One party, consisting of a motherly-looking individual with a very long nose and cut away chin, accompanied by two rosy-cheeked, gooseberry-eyed daughters, each armed with a gingham and market basket and dressed in rural bonnets and much befouled skirts, came to a sudden and precipitate halt before Behnes's marble statue of "The Startled Nymph"—a highly finished and lovely piece of sculpture—and after one frightened glance at it stole away on tip-toe to the silk department. Shortly afterwards, another lady, clothed in rusty black and of decidedly angular proportions, marched right up to it, peered at it enquiringly through her spectacles, and then, with an awful frown of indignation and savage tightening of the lips, wheeled round on her heels and beat a hasty retreat to the flower gardens.

This statue of W. Behnes's, and T. Campbell's "Portrait of a Lady as a Muse," were by far the best pieces of sculpture in the Exhibition, the much-talked of "Greek Slave" being in my opinion very inferior to either of them.

Though I take but little interest in horticulture, as a rule, I could not but admire the magnificent beds of varied flowers: pinks, roses, carnations, lilies that, bending their dainty, elegant heads to the gentle breezes of the park, presented the appearance of a moving sea of animated, variegated colour. Intermingled with the flowers were fountains, the clear, splashing waters of which had a deliciously cooling effect on the overheated atmosphere.

The Exhibition was too big, far too big, to see in a day, not that I had any desire to do so, for many of the compartments hardly interested me at all, and I derived a great deal more amusement from

watching the continual flow of people through aisle after aisle, and tent after tent, than I ever could from gazing at glistening machinery or model yachts.

It was intensely hot inside the buildings, and one continually heard people complaining that Mr. Paxton had not invented some patent kind of engine for cooling the air!

Among such throngs of people, there were naturally many attractive ladies, whose good looks were, I think, greatly enhanced by the style of bonnet and coiffure then in vogue.

The celebrated beauties of those days were the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Dover, the Countess of Blessington, and others, all of whom I well remember.

The Duchess of Sutherland, grandmother of the Duke of Argyll, and Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria, was indeed a splendid woman; her beauty was immortalised by Sir Thos. Lawrence, who painted her in the attitude of holding her child on her knee.

One very wet day at the private view of the Royal Academy, she was dressed entirely in white watered silk, made quite long on the ground, with a white bonnet of beautiful old English lace, from which hung festoons of pearls, fitting closely round her face.

I was on the top landing of the building which is now the National Gallery, and so had an excellent view of her as she stood, immediately beneath me, waiting for her carriage.

When this arrived, her ladyship, utterly regardless of the rain which was descending in sheets, slowly left the shelter and trailing her dress behind her through the mud, stepped quite unconcernedly into her barouche; a performance which was greeted with a groan of horror from every lady present.

The last time I saw her, shortly before her death,

she was looking lovelier than ever—to me a veritable Princess from Fairyland.

Her sister, Lady Dover, was almost, if not quite, as beautiful, and Lawrence has immortalised her, too, dressed in a most becoming costume of black velvet, and, like the Duchess of Sutherland, holding her child on her knee.

I knew their mother, Mrs. Howard, an exceedingly handsome old lady, extremely well. She was most genial and kind, and always made a point of conversing with me whenever we met at parties.

The first Duchess of Westminster was also lovely. Soon after the announcement of her engagement I met her with her fiancé at a ball given by her uncle, the Duke of Devonshire, in honour of the event.

The Duke of Westminster was a strikingly handsome man, and I thought as I saw him laughing and chatting with his future bride that they were extraordinarily well-matched, with regard to both face and figure.

In those days beauty did not self-advertise as it does now; even actresses were more or less reticent, and the smirking faces of music hall artistes on tawdry picture postcards did not confront us at every turn.

As a matter of fact, good looks in a woman were not considered, as now, the only necessary qualification for the stage, but, on the other hand, dramatic ability was the *sine quâ non* of an actress, and of far greater importance in the eyes of the theatre-going public than a pretty face. For example, Miss O'Neill, Mrs. Glover, Miss Nisbett, and Miss Glyn, though far from beautiful or even pretty, were at the same time extremely popular.

I knew Mrs. Glover—that most clever actress whose *Lady Teazle*, I believe, has never been equalled—well, and frequently chatted with her in her room

at the theatre. She was very ordinary in appearance, not the least bit "stagey," and exceedingly affable. Her dress in private was generally of plain black silk or satin, and a pretty lace cap, fastened with a big bow under her chin, gave an additional grace to her simple toilet. Her hair, waved on either side and parted in the middle, was, perhaps, her one beauty, her features, on the whole, being heavy and somewhat masculine.

On the 8th January, 1846, to commemorate her sixty-sixth birthday and her fiftieth year on the stage, she was presented by Ben Webster (with whom she acted for twenty-five consecutive years) with a magnificent silver cup. The ceremony, much talked of at the time, took place in the green-room of the Haymarket Theatre, and although I was not present, being, of course, too young, I recollect the occasion perfectly well.

Miss Nisbett I saw over and over again. She made a great hit in the "Love Chase" at the Surrey, and although hardly as great an actress as Mrs. Glover, she was generally regarded as extremely good.

I saw Miss Glyn at Sadler's Wells, where she played *Cleopatra* to Phelps' *Antony*, and I fully endorsed the verdict of one of the leading contemporary papers which said, "Miss Glyn's performance of *Cleopatra* is the most superb thing ever witnessed on the modern stage."

Off the boards I thought her plain and perhaps a trifle coarse, but she was very different on, and really looked refined and lovely in her impersonation of *Cleopatra*, the arrangement of her hair and the style of her costume making her features appear classic, an illusion that was further enhanced by her statuesque and graceful bearing.

Phelps, I may add, in spite of his slight nasal

twang and shortness of stature, gave an admirable rendering of *Antony*, his make-up being excellent and his acting full of fire and passion. In his blind infatuation for *Cleopatra* (inimitably portrayed) he quite forgot the mannerisms that had to some extent marred the earlier efforts in his stage career.

I saw a good deal of him in private life, and often after a performance my father and I would be invited to a chat in the green-room, where he proved himself a most congenial and hospitable host. His courtly and dignified bowing us out was in itself a compendium of all the classic graces.

In my young days one of the most popular and forcible preachers in London was a Mr. Montgomery, whose church I regularly attended. Both actors and clergymen were then, for the most part, self-taught, but in spite of the fact that he had not attended any school of elocution, Mr. Montgomery was an orator of no mean order, and it was owing to the fact that he was the author of a poem entitled "*Satan*," that he obtained the nickname of "*Satan Montgomery*," a distinction he little deserved, as he was in reality a very good man.

One of our greatest friends, whom I have not as yet mentioned, was Dr. Doran, an Irishman, a wit and a great favourite in Society; we were constantly meeting him, and whenever he and my husband were together there was certain to be an endless flow of humour, each one apparently determined to have the last word.

Dr. Doran often talked to me of Rachel, the French actress, whom he knew well in private life.

Her acting did not impress me, I thought her ranting and sing-songy, but my old friend regarded her as the most perfect actress of the day. He told me that she began her career as a street singer in Paris, always

accompanied by her mother, who played the tambourine, and the sweet plaintiveness of her voice attracting his attention, he often stood and listened whilst she sang. She was eventually rescued from the gutter, and after being properly trained for the stage, speedily achieved almost international fame.

It was in connection with music that Dr. Doran used to tell one of his most delightful stories.

At a concert he attended, two people, during the performance of a very loud chorus, carried on a conversation, and in order to make each other heard shouted at the top of their voices. The music (as is often the case when it has reached a grand climax) stopped suddenly, but not the conversation, consequently for the fraction of a second there was a dead silence, and then "Apple Pie," shouted by one of the speakers, drew the attention of everyone in the room.

Another doctor friend of ours, in this instance a medical man, was Dr. Ross, cousin of Sir William Ross, R.A., the great miniature painter. This doctor, who lived a few doors from us in the Square, was not only very clever in his profession, but most charming in society.

He once told me that soon after he started his medical career he had a somewhat embarrassing experience.

His family one night, by way of an experiment, put his hair in curl papers, it being the fashion then to wear it long and wavy. Paying little heed to the joke, for he was at the time excessively tired with his day's work, he went to bed, and was soon in a heavy sleep, from which, alas! he was suddenly and unceremoniously aroused to attend a lady patient. In his anxiety to lose no time he tumbled into his clothes anyhow, and without as much as a thought of the curl papers, tore out of the house.

On entering the sick room, however, he received a shock followed by a rude awakening, for his patient, after one brief and astonished glance at him, lay back on her pillow and shook with laughter. It was in vain he poured out his excuses, stating the real facts of the case; no explanation on his part ever convinced her that he did not curl his hair every night to enhance the beauty of his locks and fascinate his lady friends.

On returning one night from a dance at his house, my husband and I had an experience of the occult.

We had been in bed some time when the room, in pitch darkness before, was suddenly illuminated, and on sitting up to see what had happened we were terrified at beholding a delicate blue flame shaped like a candle, hovering before us in mid air. Fearing that the light was but the prelude to a further psychic demonstration, and that I should soon see in its place the face of some ghastly denizen of the other world, I shut my eyes, but my husband, though no less frightened, tried to divide it with his hand. He struck at it again and again, but with no result, it still maintained its unity and form, still glowed, still flickered.

This strange phenomenon only lasted for a few minutes, when it vanished as suddenly and inexplicably as it had come; nor could any subsequent investigation on our part in any way account for or elucidate the mystery.

I mentioned the incident to Luard, the brilliant young Pre-Raphaelite, who at that time seldom missed coming to our house to tea on Sunday, and he said in his dry way, "It must have been my candle, for when I got into bed it was by my side, and when I woke up it was gone!"

Millais, at the time my husband first met him,

at the house of Wilkie Collins, was, I believe, only nineteen.

He had just painted his first Royal Academy picture, a brilliant success, and was looked upon as an extremely clever and promising young painter.

I was immensely struck with his appearance when I first saw him at a fancy dress ball at the Loudons' (Mr. Loudon was the well-known garden designer), clad in a long silk coat, lace tie, and breeches, with riding boots to the knee, a costume becoming enough on anyone, but just giving the right touch to him, the touch of positive perfection.

He had a magnificently shaped head, faultless classic features, a superbly elegant figure, tall and slim, and was quite one of the handsomest men I have ever seen.

In conversation he was charming, not the least affected; but on the contrary so frank, boyish, and breezy in his manners that he completely captivated the hearts of the fair sex—indeed everyone, men, women, and children, particularly children, loved Millais.

Apart from painting he had much in common with my husband, being passionately fond of music and, in a lesser degree, of acting.

Edward was a good actor, and not only had invitations from friends and strangers alike all over the country, asking him to take part in amateur theatricals, but was offered several very tempting parts on the professional stage. The latter, it is needless to say, he declined and, later on, finding that even amateur acting might become a hindrance in the profession he loved, he made a vow never again to take part in any play.

I believe his last performance was that of the Good-natured Man in Goldsmith's play of that name, at

Mrs. Collins' house in Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park. It was got up entirely by amateurs, and at least one amusing incident occurred during the rehearsals.

A Mr. G——, who was extremely ugly, was cast to play the rôle of lover to a Miss C——, who also had the misfortune to be most extraordinarily plain.

One morning when the play was well advanced, Miss C. rushed into Mrs. Collins' room declaring that it was impossible for her to act with such an unsightly man as Mr. G., and that she really must give up her part unless she had a more prepossessing lover.

No sooner had she gone than Mr. G., perspiring with suppressed indignation, burst in, protesting in an injured voice that he could not make love to such a hideous creature as Miss C., and that it made him positively ill to have to hold her in his arms. In fact, he really must decline, he said, to act any longer with such an ogress.

Wilkie Collins, accepting these resignations with no little satisfaction, as well as amusement, for he was only too glad to be rid of both Miss C. and Mr. G., soon found others to succeed them, and the play in every particular proved a great success.

It was acted on June 19th, 1849, and among the audience were many painters and writers of note, including Frith, Millais, and Charles Dickens. The costumes, which met with universal admiration, were designed by my husband, and suggested to Mr. Frith the idea contained in his picture of "The Forties" that now hangs in the Kensington Museum.

I did not see the performance for the very simple reason that on the day of its production my eldest child, Alice, was born.

CHAPTER V

LIFE AT SLOUGH

I HAVE nothing in particular to say with regard to the birth of Alice, saving that her godfather was Wilkie Collins, and that at her christening at the church of St. Pancras she showed a painful disregard of her family's feelings by howling vociferously throughout the ceremony.

We only remained in Harewood Square three years, and shortly after the birth of my second child, Leslie, left London for Slough, where we rented a furnished cottage for six months prior to moving into a house in Upton Park.

In 1853 my husband received a commission to paint a series of eight historical pictures for the corridor either of the House of Lords or the House of Commons—and being asked in which corridor he would prefer his pictures to be hung, he named the latter.

The first two—"The Last Sleep of Argyll" and the "Execution of Montrose"—were painted in oils, but owing to the light in the corridor of the House of Commons glancing on the pictures and making them shine, my husband thought it advisable to make use of a different medium for the remainder of the work. Experimenting first of all in frescoe and finding that method a failure on account of the climate, he finally painted the remaining six with a preparation of water-gloss—a medium which although necessitating glass as a protection, succeeded admirably.

As each picture was highly finished and executed with the greatest care, it is impossible to award the palm to any one of them in particular.

The most universally known and consequently

the most popular are perhaps "The Arrest of Alice Lisle," "The Offering of the Crown to William and Mary," "The Release of the Seven Bishops," "The Execution of Montrose," and "The Last Sleep of Argyll."

In reference to the first-named, one of the contemporary reviews observes: "The artist in this frescoe has shown great ability in dealing successfully with a subject of no ordinary difficulty. The task of giving heroic interest to a person, represented only in a passive capacity and at a disadvantage with her adversaries, was itself uphill work, and then the requirement of introducing three actions going on concurrently in three different places on one canvas, was even still more arduous.

"One of the soldiers seems to be addressing Lady Alice in terms of triumph and menace which fully awaken her to the danger of her position, and which, mingled with regret for the fate of those she vainly endeavoured to succour, make up a position of extreme consternation and bewilderment."

One day, while my husband was engaged painting "The Last Sleep of Argyll," Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort sent word that they were coming to see the picture.

One can imagine the state of excitement into which our household was thrown by this announcement—we literally hardly knew whether we were standing on our heads or legs.

The Queen! coming to Upton Park and to our house! Incredible! Impossible! Oh dear! how UNTIDY everything suddenly appeared, and how utterly hopeless it seemed to get things straight.

We did not merely move from room to room, we flew! every member of the household, big or little, uniting in a stupendous effort to set the place in order.

Long before the time for their arrival I had taken up a position in the nursery, where from one of the windows I could take covert peeps at the road without danger of being seen.

Oh! how slowly the minutes passed, and with what feverish anxiety I watched the approach of every vehicle—landau, gig, wagonette, cart! no matter how shabby or imposing, or how ridiculously impossible, each time I saw one in the distance I was most firmly convinced it contained the Royal couple.

At last! at last they came, and as I heard a slight commotion in the hall my heart grew faint.

"Thank goodness," I murmured, "thank goodness! it's Edward they have come to see, not ME! I never, never, could survive the ordeal!" and then someone—my horror was too great for me to realise or remember who it was—brought me word to say HER MAJESTY desired my presence in the drawing room.

Oh! the nightmare of that moment! I grew sick and dizzy, staggered, all but fainted, and then with a supreme effort pulled myself together, and with a forced air of calmness walked out of the room and descended the stairs (devoutly wishing, however, that I should trip over my skirt and break my leg).

The Equerry-in-Waiting to Her Majesty—Colonel D—— met me in the hall, and perceiving my embarrassment (I was little more than twenty at the time) took me by the hand, and in the kindest manner possible assured me that the Queen would make me feel quite at ease, and that I need not be in the least bit afraid. Thus encouraged, I allowed him to lead me through the retinue filling our diminutive hall right up to the dreaded threshold; there was a sound of merry, laughing voices, the door slowly opened—

and I was at last—willy-nilly—in the presence of Victoria.

But was this, could this be the Queen—this lady with the round, girlish face, laughing blue eyes, gentle brow and engaging smile—was this indeed HER MAJESTY?

The moment she spoke, however, every atom of doubt on that score vanished, for her voice, though soft and sweet and singularly beautiful, was full of a dignity that I intuitively felt could only belong to Royalty; indeed, so extraordinarily majestic was it that it added to her stature, and made her appear tall, whereas in reality she was, if anything, rather below the average height of a woman. I do not recollect how she was dressed, but distinctly remember her hands and feet, which were small and beautifully shaped.

She was so sympathetic and homely in her manners that she won my heart at once, and I was quite frightened on finding how readily I chatted with her.

The Prince Consort was charming, so kind and nice that I do not think anyone could have been afraid of him. He told me how interested he was in painting, expressing at the same time an earnest desire to see my little children. "There is nothing I love better," he added—and I can even now see the frolic-loving glitter in his eyes as he said it—"than a thorough good romp in the nursery."

Accordingly the children were summoned, and my daughter, Flora, then two and a half years of age, came running into the room bubbling over with excitement.

Thinking, quite naturally, that this effervescence of spirits was due to the Royal Presence, the Prince was flattered accordingly, and patting her kindly on the cheek made some pleasant remark.

Judge, then, of my horror, when my democratic little daughter dodged in between the Prince's legs, and with an indignant cry of, "Don't! I want to see Prince Ilbert's horses!" rushed frantically to the window.

The Prince clapped his hands and roared with laughter; I do not think that even the Queen had ever seen him so delighted, and he continued to play with my little girl till it was time for him to go. During their visit the Royal couple showed their appreciation of my husband's work by commissioning him to paint two pictures, "Napoleon III being invested by Her Majesty with the Order of the Garter" and "The Tomb of Napoleon I."

A rather amusing incident occurred in connection with the first of these pictures.

Try how he would my husband could not get the pose of the figures to his satisfaction. He consulted me, and I suggested he should first put them in (in pink chalk) undraped—a method that has always answered with me.

He took my advice, obliterated what he had already done, and put in the figures of Her Majesty and the Emperor undraped—the effect, as one may imagine, being excessively ludicrous.

Just as he had finished, and we were criticising his work, a servant knocked at the studio door and, to our horror and confusion, announced that the Queen was on her way to see how the picture was getting on!

"Great heavens!" my husband exclaimed, as soon as we were alone again, "whatever shall we do? The Queen must never see herself like this." "There is only one thing to be done," I said quickly, "sponge them out."

Jumping at my suggestion like the proverbial

drowning man, Edward seized a rag and, working with the energy born of despair, soon destroyed every vestige of his morning's work. With a sigh of relief he was gazing at the transformed canvas, now quite innocent of any figure, either draped or undraped, when we received a second message that Her Majesty's visit was deferred to the next day—consequently all our fright and undoing had been in vain.

Another incident of a similar though less amusing nature—to me at all events—took place when I was busily at work on my Royal Academy picture, "The May Queen," the subject of which I borrowed from Tennyson's poem.

For my model of the widow I used a lay figure, draped, of course, in orthodox garments, and I spent many a weary hour trying to arrange the latter properly, and to impart to the former a suitable pose.

Eventually succeeding, I had made a good three-weeks' start on the canvas, when Her Majesty came to the studio unexpectedly one afternoon on purpose to see it.

To my utter consternation, not content with looking at the picture, my illustrious visitor went up to the figure which was most delicately propped against the table, and taking off the cape, held it up, laughingly, exclaiming as she did so, "Isn't this funny?"

Funny! I could have screamed with vexation, for Her Majesty had destroyed three weeks' work, and possibly ruined my chances with the picture.

To all who know me it is still a matter of wonder how, under the circumstances, I managed to restrain my feelings sufficiently to appreciate the joke, and to behave myself in a manner befitting the recipient of Her Majesty's gracious and undeserved attention!

I am glad to say the second painting of the widow's cape, etc., was in the end as successful as the first, and

the picture was hung, together with another of mine, entitled "The Intruders," in the Royal Academy of 1856.

Speaking of them both the *Art Journal* says: "In 'The Intruders' we see another of Mrs. Ward's domestic scenes, but of a totally different character to that of her 'Morning Lesson,' exhibited in 1855. Here we see a child and kitten who have rushed incontinently—the 'morning lessons' being now over—into a superbly furnished drawing-room, placing in jeopardy not only the elegant knick-knackereries it contains, but also the really substantial objects. The juveniles have literally broken loose, and play riot amid the costly furniture of the salon. The artist has in this work treated most successfully a theme of no little difficulty. 'The May Queen,' exhibited at the same time, is a very charming representation of a fragment of Tennyson's poem."

The Queen was so pleased with some portraits of my children—to which I shall allude again later on—that she commanded her Secretary, General Grey, to write to my husband, and Edward accordingly received the following missive:—

" WINDSOR CASTLE,

" Oct. 29, 1857.

"My dear Sir,

"I have received the Queen's command to say that having been much struck by the sketches of your children done by Mrs. Ward, which Her Majesty saw in your room downstairs, she would be glad to know if Mrs. Ward would undertake to make a similar sketch of the youngest Princess.

"Yours truly,

"C. GREY.

"I send you the Queen's note conveying her command."

The note (written, of course, by the Queen herself) ran thus :—

“General Grey knows Mr. Ward, the artist, she believes. Would he write to him to say that as the Queen so much admired those small sketches in their room (below stairs), done by Mrs. Ward of their children, she wishes to know whether Mrs. Ward would undertake a similar small sketch of our little baby.

“Oct. 29th, 1856.”

In a subsequent chapter I refer to my visit to the Castle, where I executed the Royal commands. Whilst I was painting “A Scene from the Camp at Chobham in the encampment of the 79th Highlanders,” I had a really gruesome experience. In order to get an exact model for the composition I had in my mind’s eye, I had a shed of thatch and straw, similar to the soldiers’ huts at Chobham, built for me in my studio at Upton Park, and engaged one of the Queen’s pipers to sit to me. I had my suspicions as to the man’s sobriety when first he came to my studio, but he behaved in such an exemplary manner that I thought I must have been mistaken, and it was not until the end of the second sitting that I found my fears were only too well grounded. I was making arrangements with him to come again when he suddenly interrupted me, and with a cry of “Now, I am going to show you a Highland fling,” whipped his dirk from his stocking and, brandishing it in the air, began to circle madly round the room. One glimpse at his rolling eyeballs, glittering eyes, and grinning mouth, was enough and more than enough to assure me that he was a maniac, but what could I do ? My husband was at the other side of the house, the servants were in the kitchen, which was some little distance from the studio, and it was most

unlikely anyone would hear me however loudly I called. My one and only chance lay in flight. But every time I attempted to quit my place, the piper drew a few feet nearer, and eyed me so sternly that I dared not move a muscle or even stretch out my hand to ring the bell for fear of exciting him to fresh violence.

His pace was now terrific—no obstacle stopped him—he cleared chairs, table, and even the hut with the ease and agility of a greyhound.

I strove my hardest to appear calm and collected, but the ordeal was so terrible that I fear I failed, and when I perceived that he was systematically shortening his circles and closing in on me, I was positively sick with apprehension.

Faster and faster, and nearer and nearer he wheeled, until the flashing blade hovered only a few feet above my head. I felt sure then that my end had come ; but, mercifully for me, at the critical moment, his strength gave way, and suddenly dropping his arms he sank helplessly to the floor.

Instinct telling me now that the worst was over, and that he was no longer dangerous, I bade him get up, and pretending to have been much pleased by his performance, gave him money and showed him out.

A few days later, my husband was told by a friend that the piper had been taken to a lunatic asylum, where he had died raving mad !

Alluding to the picture in which the mad piper posed, and which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1854, the Art critic of the *Art Journal* said ; “ Mrs. Ward has given evidence of maturer artistic powers, both in composition and colour, than in many of her preceding works. The subject assumes more of a domestic than a military character, for though two of the men of the regiment are introduced, they are in undress, while the wife of one of

them is engaged at the wash-tub. The arrangement of the figures is good, and they are very carefully drawn."

The following year I exhibited "The Morning Lesson," and the same journal in commenting on it, observed: "The self-imposed maternal duties of the wife in Mrs. Ward's Academy picture of last year appears to have suggested to the artist the subject for her painting of 'The Morning Lesson,' where we see a young mother instructing the child; the lesson is not given in the nursery or schoolroom, but in an apartment richly furnished, and with all its 'appointments' handsome and in good taste. The composition is elaborate throughout, and every object painted with the greatest attention to detail as well as with very considerable power."

These reviews may be, I think, of interest to my readers, as apart from being criticisms, they give a very adequate idea of the general nature of my work at that time. So far, as may be seen, I had not specialised—at least not to any great extent—in historical paintings, confining myself instead to domestic subjects, which was surely natural, as all my leisure moments were of necessity spent in looking after and amusing my children.

Whilst we were at Slough my family was increased to four, my third and fourth daughters both being born there.

It was in the interval of these two births that we experienced the severest winter I remember. The snow fell almost incessantly for days, and when cleared from the pavement formed such a high wall that the light was very nearly obscured, and we could only grope our way with great difficulty. At night thousands of people, dressed in all manner of costumes—fancy and otherwise—danced by torchlight on the Thames,

which the sharp and prolonged frost had converted into a thick sheet of ice. As soon as the weather changed and the snow melted, the whole country was flooded. The road from Upton Park to my husband's studio being several inches under water, and all horse traffic suspended, in consequence, he had to be taken to and fro by the ferry-boat.

At Eton College the playing-fields resembled a large lake, and it was whilst the floods in that neighbourhood were at their height, that I went to a ball, given by the Provost.

As far as I can remember, I enjoyed the ball, but I well recollect that I did not enjoy "getting there." Miss Evans, the daughter of one of the House-masters, and a great friend of mine, fearing that I might be deterred by the state of the roads, very kindly had me taken to the Provost's house in a sedan chair, the motion of which, coupled, perhaps, with the sight of so much water, made me feel extremely sea-sick. I believe the chair is still in existence, but I never wish to see it again.

Mr. Evans, who was really a great man at Eton, was very fond of entertaining, and used for that purpose a magnificent hall hung with ancient tapestry. The latter, to my mind, was so strangely suggestive of the Middle Ages that I constantly expected to see the hall invaded by a host of knights in armour, or, at any rate, to hear the clanking of steel and the clinking of goblets.

At one of the Christmas parties at which I was present, the holly round the gas lamps suddenly caught fire, causing such a conflagration that we all thought the whole house would speedily be burned to the ground. Everyone, excepting Mr. Evans and several of the men guests, at once lost their heads, and, amid a most blood-curdling series of shrieks

and groans, a precipitate rush was made for the exits. Fortunately the fire, thanks to the efforts of the few cool-headed ones, was quickly got under, but the enjoyment of the evening was completely at an end, as we all realised how very near we had been to a fatal catastrophe.

When at Slough we always attended service at the little old church, just outside Upton Park. We were very much attached to both church and service, the former being of a great age, and the latter both simple and reverent. The churchyard, too, was most impressive. It was more beautifully kept than any other I have ever seen, and the graves, one and all, seemed to me to do more than suggest, they seemed actually to speak of peace and rest. My father-in-law, husband, and son all lie buried there.

Some time prior to our advent at Upton Park, Mrs. Coffin, a well-known lady in Society, came on a visit to some friends in Slough, and being struck with the simplicity of the village people, determined to take a rise out of them.

With this object in view, she used to dress herself up in white and visit the churchyard at dusk, lying in wait for women and children, who, she guessed, would be easily frightened.

On their appearance she would glide out from the bushes, and waving her arms in the air, execute the most grotesque and unearthly dance in and out of the tombstones.

The effect produced fully came up to her expectations, and the rumour that the churchyard was haunted spreading like wildfire, caused a perfect panic in Slough, very few of the people daring any longer to venture out of their houses after dark.

Encouraged by her success, and tired of scaring only

women and children, Mrs. Coffin soon waxed bolder, and aimed at higher game.

Whether or not she would have succeeded in her ambition it is impossible to say, for a farmer I knew, upon hearing that one, at least, of several poor women in delicate health at the time, having seen the ghost, had succumbed to the shock, determined to put an end to the ridiculous proceedings.

Arming himself with a thick cudgel, he accordingly went early one evening to the churchyard, and waiting till the ghost, alias Mrs. Coffin, was in the midst of her antics, suddenly pounced out on her, catching her before she had time to escape. The tables were now completely turned. The ghost was terribly frightened, but neither tears nor expostulations had any effect on the indignant farmer; indeed, he so soundly belaboured the lady with his stick, that when at last he did release her, she was not only shorn of her glory, but lamenting the loss of her front teeth. She could with the greatest difficulty crawl home.

Needless to say, the hauntings ceased with the disappearance of Mr. and Mrs. Coffin from Slough, which latter event took place the very next day.

Oddly enough, a case of real haunting happened at Slough about the same time.

One day, when I was painting the "May Queen," Mr. J., a friend of ours, who lived in the Slough Road, called to see us, and, in the course of conversation, said that, in the middle of the night, he had awakened with a violent start, and had seen, to his horror, the phantasm of his first wife standing clearly silhouetted against the moon, at the foot of his bed. She was deadly pale, he said, and her eyes, which she fixed on him, were luminous and glassy. Too terrified to move or cry out, he had been compelled to sit bolt

upright in bed, staring at her, and whilst he did so she shook her head ominously, and mentioning a date—which date Mr. J. named to us—in sepulchral tones, suddenly vanished. Although Mr. J. admitted he was very much upset on account of the apparition, at the time, he now seemed quite prepared to laugh at it, and told me if it meant anything at all it probably referred to his second wife, an opinion which I considered quite unwarrantable as well as exceedingly selfish.

Some little time after his visit to us, we learned that he had been suddenly taken ill, and that he had died on the very day that had been named to him by the apparition.

Both my husband and I were naturally shocked, but I candidly admit, instead of grieving over the selfish husband, I rather rejoiced that the second wife was still alive.

CHAPTER VI

LYTTON

DURING our seven years' residence in Slough, we never once missed going to the Fourth of June celebrations at Eton College, and, more often than not, we were taken there by some friends of ours in a huge, old-fashioned farm cart, which they always hired and had fitted up with comfortable seats, etc., for the occasion.

In the evening, the invariable conclusion to a most enjoyable programme was a grand display of fireworks, when the whole countryside for miles round was brilliantly illuminated.

The broad sweep of rich and lovely meadow-land, known as the Boveney Fields, flanked by the wide and silent flowing river whose waters flashed and sparkled in the artificial light like diamond scales, and the long rows of stately elms and gentle weeping willows, nodding alike their heavily laden branches in the cool night breeze, combined in forming an absolutely idyllic tableau, the charm of which was enhanced by swiftly gliding boats full of College boys in white flannels, who took off their hats and cheered vociferously each time they rowed past the island.

The boys themselves could not have been more sorry than we always were when the event was over.

I made many sketches of Boveney; one, for example, of the old Surly Hall, a splendid type of rural and mediæval English hostelry, which was, alas! supplanted by a hopelessly inartistic and modern public-house; and another of the old ferry connecting the one end of the Boveney Fields with the Maidenhead Road.

On the occasion of one of our visits to Mr. Evans (not the College Master previously mentioned) a rather curious incident happened to one of my children.

In front of the Evans' house, the garden was separated by a high hedge from a field containing cows and sheep—the very field in which the Eton boys ate their ducks and green peas on the Fourth of June, and from whence, as the consequence of too much champagne, they had to be carried to their respective quarters—and one morning, as I was sitting in the window overlooking this garden, watching my second daughter at play, I heard a cow roar angrily, and the very next moment, to my surprise and horror, I saw the great beast rush at the hedge, and, clearing it with a bound, chase my child into the house.

Strange to say, the cow had always roared at this particular child, and, stranger still, could at once distinguish her from her sister whom it never molested, though the two children were dressed exactly alike, and so closely resembled each other in appearance that they were invariably thought to be twins.

Of course we were all very keen to find out why the cow should have conceived such a violent and apparently unreasonable aversion, and accordingly Mr. Evans asked the cowman if he could account for it.

The latter scratched his head thoughtfully, and after a slight hesitation, replied with some embarrassment, "Dunno, Sir, unless, maybe, the young leddy reminds the coo of her calf that's gone," an opinion which I thought not at all flattering to my daughter.

Oddly enough, although as a family we are all naturally kind to animals, the latter very often take the most bitter and inexplicable dislike to us.

We took a house one summer at Sevenoaks, a most delightful spot, and as I was walking through the town one morning with my husband, we saw a number of cows and calves coming towards us along the road.

Having always been especially afraid of cows, I immediately said to Edward, "I shall go into a shop when we get a little nearer those creatures and buy some trivial article."

This timidity on my part always incensed my husband, and on this particular occasion he was very angry and accused me of being affected and silly, speaking very decidedly as to my cowardice and foolishness.

But being far too much alarmed at the cows to pay any heed to his remarks, I left him in the road and, entering the shop, sat down preparatory to being served.

Hardly had I taken my seat, however, before I heard a tremendous bellow, and the next moment my husband, pale as death, came flying into the shop with a monstrous cow close at his heels.

As Edward was merely very much frightened, but otherwise unharmed, I felt that I had scored, and I cannot help thinking it is also to my credit that the subject was never again mentioned between us.

One might almost imagine that these creatures, not satisfied with their ill-feeling towards us, extended their animosity to our friends, for the late Lady Pender, whom I greatly admired, narrowly escaped being killed by one.

It happened in this way. Sir John Pender had bought a pedigree cow and calf, for which he gave the sum of three thousand guineas. On the arrival of the animals the whole household turned out to see them, and no sooner had the cow caught sight of Lady Pender, than it fixed its evil eyes on her, made

a rush forward and pinning her round the waist with its horns, tried to trample her to death. She was rescued, but the beast was inexorable. Cunningly awaiting an opportunity, it attacked her again, and this time succeeded in placing its horns round her throat. Sir John Pender, the factor, and the drover, got it away, but only with the greatest difficulty, and not until her ladyship had been severely mauled. Indeed, as she afterwards informed me, her body was one big bruise, and it was days before she could leave her bed. As to her clothes, there was so little of them left whole that the poor lady had been only too thankful to borrow her husband's coat to pin round her in the place of a skirt.

Looking back upon an experience of my own, I can quite understand why cats are generally associated with the Evil One.

The vicar of the quaint old church near Slough, where we often attended evening service in the summer, and his wife, with whom we were intimate, happened to be very fond of cats, and, on one occasion, after we had supped with them and were seated in the drawing-room, an enormous, vividly-striped tabby conceived a sudden and violent antipathy towards me.

Springing off the sofa, its yellow eyes gleaming malevolently, it bounded over the carpet, and with a snarl of rage tried to claw my hands. Somewhat alarmed I stood up, and our host driving the animal away, it tore round and round the room, spitting and hissing each time it passed me, till it finally collapsed and fell in a fit on the floor. No sooner had it recovered, however, than it again rushed at me, and would most certainly have bitten me had it not providentially caught its claws in the train of my dress, owing to which accident it was captured and conveyed out of the room.

I had a similar experience on another occasion. The time for our annual holiday being at hand, we gladly accepted an invitation from Mr. Gaskell (for whom my picture of Chatterton—now in the Bristol Art Gallery—was painted), of Woolton Wood, near Liverpool, to meet a party of our friends at his house. The journey from Liverpool to London was much longer then than it is now, and there were so many delays on the route that we did not arrive at Woolton Wood till a very late hour, when we found Mr. Gaskell, Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., and others whom we knew, with anxious faces, assembled in the hall to greet us, having made sure we had met with some serious accident. As the dinner had been kept waiting for us, we tore upstairs, and whilst Edward undid the straps of my trunk, I sat down in a chair before the looking glass and began to arrange my hair. A moment later an enormous black cat—that neither of us had seen in the room, and which by candle-light looked positively demoniacal—leaped on to my shoulders. Alarmed by my cries, Edward promptly came to the rescue and took the creature away, before it had time to do me an injury. At dinner I sat by my host with whom I was enjoying a most interesting conversation, when, to my intense horror, the black cat suddenly charged from under the table at my side, and springing on to my shoulder, commenced to tear my dress to pieces. The beast was, of course, speedily dislodged, but, for all that, I was terribly upset and frightened. Mr. Gaskell, who hated cats, could not in any way account for the behaviour of this one, as until that night, he assured me, it had never been in any part of the house saving the kitchen, to which it was strictly limited.

My fondness for dogs once led me into the most

unusual straits. I was walking one day in a small street near my present house, when I saw a group of children with a dog in their midst, making a ring round it and teasing it most abominably. I marched indignantly up to them and singling out the ring-leaders, told them they were great cowards to torment a poor defenceless animal, and that they ought to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves. But imagine my astonishment, when one of them, a boy of about nine, immediately sparred up to me, and with clenched fists called out, "Call me a coward, do you? Come along then! Yah! who's the coward now?" As the attention of all the children was now centred on me, the dog, seeing its opportunity, escaped, and I, having thus secured my point, also moved away, much to the chagrin of the would-be pugilist, who viewed my departure with the most bitter disappointment.

This incident reminds me of one that befell Dr. Doran. He was crossing Kensington Gardens one morning, when he saw a girl of about ten chastising a baby she was carrying in her arms. Stopping the girl, the Doctor remonstrated with her for striking so young a child. He was, however, obliged to confess himself beaten, as, with a gesture of defiance, the girl replied, "If you don't mind what you are saying, I'll serve you the same."

My son Leslie, as the following anecdote will show, seems to have inherited my singular faculty for irritating animals. The Taylors, Tom and his wife, often came to see us at Slough, and frequently accompanied us on our sketching expeditions to Burnham Beeches, which, in my opinion, is one of the most beautiful spots in England. It has furnished me over and over again with just the scenery for my pictures. It happened one evening that after one of

these Taylorian excursions we were driving home along the road where the trees almost met overhead, and just as we had arrived at the spot where they were thickest, a huge black dog suddenly darted out, and glaring savagely at Leslie, who, together with several of us, was seated in the rear of the trap, made frantic efforts to rend him with his teeth. It was in vain we tried to drive it off, it followed us for fully three-quarters of a mile, and never taking its evil eyes off Leslie, only left us when a sudden swerve of the road saw the termination of the trees, and the commencement of a broad expanse of open country.

This particular excursion was, I remember, rather curiously marked by a series of unpleasant adventures, for whilst we had been sketching my eldest girl all but came to a tragic end by falling into a deep pool of water from which she was ignominiously rescued by Tom Taylor, who hooked her out with his stick, and, for my own part, on awaking next morning, I found, to my dismay, I could open neither my eyes nor hands, whilst my head and ankles were covered all over with hard lumps of the shape and size of ordinary eggs.

My husband, greatly alarmed and totally at a loss to account for my strange appearance, sent for the doctor, and was greatly relieved to learn that the phenomenon could be explained by the fact that I had been bitten by some poisonous fly, that no doubt made its home in and around the pool where my daughter was so nearly drowned.

I had a similar experience some years later at Windsor, when I was bitten over the eye by a fly that had been previously feeding on something bad. My eye went black, and it was nearly a week before I could leave off wearing a patch.

During this visit of the Taylors, we set out one evening, about nine o'clock, to walk to Stoke Poges, to pay homage to the tomb of the immortal Gray.

The summer air, heavily laden with the scent of honeysuckle and clover, was so delightfully sweet and warm that we scorned the idea of taking cold, and, seating ourselves between the tombstones, prepared to enjoy a well-earned rest before returning home.

The presence of a strong moonlight illuminating the landscape with a phosphorescent glow, the intense silence broken only by the occasional sound of a horse munching hay, and the very nature of our immediate surroundings suggesting "the supernatural," we soon began to talk of ghosts.

We were in the middle of a blood-curdling story when, all of a sudden, there was a series of the most appalling screams, which so terrified Tom Taylor and my husband that they sprang to their feet, and, I am bound to confess, without as much as a thought of their wives, flew to the gate. Mrs. Tom and I did not follow their illustrious example, for we had at once perceived that the cause of all the panic was nothing more formidable than a pair of owls, which had, no doubt, been roused from their nest in the ivy-mantled tower by our conversation. Laughing immoderately we joined our better halves at the gate, and if not sorry for their conduct they were undoubtedly sorry for themselves, for I can assure you neither Tom Taylor nor my husband ever heard the end of that episode.

I had two aunts, sisters of my mother, who never liked me, but my aunt, Mrs. Jackson, was always most kind, and when we were living at Slough arranged a meeting between Mrs. Jameson, the author, and ourselves, at her house at Hampstead.

Our party, consisting of my husband, eldest girl, Leslie, myself, and the two nurses, had not proceeded very far in the train when there was an ugly jolt, and the train came to an abrupt standstill.

Hurrying out of our compartment we tore off in search of the children, who were in another part of the train, and found Leslie sitting on the floor of the carriage with a huge bump on his forehead, and one of the nurses lying huddled up in a heap on the floor, badly hurt; the others had escaped without a scratch.

The accident delayed us for some hours, and when we arrived at Hampstead my aunt met us at the door of her house in a terrible state of anxiety. "You have been in an accident, haven't you?" she said. "Directly I knew you were coming by train I felt sure something would happen! I never would trust to an engine." It took us some time to convince her that the harm we had suffered was not absolutely irreparable, but when we did at last succeed in that most difficult achievement, she hastened to introduce us to her guest, Mrs. Jameson. The latter, whose works are probably unknown to the present generation, was then in the height of her fame.

Though her genius was not of the highest order, she had written extensively for over twenty-five years, and had led a singular and chequered career.

Of Irish descent and thoroughly Irish in temperament, she was the daughter of a Mr. Murphy, painter in ordinary to the late Princess Charlotte, and well known to the public principally through two of his portraits. She married Mr. Jameson, a barrister, who was successively Speaker of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, and Attorney-General of the Colony. The marriage was unhappy in every respect.

Her first appearance as an author was in 1826, when she published "The Diary of an Emigrée," a work which, although professedly "fact," contained an obvious amount of fiction. After this she produced many other works, of which I can best recall "Loves of the Poets"—a charming book showing the influence men of genius have had over the hearts of women; "Beauties of the Court of Charles II," written for the purpose of illustrating pictures by Sir Peter Lely at Hampden House, copies of which had been made by her father at the desire of the Princess Charlotte; "Italian Painters," a work which is thought much of; and "Sacred and Legendary Art," a book which, directing the attention of present-day painters to the Old Masters, has become a standard work in Art literature. Both in her writings and conversation she was earnest and enthusiastic, full of refinement of feeling and elegance of expression, liberal-minded, shrewd and observing, and ever ready to communicate to others the knowledge she had acquired in her many and perilous adventures abroad.

She described to me her canoe voyage in North-west America, and her experiences when on a lecture tour in the United States and Canada. With typical Irish vehemence and much natural emotion, she spoke to me about Ireland and O'Connell, Shakespeare, the Kembles and the London Stage, German sentiment and Art, and Italian paintings, ending up with a pithy discourse on women's social rights. The latter was undoubtedly her favourite subject—the dream of her life—but she had little or nothing in common with the modern suffragette.

To Mrs. Jameson, woman was the creature God had made her, a creature imbued with the highest instincts of morality, and endowed with all the qualities befitting an ideal mother and wife. Mrs. Jameson

had no wish to see woman enter the political arena, any more than she had to see her attempt to wrest from man those means of earning a livelihood that seemed particularly adapted to him. All she wanted for woman was freedom from really injurious trammels, and a means of honest subsistence when in actual destitution.

She struck me as being a particularly courageous woman—courageous both morally and physically. Her decided views being absolutely independent of anyone else's, were entirely the outcome of her own thoughts, and, never offensively bold, she was intellectual without being either dogmatic or pedantic.

In appearance she was not striking. Her features were regular and small, her complexion delicate, her expression highly intelligent, and her manners quiet and lively; she was a lady in the true sense, and to picture her in my mind's eye, and recall her manner and conversation, is still to me a source of pleasure which happily neither time nor circumstances can destroy.

It was also whilst we were living at Upton Park that we made the acquaintance of that world-renowned and most famous novelist, Lord Lytton, to whom we had only a short time been introduced, when we were delighted to receive a most cordial invitation to stay at Knebworth. Of course we accepted, and on our arrival were charmed with both our host and his venerable home.

Indeed, I shall never forget that visit, and even now I love to shut my eyes and live through it all again.

Once more, with my husband I pass through the ponderous lodge gates, once more I feel the refreshing coolness of the deeply-shadowed avenues, inhale the fragrance of the richly-beflowered shrubs, and thrill with delight as amidst the nodding branches of the

gnarled oaks I catch my first glimpse of the mediæval mansion.

Here, then, unravelling itself slowly before me, was a realisation of my dreams of an historical past—the home of men of all ages—men who had in all probability rubbed shoulders with the principal characters in both my husband's pictures and my own. The very atmosphere of the house breathed countless inspirations!

But the house itself—how can I describe it? and yet there is hardly an angle, turn, or cranny that escaped my notice—hardly a room that did not offer itself as a subject for my sketch-book. The chief characteristic of the interior was oak—the black oak of antiquity—and floors, doors, walls, and ceilings were all composed of it. This sombre yet fascinating feature, as may be expected, imparted to the house an air of great age and mystery, and every time a board creaked, or a gentle gust of wind came rushing down a corridor, I seemed to hear the voices of bygone generations, the voices of tenants long buried, long forgotten.

The vast entrance-hall, surmounted and overlooked by ghostly galleries connecting the east and west wings, the broad main staircase, the large and lofty reception rooms leading from one to the other in what to me at first appeared an interminable succession, the innumerable tortuous passages, the corridors suggestive of much that was uncanny, and the bedrooms, odd mixtures of past splendour and modern inventions, combined in furnishing a plentitude for complex meditation.

Knebworth was the home of mystery, and its master—the master of those sun-kissed, smiling meadows, silent, shadowy spinneys, sparkling, babbling fountains, hushed and gloomy pools, newly

painted stables, and that crumbling, frowning mansion—the master of it all was charming ! Mystical yet simple ; simple yet clever ; clever yet kind—he was, in short, paradoxical and enigmatical, as all men of genius must be, but over and above all else he was benign. In appearance, may I say—without any disrespect—that Lytton was narrow in all but his trousers ! His face was remarkable ; he had an abnormally high, shelving forehead crowned with a tuft of light brown hair, that invariably stood on end, a long aquiline nose, bushy eyebrows ; kind blue eyes ; a long moustache, billy-goat beard, big, prominent ears and a serious expression. His complexion was deadly white. He generally wore an Albert coat, high linen collar, tie with very conspicuous pin, and, as I have suggested, extremely baggy trousers.

He was devoted to animals, and told me when he showed me round the grounds, that he regarded all hunting as cruel, and that after hearing a hare he had wounded cry, he had never again handled a gun. He kept many pets, including a peacock, which had, I think, rather more than the usual amount of pride attributed to its species, for when I looked at it, it tossed its head haughtily, and with a disdainful spread of its tail, deliberately turned its back—a piece of rudeness of which even Lord Lytton disapproved.

His lordship, though not a musician, was very fond of music, and was never tired of hearing Lady Sherborne—one of our fellow-guests—sing “My Queen,” which she rendered in a sweet and highly cultured voice. He was, indeed, appreciative of all the arts, including acting and dancing, and was artistic to his finger-tips, a fact to which even the most minute detail in the beautiful equipment of his house could testify.

As one would naturally infer from a perusal of his work, Lytton believed in ghosts, and one could see at a glance that he was never so much in his element as when narrating or listening to a thrilling psychic experience.

One of the rooms at Knebworth, he warned us, was haunted by the apparition of a lad with long yellow hair, commonly known as "The Yellow Boy"—which apparition may appear to anyone sleeping in that apartment, and by pantomimic gestures reveal to them the manner and nature of their approaching death.

Lord Castlereagh—the contemporary of Byron—when the guest of Bulwer Lytton's father, was consigned for the night to the Yellow Boy's room without being told, and consequently, having no idea whatever that it was haunted.

On the following morning, looking pale and cross, he informed his host that he had been disturbed in the night in a very startling and unpleasant fashion. "I was very tired when I went to bed last night," he complained, "and fell into a deep sleep almost as soon as I had lain down. I did not continue in this condition long, however, before I awoke with a violent start, and feeling compelled to sit up, perceived that I was no longer alone in the room.

"Seated by the fire, which was still burning brightly, his back towards me, was the quaintly-dressed figure of a boy with long, yellow hair. As I stared at him, too utterly astonished and dismayed to remove my gaze, he slowly turned, and, revealing a ghastly pale face with big, luminous eyes, glided swiftly to the foot of the bed. Here he halted, and fixing me with a strange expression of mournfulness, drew his fingers three times across his throat, and then completely and abruptly vanished.

"You will say, perhaps, I was dreaming, but I am positive I was not, for, whilst the phenomenon was taking place I several times shut my eyes and opened them again to see if it had gone—but it was still there, and, moreover, immediately it had disappeared I got up, and, seating myself at the writing table, made a memorandum of the occurrence."

Mr. Bulwer, whilst politely agreeing that the affair was very inexplicable, took good care, of course, to say nothing more, leaving his lordship absolutely in the dark as to the true significance of the Yellow Boy's visit.

The sequel to the story is that the unfortunate Lord Castlereagh subsequently cut his throat in the exact manner predicted.

Lord Lytton, whose love of humour was at times rather grim, made a point of narrating this anecdote just about bedtime to any of his guests who were about to sleep in the Yellow Boy's room for the first time.

Mr. G., an artist friend of ours and an exceptionally nervous man, confided in my husband that he had never undergone such an awful time anywhere as he had at Knebworth.

"I shall never forget my sensations," he said, "when, on the night of my arrival, his lordship, who had kept me chatting with him in the study until shortly before midnight, suddenly observed with a sardonic smile: 'Now, Mr. G., it's time for you to go to bed—why, you look quite tired! By the by, I hope you won't mind; knowing that you are not at all timid I've put you in the haunted room.' After an elaborate and detailed account of Lord Castlereagh's experience, during the narration of which I thought I must have died either of fatigue or fright, or both, he added: 'but, of course, there is no reason

to suppose you will see anything—though, to be sure, one can never tell. You have no objection to sleeping there, have you ? ’

“ ‘No-o-o!’ I stammered. Whereupon his lordship, pointing to my candle, said, ‘ Yes, that’s yours ! Too warm for a fire in your room ! Good-night ! ’ and shaking me heartily by the hand, left me to get to my quarters as best I could.

“ Fortunately I had seen the room before dinner, and so had a vague idea of its situation, otherwise I might have spent half the night roaming about the passages.

“ Well, I got there in the end, but it looked so dark and uncanny that I grew steadily more and more frightened, and seriously thought of packing my valise and taking to my heels. However, a little reflection assuring me this would be folly, I strove my hardest to be brave, and making pretence of taking a casual stock of my surroundings, prepared to undress.

“ Suddenly I got a real shock ! Something white and horrible glared at me from the mirror, and my hair stood on end, my blood froze ; I tried to move, I tried to cry out, I could do neither, I was spellbound, petrified, helpless ; and then—then, as I was on the very verge of fainting, I recognised the ghost in the glass, it was my own face ! The reaction made me hilarious, what a joke ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! How his lordship would laugh ! The Yellow Boy forsooth ! The Yellow Nothing ! And then, as my eye caught a glimpse of the great wide chimney, my heart stood still—something was there. Urged on by an irresistible impulse, I looked closer—it was my coat ! Ha ! ha ! joke No. 2. Plucking up courage, I looked under the bed, nothing was there ; then with trembling hands I moved aside the window curtains,

nothing there ; and my spirits reviving more and more I advanced to the wardrobe, which something had prompted me to leave to the last. Though, no doubt, a very handsome piece of furniture, it appeared to me then positively hideous, and the nearer I approached it the more afraid of it I grew. Like all the other furniture in the room, it was of black oak, and standing fully seven feet high, reared above me like a monstrous hearse. I viewed its doors with suspicion, what did they contain ? What might not they contain ? Some terrible skeleton-like phantom that, making its nocturnal home in the sepulchral closet, would spring out on me the moment it was dark. For some seconds I stood facing the wardrobe in the agony of suspense. I felt, I knew, that therein lay the solution of the haunting. But what was I to do ? I dare not look, and I dare not get into bed without looking. I drew a step nearer, and yet another, until at last, bracing myself to the utmost, I pulled one door, and was heroically tugging at the other when Something blew out my candle !

“That was the climax ! Without waiting to make the acquaintance of my visitor, and only too thankful to find I retained possession of my limbs, I flew to the bed, and diving under the clothes, lay there fully dressed, and palpitating with terror till the morning.

“I was never more thankful in my life than when the sunlight came and I realised it was no longer the hour for ghosts. I wouldn’t spend another night in that room for a fortune.” And he never did.

But my husband himself had an experience in the Yellow Boy’s room. During the evening Lord Lytton had given him a detailed account of Lord Castlereagh’s experience and feeling naturally somewhat nervous after his friend’s adventure, Edward informed me

that the very first thing he looked at on entering the apartment was the wardrobe.

"It struck me as such an ideal hiding spot for a bogey," he said, "that I was very cautious, but judge of my horror when, on opening one of the doors, something shot out and alighted on the floor with a crash! It was only a bath. Very amusing, no doubt, but it took me some seconds to recover from my fright, and I had hardly done so before I received another shock.

"As I was seated in front of the mirror about to brush my hair, I saw, just above my own face, the reflection of another, long, narrow, and ghastly white, with dark, gleaming eyes. Sick with terror, I was on the point of calling out, when a familiar voice sounding close in my ears brought me sharply to myself. It was Lord Lytton. He had come to make arrangements with me about the morning, and entering my room noiselessly, had purposely taken me by surprise. Though I was only too grateful to have any living person with me just then, I fear I did not feel too cordial towards his lordship, the author of my second, and I am thankful to say, last disturbance for that night.

"'You really need not be in the least alarmed,' he had said just before bidding me good-night. 'My room is exactly opposite to yours, and if you do happen to hear anything, it will only be the ghost on its way to pay me a visit.'

"He then told me that the Lyttons had a family ghost, in the form of a coach, which was heard driving furiously up to the front door before any of them died. Having heard it himself, he said, he could not, of course, entertain a doubt as to its existence."

Though somewhat sceptical on the subject of spiritualism, Lord Lytton frequently invited mediums

to his house, and it so happened that one, an American lady, was staying there during our visit.

One morning, when putting away my trinkets, I missed a gold locket, and, after vainly searching for it for some time, thought it my duty to tell Lord Lytton. He at once suggested that I should consult the medium.

I did so, and the latter relapsing into a state of clairvoyancy, informed me that the locket was in the top right-hand drawer of my cabinet at Upton Park. As I was absolutely certain I had brought it with me to Knebworth, I laughed incredulously; but she was right, for on our return home I found the missing article in the exact spot she had described.

I naturally spent as much time as possible every day during our stay at Knebworth painting, and still have in my possession a few of the sketches I made there.

But my work was seldom uninterrupted, for Lord Lytton almost every day invited us to a drive with him, in his lumbering and funereal-looking landau, to some place of special interest.

One afternoon, as we drove through Lord Cowper's beautiful estate, we were much surprised and amused to come across Anthony Trollope standing in the Park with his coat off, and shaking his fists at a red-cheeked, beetle-browed tradesman whom he had just challenged to fight.

I do not know the result of the combat, as we did not wait to see, but I think one may rest assured the victory was to Trollope, since I have never known that distinguished man either make or accept a challenge unless the chances of defeat were *nil* or infinitesimally small.

When we left Knebworth, Lord Lytton presented us with two early Gothic black oak doors, which had

once formed part of an original wing of the house. One of these doors forms the entrance to my dining-room at Gerald Road, whilst the other has been converted into a bookcase.

The friendship between Lord Lytton and ourselves was long and lasting; we often visited him, and I have seldom felt sadder than when I attended the great novelist's funeral at Westminster Abbey.

It was a lovely day, and as the sunbeams fell in sparkling array on his coffin, the music which he loved reverberated through the arches of the Abbey, as if sung by angels. I have attended the funeral services of many great men, including those of Macaulay, Millais, Leighton, and poor Arthur Sullivan, but the funeral service of Lord Lytton was by far the most touching and impressive. There was not a dry eye present—both men and women alike wept.

CHAPTER VII

KENSINGTON PARK

THE smallness of our house at Upton Park, and the question of our eldest children's education at last decided us to return to London, and we accordingly rented "Kent Villa," Lansdowne Road, Kensington.

My husband and I naturally felt leaving Slough, where some of the brightest moments in our lives had been spent, yet it was one of those inevitables to which so many of us are forced to bow, and, realising this, I bore my fate with the calm, though forced, smile of philosophy.

Almost before we were settled in our new abode, I was again hard at work, drowning my sorrow, and painting a picture for which I had been commissioned by a Mr. Harrison, who lived with his sister at Preston.

I chose as the subject for this painting (and also its title) "An Incident in the Childhood of Frederick the Great of Prussia," and formed my idea of it from Carlyle's description of the boy Frederick having his horoscope cast by a famous foreteller of destiny, his anxious mother and other members of his family looking on. The work when finished was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1859.

Whilst I was engaged on it, the Harrisons invited us to stay with them, and again, within a very short space of time, I found myself in a thoroughly "ghostly" looking house. The building, black-and-white, was of great age, as may be shown by the fact that it had originally consisted of only one storey, and no staircase! But all this had been altered in or about the fifteenth century, when additional storeys had been added, a staircase built, and the

whole stoutly and elaborately roofed. One feature in the house that proved of irresistible attraction to me was the Minstrels' Gallery. I felt quite sure it was haunted, although I never saw anything there, and my surmises turned out to be correct, for on the termination of our visit the Harrisons informed us that "Something walked the Gallery," but what that Something was they either could not or would not say.

Whilst we were with them we made the acquaintance of a Mr. M——, who invited us to see his collection of paintings, carvings, books, etc.

We took him at his word, and calling one day at his office in Manchester, found him delighted to see us. Being busy, however, just then, he suggested we should drive on at once to his residence, which was a short distance from the town, and he would follow on as soon as possible. On reaching his house, a palatial mansion, we were met by his wife, who, much to our surprise, evidently knew we were coming, as she accosted us with the remark that her husband was hastening home and would be with us by two o'clock, in time for luncheon. We were both thoroughly puzzled, as we could neither of us see any possibility of a message, telegraphic or otherwise, reaching her before we ourselves had arrived, but the mystery was speedily solved by Mr. M—— himself, who, turning up sooner than was anticipated, laughingly explained to us that he had "telephoned," it being quite a famous hobby of his to have a system of telephonic communication—at that time almost unknown in England—between the office and his house.

After luncheon we strolled in the grounds, where there was a large Winter Garden, full of rare flowers and shrubs—white orchids, syringas, tulips, hyacinths,

violets, and, most conspicuous of all, an enormous Victoria Regina lily floating on the surface of a mammoth marble basin. There was such a rich assortment of colour, such artistic grouping, such sweet perfume, such lovely statuary, such musical rippling of splashing, tumbling waters, and, above all, such an enchanting atmosphere of perfect tranquillity, that the garden seemed the handiwork of fairies, and I expected every moment to be confronted by a nymph, a sylph, or a pixie.

It was with a genuine sigh of regret that, turning away from so much natural beauty, I followed Mr. M—— to the house.

But here fresh surprises were in store for us—tables laden with silver plate, jewellery, and knick-knacks of every description and design; carvings in silver, copper, bronze, brass, oak, mahogany, rose and sandal wood, cedar, etc., cases of books of every kind and age—from mediæval Bibles with illuminated print, to such comparatively modern works as Richardson's "Pamela," D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth," Egan's "Life in London," Savage Landor's "Poems" and "Imaginary Conversations," and hosts of others; prints by Julien and other engravers, that must have been worth a fortune in themselves, and many very valuable pictures that Mr. M—— had purchased from Sir William Agnew.

We stayed till late in the evening looking at the treasures, and when we took our departure our kind host and hostess were most eager that we should go there again, which we did—not only once, but many times.

Meanwhile, at home, our children were growing up, and feeling that I could no longer afford the time to teach them myself, I advertised for a governess. Needless to say, there were countless applicants,

of all denominations, sizes, and ages, which made the task of selection most difficult.

One girl in particular attracted my attention. She was German, very young, pretty, and fragile, and looked far too slightly clad for the cold season in which I saw her. For some little time I was in doubt as to whether I should engage her, but coming to the conclusion that she was too good-looking and hardly old enough to walk out with my elder girls, for which purpose, as well as for the education of the younger children, I should require her, I told her I could not engage her, whereupon, bursting into tears, she sobbed out she was starving, and that unless I took pity on her she would surely die.

I am afraid, as a rule, I am very sceptical with regard to such stories, but there was something about this girl that made me feel she was speaking the truth ; so telling her to sit down I listened to her history.

It appeared that after her father's second marriage she was no longer wanted at home. She appealed to her friends, who subscribed a small sum of money, advising her to go to England, where she would be certain to obtain employment at a handsome salary. Following their counsel, she came to London, and taking rooms, at what I thought was a somewhat exorbitant figure, vainly sought for work. At the end of a fortnight she had spent every penny of her small hoard, and had been obliged to pawn her warm clothing to save herself from being turned into the streets. She had now sold everything, was utterly destitute, and had not tasted food for days. Moreover, she was five weeks in arrear for rent, and dare not face her landlady again empty-handed. Would I help her ? In order to verify her statements, I sent my head nurse to her lodgings, where the story was fully corroborated. Still, what could I do to assist

her—I could not possibly employ her. I consulted my husband, who was the ever-ready champion of the needy and oppressed.

“What a grand model she would make,” he whispered. “But no! she is too lovely for so perilous a calling; better anything than that. Why not write to Mrs. S. C. Hall, she might know of something.”

My husband was right, Mrs. S. C. Hall did know of something, and the poor, friendless girl was taken into the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, who made a great pet of her, and thought her perfection. When I last heard of her, she was married and comfortably settled for life.

About the same time, too, I had another experience with a girl in trouble, though in the latter case the trouble was of a different nature.

On coming out of the Albert Hall one evening, whilst we were waiting for our carriage, a very sweet-looking girl who had been regarding me closely for some moments, suddenly approached me, and with tears in her eyes, exclaimed, “You look kind, will you help me?”

I asked how.

“This is my first visit to London,” she explained. “I came here to-night with a large party of friends, and I have lost them all. We divided into two parties, and each party must have thought I was safely with the other and driven off, leaving me behind. Whatever am I to do?”

“But you surely know the address of the house where you are staying?” I said.

“Oh, yes, yes!” she cried, wringing her hands. “I know that, but how am I to get there. All these carriages are engaged, and the streets are so full of dreadful looking people that I am too terrified to stir.”

Someone at my elbow murmured “Fool!” but I

did not think so. The girl's plight moved me to pity. I could quite understand her feelings, she had never been alone in a big crowd at night, and the novelty of the situation appalled her, her reasoning faculties were for the time being paralysed. Telling her to get into our carriage, I drove her to the nearest cabstand, and hailing a fly, saw her safely into it. She drove off, and although I gave her my card in case anything else went wrong, I never heard anything more of her, hence I can only presume she arrived safely at her friend's house.

About this time we were haunted by a perfect epidemic of thefts and burglaries, of which either we ourselves or our friends were the victims. I have already referred to my father-in-law's adventure with the burglar. Well, in addition to this, when we were living at Slough, and temporarily renting the house of Mrs. Collins (Wilkie Collins' mother) in Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park (as it was my husband's turn to attend the Academy Schools and to assist in hanging the pictures of that year), we experienced what I am glad to say was only an attempted and not a successful burglary. One evening the governess and I were in the dining-room talking, when we heard the street door gently open and shut, and someone tip-toe stealthily along the passage. The irregularity of this proceeding naturally awoke my suspicions, and the governess, I suppose, interpreting my thoughts from my face, flew to the chimney, determining at all hazards to escape even if she got roasted and choked in the attempt. Being a little more self-possessed, I rang the bell, and the housemaid answering my summons, I asked her who it was that entered the house without knocking.

Greatly scared, she told me she did not know but that she, too, heard someone come in and go upstairs.

Bidding both the governess and the housemaid follow, I now hastened to the nursery, to find the head and under-nurses both very pale and agitated.

"I was just coming to tell you, madam," Nurse stammered, "that as I was going into the children's bedroom a minute or so ago, a strange boy rushed out of it, and, slipping past me, disappeared downstairs."

"And I saw him, too!" another nurse chimed in, "he brushed against me as he ran."

"Then why on earth did not you catch him?" I said, rather nettled. "Surely two women should be more than a match for one boy." But they shook their heads guiltily. "He took us by surprise, madam," they faltered. "We were struck all of a heap, and besides his speed was so terrific, he flew faster than any arrow."

"What was he like?" I demanded. "I suppose you saw his face?"

"No, indeed, madam," they replied in chorus, "he went far too quickly for us to see him properly; indeed he was down the stairs almost before we had realised he was a boy."

Perceiving that it was useless to question them any further, I sent for the police. The latter searched the house thoroughly, but, of course, found no one, as the birds had long since flown. Outside in the snow, however, they discovered the footprints of a child's naked feet, from which they deduced that the boy we had heard, had entered the house with the intention of concealing himself till after dark, when he would creep downstairs, unbolt the front door, and admit his burglar confederates. As one may well imagine, we did not sleep very comfortably for nights afterwards.

Six months later, when my husband was at his Club—the Athenæum—the hall porter came to him and

asked if he would like his hat renovated, as there was a man below who had received instructions to take Mr. So-and-So's to be ironed, and who had asked him to enquire if any of the other members would like their hats taken to be ironed, too.

My husband gladly fell in with the proposal. His hat would certainly look the better for a polish ; and so, he suggested, would the hats of most of his friends. Consequently, in a very short space of time, a number of hats were collected and entrusted to the stranger, who, of course, promised to bring them back with Mr. So-and-So's later on in the afternoon.

When Edward came home that night I hardly knew him, he was wearing a new hat, and—a new expression !

Frost, the Royal Academician, and disciple of Etty, had a very similar experience when living near us in Fitzroy Square.

A man called at his house one day, saying that he had come from the Royal Academy with a verbal message for Mr. Frost.

The servant to whom the message was given, leaving the man in the hall, at once went in search of his master. Frost, who was in his studio at the time, being unable to make head or tail of what the footman told him, said he would himself go down and see the messenger. He accordingly ran downstairs to the hall, not wanting to be away from his work a second longer than he could help, and saw the stranger fumbling with the door handle apparently eager to go. Asking him to stay a moment, as he wished him to state his message more lucidly, Frost, at the same time, remarked to himself as a strange coincidence that the man was wearing a coat exactly similar to his own. However, the stranger's reply to his question being still more incoherent than the

message brought by the footman, Frost concluded the fellow was a simpleton, and, losing all patience, dismissed him with the remark that he would call at the Royal Academy himself in the course of the afternoon. The stranger then went, and Frost resumed his work. Some hours later, when he was ready to go to Trafalgar Square, he could not find his coat. Alas! it was not the messenger, it was Frost who had been the simpleton!

Another robbery, in this instance of a serious nature, occurred at Kent Villa.

One morning, directly after breakfast, one of the servants came running in to me greatly excited.

"Oh, madam!" she exclaimed, "something dreadful has happened in the drawing-room, the pictures are off the walls, the floor is strewn with ornaments and everything is all higgledy-piggledy. Do come!"

Much alarmed, I jumped from my chair, and following her, found that her description was only too true. The drawing-room was literally upside down, and many of my valuable knick-knacks missing. In a terrible state of mind, I flew to my husband's studio, where a similar scene awaited me. The lay figure was knocked down, Edward's brushes and paints were thrown about anywhere and everywhere, and his rugs and red cloak (a valuable "property") were nowhere to be seen.

As my husband was away I had to act on my own counsel, so sending for a policeman, I feverishly awaited his arrival. Presently a carriage drove up to the door, containing, to my utter astonishment, my father, a constable, and a number of the missing articles.

It appeared that the constable, when on his beat near our house, had seen a ragged boy laden with a number of things wrapped up anyhow in some rugs.

Thinking this was very strange, he approached the urchin with the intention of examining the bundles, whereupon the boy absconded, and, on being pursued, darted into a house, having previously hurled his burden down the area. The constable, descending into the basement, gathered up the things and found amongst them a letter bearing my father's old address of 31 Fitzroy Square. He promptly drove thither in a cab, and discovering my father had moved to No. 37, eventually found him at breakfast.

I was, of course, overjoyed at getting some of my property back so quickly, and quite believed the constable when he said I should soon have the rest.

My eldest daughter told me that when she went into the drawing-room to practise at the piano, at seven o'clock the previous evening, everything was in its place, but that she had hardly begun to play before she heard a curious shuffling noise under the sofa. Much frightened, she ran and told the governess, who called her a "little silly," and sent her back. She had scarcely resumed her seat, however, before the sounds were repeated, and not venturing to remain there any longer she had fled. After that no one entered the room till the following morning, consequently, the thief had had ample time to commit the burglary.

The boy who had thrown the things down the area was eventually traced, and confessed that he was the tool of a gang of professional burglars who had long intended to rob our house. With this end in view, the latter had installed the lad as sweeper of a crossing almost immediately opposite Kent Villa, instructing him to keep a close observation on the house and to make himself familiar with our daily routine of life. The boy did as he was bid, and from noticing when we went out and came in,

etc., drew pretty accurate deductions as to our meal times; and, moreover, in some mysterious way which he would not explain, became acquainted with the geography of the house.

His employers, having at last obtained all the information they thought necessary, fixed the early hours of the morning—it being winter and dark till late—as the time for their nefarious enterprise. The boy was to creep into the house the preceding evening, whilst we were all at dinner, and stowing himself away for the night in some dark corner, was to hand the goods out of the front door to them before any of the household were astir.

The eventful day came, and the boy, waiting till we were all securely seated in the dining-room, let himself in with a skeleton key, the impression of which he had taken a week or so before. No one being about, he had no difficulty in selecting a suitable hiding-place, and he had lain snugly secreted, presumably in the drawing-room, till daybreak. His confederates, punctual to the moment, arrived in a trap, and he had handed them a good many of the things from the studio and drawing-room, when they were unexpectedly interrupted—what by, the lad could not say. Telling him to follow them with as much as he could carry, they drove off, and he had not seen them since. As nothing would induce him to reveal their identity, and the Police could obtain no further clues, they were never caught. I thus lost many things I greatly treasured, including a lot of old china that had once belonged to my mother-in-law, and a needle-book embroidered and given me by Mrs. Tom Moore.

The boy informed us that his name was George Phillips, which was rather odd, as in one of the articles recovered from him—an Indian box—there

was a letter to me from a Mr. George Phillips, at that time resident in Bombay. I do not think the boy could have read the letter in the short time it was in his possession, especially as the handwriting was very hard to decipher, so it must have been a coincidence. His mother, who came to see me, appeared so devoted to her son and so terribly grieved at his conduct, that I had not the heart to prosecute. She said that he had been a good child, but had fallen under the influence of evil companions, who had made an instrument of him. Acting upon my suggestion, she applied to some Emigration Society, and sent him to the Colonies, where I heard afterwards that he was doing extremely well. This was no doubt a comfort to her, but it did not console me for my losses, which I still lament, and lament bitterly.

With me the saying, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," came literally true, for hardly was the robbery episode over when I was all but burnt to death.

At the time of the occurrence, I was standing with my back to the grate in my husband's studio, nursing my second girl. My thoughts, far away in some remote period of our national history, were gradually recalled by a cloud of smoke rising in some mysterious fashion all round me. I was wondering how on earth it came there, and bemoaning the possibility of the chimney having to be swept, when someone rushing frantically at me, enveloped me in a rug and hugged me for some seconds with all the vehemence we attribute to a bear. I had not the least idea I was on fire, and only felt very indignant at such rude and extraordinary behaviour on the part of one of my household. Fortunately none of us were burnt.

Apropos of this incident—that is to say if an unpleasant experience can in any way be connected with a pleasant one—the biggest display of fireworks

I ever witnessed was on the night of the Declaration of Peace with Russia in 1856.

We were still at the Collins' house in Hanover Terrace, and Charley Collins, who was to have dined with us that night, was unable to keep his engagement owing to the vast concourse of people blocking the streets. He managed to get half way, and then, the crowd, literally sweeping him off his feet, forced him to retire. The next day I received, in lieu of an apology, a sketch of himself stuck in a very uncomfortable and precarious position on the railings of a house.

The fireworks, and the noise accompanying them, substantially augmented at intervals by the booming of "mortars," were continued all through the night, and even far into the morning.

What a contrast were those rejoicings to the sadness of a year or two before, when the war was at its worst stage, and every day brought fresh tidings of death and suffering, insufficient food and clothing, miserable generalship, and abominable muddling at the War Office. How mad we all felt with the Government, and how we wished that the blundering politicians and red-tapists could be made to take the place of our ill-treated and gallant soldiers, amongst whom many of our dearest friends perished.

Our Vicar at Slough, the Rev. Hammond Fooke, suggested a special Fast Day, and the idea was rigorously carried out by every man, woman, and child in the town. No one seemed to have the heart even to go out of doors; all the shops were closed, and the streets were deserted and silent as the grave.

We saw much of the Fookes about that time, Mr. Fooke sitting to my husband for his House of Commons picture, "The Last Sleep of Argyll."

Mrs. Fooke, a very lovely woman, was a most

intimate friend of mine, and it was owing to our persuasion that she sat for that beautiful portrait to Sir William Ross, R.A., who, about the same time, painted miniatures of our two eldest children.

She wore a dark velvet gown, with point lace, which suited her admirably, throwing up to perfection her beautiful eyes and glorious complexion.

The portraits of my two children were, if I may say so, equally satisfactory, and her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria, told me she thought them even more clever than any the same artist had painted for her.

I think it was about the time these miniatures were painted that our neighbour, Lady Caroline Burgess, asked my husband to arrange some historical tableaux (representing scenes from the life of Mary, Queen of Scots), which were to be given at her house in Upton Park.

I impersonated one of the "Four Marys" grouped round the wretched queen on the scaffold, and was somewhat perplexed, on mixing with the audience immediately after the fall of the curtain, to find half of them in tears! It seemed to me so odd that the mere spectators should be weeping when we—the principals in the fatal drama—had only been thinking of the "posing."

In the third tableau, taken from my husband's painting of the murder of Rizzio, the part of Ruthven, curious to relate, was represented by one of his actual descendants, a Windsor banker, who, albeit, spelt his name as it was pronounced, "Riven."

Her Majesty Queen Victoria, though unable to be present herself, sent two of her ladies to see the performance, and after hearing their description of what had taken place, expressed her appreciation in a letter of hearty congratulations to Lady Caroline.

Some little time after we left Slough, I sustained

a very serious loss in the death of my deeply lamented grandfather, James Ward, R.A. He died at his house in Cheshunt, Nov. 23rd, 1859, at the advanced age of ninety-two.

An art student when Sir Joshua Reynolds was P.R.A., and elected to a full membership of the R.A. as far back as 1811, I think he well deserves the title "Father of the Academy," and having been the intimate friend of Wilson, Gainsborough, Paul Sandby, Cipriano Zuccarelli, and many of the earliest R.A.'s, he was indeed a veritable link with the past. His life was a curious example of the innumerable ups and downs that seem to be invariably associated with genius, and much of his valuable time and great talent was given to work that never saw daylight.

He used to tell me that soon after he was elected an A.R.A. he obtained a commission from Lord Ribblesdale to paint a large picture of a curious waterfall near the family seat, Gisburne, Yorks. The picture, which had entailed no light amount of work, and, as anyone who is acquainted with the technique of art will understand, no little skill, was hung in a gloomy room in his lordship's very remote country seat, there to remain till Lord Ribblesdale died.

On the occurrence of this latter event, the new lord, who had been a pupil of my grandfather, came to him and said that he was unwilling so fine a work of art should be hidden in such an out-of-the-way part of the country. Would my grandfather consent to its being presented to the intended National Gallery, then in course of construction? My grandfather willingly acquiesced, but the picture, instead of appearing on the walls of the National Gallery (on the completion of the latter), was rolled up and stowed away for years in the British Museum! Nor did his large allegorical picture, "The Triumph of Wellington"

(on which he had spent seven years), fare any better. After being hung by its owners in positions where it was at one time damaged, and at another invisible, it was eventually rolled up on its own rollers, in a gallery of the Chelsea Hospital (for which it had originally been painted), and entirely hidden from sight.

He held by special appointment the position of animal painter to the Royal Family, and his last contribution to the Royal Academy (in 1855) was a picture entitled "The Morning Grey, with Cattle of Different Breeds."

It would be superfluous for me to comment on his work ; I need only say that when he died I suffered an irreparable loss, since he had always been the keenest and kindest of critics as well as the wisest and kindest of friends.

CHAPTER VIII

LORD CREWE

AT Kent Villa we breakfasted at half-past eight. As soon as the meal was over, my husband busied himself with the newspaper, whilst I paid a series of brief visits, first to the kitchen to order dinner, then to the nursery, and, lastly, to the schoolroom. I then retired to my studio, Edward at the same time seeking his, and we remained hard at work till luncheon, which was brought to us in our respective quarters.

We did not waste much time over this repast, since it consisted only of macaroni, rice pudding, or something equally light and nutritious, but usually ate it standing, resuming our work the instant we had finished.

When the children had had their dinner—and it was under a severe penalty that a message to this effect was ever omitted—Edward threw down his brushes and hastening to the nursery, romped about with the little ones often for a full hour. This was his favourite recreation, and he was never happier than when painting or drawing pictures for them, or (a circumstance which is rather more unusual) sitting in an armchair nursing a six-months'-old!

Indeed, we were both equally devoted to our children, loving nothing better than the sound of their voices in the midst of our work, even when they were making what other people would undoubtedly have called a "frightful din."

In order to encourage my two eldest daughters in their love of art, I reserved for their special use the lower corner of my canvas, and they used to paint quite solemnly on either side of me whilst I was

busily engaged on my picture for the next year's Academy. We were, severally, all so intent on what we were doing, that we never disturbed one another, and my studio could not have been more quiet had I been alone in it.

Of course, as my picture progressed, I had to take away their corners, but as I then gave them independent canvases and easels they always felt more than compensated.

I only had one mishap with them, and that was when I was painting a picture entitled "The Birthday."

My youngest girl, then two-and-a-half, was posing to me as the infant of the party catching hold of a box of sugar-plums lying on a table on which the birthday present had been placed.

Thinking I heard a carriage drive up to the front door, I went to the window, only for a moment—but a moment too long; for on returning to my easel I found to my horror my little model hard at work, rubbing out with my rag, not only all my morning's work, but much that I had previously done.

Every first of June—my birthday—we hired a private omnibus and drove to the Crystal Palace. The girls and their particular friends, the young Benzons, Lehmanns, and Yates, together with Edward and myself, rode inside, whilst the boys and servants sat on the top alongside and behind the driver.

We took with us an enormous supply of food, double the amount we really needed (but nothing less, figuratively speaking, would satisfy Edward)—ducks, fowls, lamb, new potatoes, green peas, asparagus, raspberry and cherry tarts; and as the juice from the latter streamed down the sides of the vehicle, the passers-by gaped in horror, thinking, no doubt, we had been cutting someone's throat.

We lunched on these dainties, in a room in the Palace, lent us for the occasion by one of the Directors whom we knew well. After luncheon everyone did as they pleased—the children invariably racing off to see the casts of the prehistoric animals which possessed a peculiar and lasting fascination for them.

I used to pass a piece of ribbon round one arm of each of my two girls, who were so like each other, and fasten them together lest they should get lost, for which inconvenience they considered they were fully compensated when I gave them each sixpence.

We always thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and on our return to Kent Villa, invariably experienced the same sensation of extreme "flatness," which was shared by one and all for many days afterwards.

I think I may truly say my children rarely, if ever, got into scrapes, though there were times when I imagined they were hurt.

Our house, like many others in that neighbourhood, had a carriage "sweep" in front, and a few mornings after one of our annual visits to the Crystal Palace, I was disturbed at my work by a loud crash outside. Rushing to the studio window, I saw, to my astonishment, a butcher's cart lying in a piled-up heap against the front door. In the midst of the débris, but so hidden that I could not see his face, was the figure of a boy. Who could it be? I knew that my eldest son had been playing in the garden some minutes previously, and with the natural instincts of a fond mother, my thoughts at once flew to him. God forbid it were HE! Tearing frantically downstairs, I found the front door wide open and the hall full of the amazed and terrified members of our household, all of whom, as if guessing my thoughts, assured me in chorus that it was *only* the butcher's boy, and—I am ashamed to confess it—I at once felt greatly relieved.

It appears that during the temporary absence of the butcher, the cart had been entrusted to the boy, who was very young and quite unused to driving. Startled by some strange noise, the horse had suddenly taken fright, and gaining complete mastery over the lad, had made directly for our large iron entrance gate, which it dashed from the hinges and reduced to fine powder. Careering madly onwards, it had not paused until brought to an abrupt halt by the massive pillars on either side of the front door, against which it broke its knees. My husband, who was anxious about the poor boy, had him immediately taken to the hospital, from which, I am delighted to say, he was soon discharged, having received no lasting injury from the accident.

The situation of our house, standing as it did some little distance from the road, and consequently out of the immediate notice of the police, was not an unmixed blessing, for on winter evenings my husband and I were often alarmed by the most mysterious noises outside.

Totally at a loss how to account for the sounds, and much irritated, as well as alarmed, in consequence, we adopted stealthy tactics, and watching very carefully, eventually discovered that the auditory phenomena were caused by boys placing nets in the ivy to trap the birds—robin and hedge-sparrow—we so dearly loved. Both shocked and angry, we took very strong measures, and, in the end, effectually prevented the juvenile malefactors from ever again venturing in our grounds.

I am not, as a rule, an advocate of corporal punishment, but I think there are occasions—and cruelty to animals is one—when boys as well as men ought to be flogged, and flogged soundly.

But fond as I am of animals, and much as I uphold



Scene of 'Anthony's House'
by Wm. H. Ward

their cause, I am bound to confess that they have not always treated me well, and I have at times found them very troublesome.

As an instance, I will relate what happened when I was painting "The Siege of Lathom House." In this picture Lady Derby and her two children are depicted seated at the dining-room table with a cannon-ball, that has just exploded, close at their feet. The children—like all Royalists—were so well trained to withstand the horrors of warfare, that they scarcely showed fear, but their dog, a huge mastiff, unaccustomed to such strange phenomena, was starting in terror from under the table.

As I wanted a dog for my model I applied to a man called Bill George, who was very renowned for his large collection of dogs of all species. He happened to have the very one I wanted, and sent it over to me in the custody of his son, a youth with a face exactly like that of a "pug."

The dog was quite docile as long as its master was with it, but the moment the latter went, nothing would induce it to "sit." Kind words had absolutely no effect—neither had delicacies, for after hastily consuming all my tit-bits, it eyed me with so much contempt and dislike, that I was glad to let it go.

The next day another dog arrived, and I was congratulating myself that I could get to work now, when, to my inconceivable chagrin, the animal suddenly turned tail and bolted, getting out of the house and out of sight almost before I had had time to open the door.

In the end I secured a tractable and in every respect satisfactory canine model, but not from Mr. George!

When I had finished this picture, my husband and I went on a visit to the late Lord Crewe, who resided

in a beautiful country mansion called "Crewe Hall," after him.

His lordship, though one of the kindest and most courteous of men—quite one of "the old School"—possessed a certain incoherence and inconsistency of manner I was quite at a loss to explain.

A delightful old lady, his cousin, kept house for him, making all the necessary arrangements for his guests, and in her, also, I saw, or fancied I saw, a peculiar species of latent nervousness which differed essentially from her only too obvious anxiety for our comfort. This old lady was to a certain extent in evidence, but I could see no women servants anywhere, excepting at chapel, where, to my amazement, quite a large number would suddenly appear and, the service over, most mysteriously disappear.

I particularly wanted to speak to a housemaid, but try how I would I could never come across one. At last, after many vain efforts, I saw, one morning, what I felt sure was a black dress dash past my half-open door and disappear down the corridor. I immediately called out, and, as no one replied, gave chase. But it was of no avail, neither she nor any other female servant was to be found.

Sorely puzzled, I mentioned the circumstance to Lord Crewe's cousin, who, opening her eyes in great astonishment, exclaimed, "What! Do you not know his lordship's order? None of the servants are allowed to be seen by his visitors; if they infringe this rule they are dismissed at once. Lord Crewe hates women, and, because he cannot bear the sight of them himself, thinks everyone else must detest them, too."

"That's rather more than a joke," I cried, feeling very much perturbed. "What about me! doesn't he know I am a woman?"

"Yes, I think he does," was the prompt reply, "but you are also an artist, and that in his lordship's eyes covers a multitude of sins."

Mr. G—— S——, a friend in common, told me that on one occasion, when he was staying at Crewe Hall, he was awakened in the morning by the most terrible shouts and screams. The sounds were so dreadful, and so hideously suggestive of someone being murdered, that for some moments he was too overcome with horror to move. Finally, however, he pulled himself together, and arming himself with a poker, cautiously opened the door.

Outside in the passage was a white-faced valet carrying a jug of hot water.

"What in Heaven's name is the mat-mat-matter?" Mr. G—— S—— enquired, through his chattering teeth. "Is anyone being killed?"

"No-o, sir," the trembling valet stuttered; "it's only my lord taking his ba-th."

Archbishop Tait, Mrs. and Miss Tait (afterwards Mrs. Randall Davidson) were our fellow-guests at Crewe Hall, and their presence very materially added to our enjoyment.

In those days, I am thankful to say, there were no bridge parties, and our evenings were spent either in quiet conversation or listening to Mrs. Tait's exquisite rendering of hymns at the piano, accompanied by her daughter, who sang most beautifully.

As I have already hinted, our host was especially fond of pictures, and among the many fine paintings that hung in his galleries, was Stacy Marks' masterpiece, the "Ornithologist."

Only a short time before our visit there had been a fire at the Hall, and all the pictures would undoubtedly have been burnt had it not been for the extraordinary presence of mind and promptitude of

Lady Houghton, Lord Crewe's sister, who ordered them all to be cut from their frames, thus making it possible to convey them to a place of safety before it was too late.

Lady Houghton was quite as remarkable as her brother, but happily, perhaps, in a less remarkable way. She was the most wonderful combination of talent and practicability I have ever met—and, besides being a brilliant talker and careful listener, was, above all, a ready adviser and kind friend.

As might be expected in an assemblage of such gifted people as the Taits, Houghtons, my husband and others, the conversation at meal-times was generally very interesting, but in spite of this fact it was occasionally doomed to a very abrupt and startling interruption from our host himself.

Getting tired, I suppose, of the sustained effort of listening, Lord Crewe would gradually fall into a deep reverie, when thinking his thoughts aloud, he would suddenly electrify everyone by shouting "Stop it! Don't you hear me when I speak—stop it, I say—stop it, or I'll——," and then seeing rows of astonished faces on either side of him, he would at once recollect where he was, and peering forward with "You are not taking anything, Mrs. So-and-So? Let me recommend you some grouse," quietly re-assume the rôle of host.

With all his eccentricities, however, Lord Crewe kept a remarkably well-ordered house, and one in which even the smallest detail was performed with the unvarying regularity of a clock. Meals were punctual to the second, and fires being commenced every year on the first day of December, were left off on the first of May, no matter how inconsequent the weather.

I believe the last time I saw his lordship was about

thirty years ago, at our house in Windsor, on a very hot day in April.

I was sitting at the open window, quite overcome with the heat, when Lord Crewe entered, muttering as he mopped his face vigorously, "Oh dear, so cold, so cold!" and glancing at my empty grate in which, it being still April, he doubtless considered I ought to have had a good fire burning, he continued, "What a cold day, what a cold day! Did you ever know such infernal weather?"

But I, of all people, should and would speak well of Lord Crewe, for, with the exception of his relatives, and one or two of his oldest friends, I was almost the only woman to whom he ever ventured to address more than a few words, and I can honestly say I always liked him.

From Crewe Hall we went to the opening of the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, and stayed with our friend, Mr. Gaskell, in the Woolton Road, Much Woolton.

Among the numerous pictures in Mr. Gaskell's possession was my picture of Chatterton, which, being sold at his death to the Corporation of Bristol, now hangs in the New Art Gallery of that city.

Among the best-known Art dealers of this period was a Mr. Gambart, who annually gave a large fancy dress ball, to which he invited every artist of any note.

For one of these dances my husband and I, and my eldest daughter, had very elaborate costumes of the Elizabethan period.

Edward's consisted of a blood-red satin tunic and tights, a baldric of gold and a crimson hat with a white feather. My daughter had a pale blue satin gown, covered with pearls, and I a grey satin, embroidered with pearls and gold, with very elaborate sleeves crossed and worked all over.

On the morning of the eventful day, when our final preparations for the evening were in progress, a lady came running to the house, gasping with excitement. With frantic haste she informed us that the Gambarts' ball was postponed owing to a frightful catastrophe—their house had been blown up. She was in too great a hurry to give me any details, but when I visited the scene of the accident in the afternoon, I learned how it happened.

It appeared that additional gas had been laid on for the ball, both in the house and grounds, and the housekeeper, fancying she smelt an escape, had gone into one of the rooms to investigate with a lighted candle. As a natural sequence there was a tremendous explosion. Housekeeper and house were blown to atoms, the heaviest pieces of furniture were hurled through shattered windows like leaves, and it was indeed a pitiable sight to see the garden littered all over with the *débris* of priceless treasures, mingled every now and again with the feathered remnants of a pet bird! But I think the most curious and, perhaps, lamentable spectacle of all, was that of two of Creswick's valuable paintings impaled on the iron railings of a neighbouring villa.

The disaster did not, however, prevent the ball taking place. The house was rebuilt with the greatest alacrity, and within a few months of the catastrophe, we were all assembled in our fancy dresses in a new and magnificent reception room. But although the affair passed off quite smoothly this time, and was outwardly a great success, I cannot say it gave us any pleasure, for try how we would, we could not think of anything connected with it apart from the fate of the wretched housekeeper.

I think I have already mentioned the Loudons; they lived at No. 3 Porchester Terrace, and were

great friends of ours. Mr. Loudon had been dead some years before I met Mrs. Loudon—a dear old lady—and her daughter, Agnes, of whom I was particularly fond. The latter married Mr. Spofforth, and died early, leaving two sweet little children.

We all keenly enjoyed the Loudons' dances. They knew most of our friends, and it was at their house that I frequently met Holman Hunt, Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. Craigie, Webster, Douglas Jerrold, Rossetti, Luard, Frank Buckland, Leech, and the two Millais.

William Millais, hardly less gifted than J. E., was exceptionally clever both in painting and music, but he never made a serious study of either art, and was apparently content to see the laurels of fame awarded to his more enterprising brother, John Everett.

Calling one day on J. E., when he was living in Bloomsbury, we were shown a frog in a glass case.

"What do you think of that?" he said, laughing at the look on my face. "Fancy so small a model causing such an immense amount of labour—I have been trying to complete a study of it for three weeks, and haven't succeeded yet!"

I forget in which of Millais' pictures this frog is to be seen, but I fancy it is in "Ophelia."

The Benzons, who lived in Palace Gardens, Kensington, also gave parties, at which we all used to meet, and at their house, in addition to those I have already mentioned, I frequently met Robert Browning, Leighton, T. W. Robertson, the Sothers, Dion Boucicault, Fechter, Charles Reade, Edmund Yates, Hallé, Joachim, Patti, Lord Lytton, and innumerable stars in the musical profession. Indeed, music seemed to be the keynote to those charming entertainments, the leaders of every other branch of art assembling to pay her exponents homage. It was at parties of a much later date that the Benzons' pretty daughter,

the almost inseparable companion of my girls, came in for a large share of attention.

One of Mr. Benzon's partners, whom he knew intimately, was Mr. Frederick Lehmann, brother of Rudolf Lehmann, the painter.

The latter, whom we did not know so well, though of German nationality—I think a native of Hamburg—was a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, where his pictures were chiefly notable for their richness of colour and intensity of feeling. Mr. Rudolf Lehmann had the almost unique privilege of making a pencil sketch of one of the Popes, who, being immensely pleased with the likeness, super-scribed his name, thus greatly enhancing its value.

After one or two preliminary visits to England, Rudolf Lehmann became engaged to Miss Chambers, the youngest daughter of Robert Chambers, of *Chambers' Journal*; Mr. Frederick Lehmann having married the eldest Miss Chambers. One of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lehmann's daughters married Sir Guy Campbell, Bart., and was twice painted by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., once as a child, and again as a young woman (in both these beautiful portraits one sees Millais at his best); whilst their other daughter, married Sir William Priestly, M.D., great-nephew of the celebrated scientist, Joshua Priestly, LL.D. Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, son of Mr. Frederick Lehmann, is the well-known oarsman.

Mrs. Robert Chambers, who was extremely pretty, was known as "The Woman in White," owing to her invariable habit of wearing white—both in summer and winter—and to the fact that Wilkie Collins' novel of that name was then very much in vogue. Liza Lehmann, the famous singer of the present day, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Lehmann, and grand-daughter of Mrs. Robert Chambers.

Like the Benzons and Loudons, both families of Lehmann entertained a great deal, numbering among their guests almost all the literary and artistic people whom we knew.

Once, when going with my second daughter to a party at the Frederick Lehmanns' on a bitterly cold night in the depths of winter, we met with an adventure. My husband had had friends to dinner, and it was with a sigh of genuine regret that we tore ourselves away from the cosy atmosphere of Kent Villa to plunge into the dark and freezing solitude of the streets. As we stepped into the carriage we thought our coachman rather more stupid than usual, since it was only after much shouting that we had made him, or rather fondly imagined we made him, understand where to take us.

However, we at length drove off, and sitting as near to one another as we could, for the sake of company and warmth, we leaned back in our seat and chatted away briskly.

Suddenly my daughter, breaking off in the midst of our conversation, exclaimed, "Why, mother, surely we ought to be at the Lehmanns' now! It is not more than twenty minutes' drive, and it must be over half an hour since we left home."

I looked out of the window, but could not tell where we were, as the night was black, and there were few gas lamps. I called to the driver, but I called in vain—he either would not or could not hear, and so on and on we drove. At last we both grew desperate, and I really do not know where we should have been eventually landed had not the horse, which was evidently tired of moving, stopped of its own accord. We hastily jumped out and discovered the coachman in a heap on his box—sound asleep! As our combined efforts failed to rouse him, we were in a

decidedly unpleasant dilemma. It was growing late, the streets were snowbound, and we had not the remotest idea where we were, and there was no one to ask. Moreover, we were both flimsily dressed and wearing a good deal of more or less valuable jewellery.

For some minutes we stood still, undecided which route to take ; then thinking it best to make a move of some sort, we were about to plunge down one of the turnings to our left when a gentleman, if not dropped from the skies, at any rate Heaven-sent, walked out of the gloom and accosted us.

Perceiving our plight, he very kindly offered to procure us a fly, and on my explaining that we had come without our purses, he begged in the most delicate manner to be allowed to lend us the fare. As there seemed no other way out of our difficulty, I was obliged to accept his offer, whereupon he handed me his card, and whistling to a boy, sent him for a vehicle. The driver of this public conveyance was *not* drunk, and we arrived without further mishap at the Lehmanns' house shortly before midnight.

On our return home I wrote to this friend in need, thanking him again for his kindness and refunding his loan.

But the interesting part of my story is, that, many years afterwards, my daughter, who had married in the interval, sat next to a man at dinner who told her, with the greatest possible appreciation of the adventure, how he had once rescued two forlorn and stranded ladies in the neighbourhood of the Queen's Road, Bayswater, one snowy night in December.

Three of my children were born at Kent Villa, my daughters Beatrice and Enid, and my son Stanhope.

At the christening of the elder of these two girls, the witty Dr. Doran, our great friend, on learning

that she would henceforth be known to the world as "Beatrice Mary Florence," exclaimed, with the promptitude so characteristic of him, "Beautiful maiden, fortunate woman," thus, from her initials, forming the prelude to an admirable impromptu speech.

CHAPTER IX

OUR FRIENDS AT KENT VILLA

IN addition to his great ability for extempore speaking, which made him a valuable asset at dinner parties, Dr. Doran possessed a very singular attraction—and one that especially appealed to painters—he had the most beautiful hands.

On the latter my husband had always kept a zealous eye, and when he was painting "Charles II Dying in the Ante-room at Whitehall," he persuaded Dr. Doran to sit to him. The picture is now in the Walker Gallery at Liverpool, and the hand that is taking the glass from an attendant at the door is an exact portrait of Dr. Doran's.

The Doctor once told me a rather interesting anecdote in connection with his son, Alban, when the latter was quite a little boy.

They were travelling by rail together from Paris to Calais and, as is natural with children, the boy kept drawing his father's attention to the various objects they passed. Dr. Doran, a most brilliant linguist himself, had taught his son to speak French fluently, and the lad's intelligent observations coupled, no doubt, with his winning face—for he was an exceptionally nice-looking boy—speedily attracted the attention of a fellow-passenger. The latter, lifting Alban on to his knee, offered him some sugar-plums, and the two were soon chattering away with one another as if they had been life-long friends. When the train arrived at Calais, the gentleman very reluctantly put Alban down and, patting him affectionately on the head, said, "I must say good-bye now, little friend, but be

sure to remember that you have this day accompanied Louis Philippe on his exile from France."

After this incident, Dr. Doran strongly urged parents to teach their children foreign languages, saying that it was of far greater importance for the young to come in contact with the influential living, than to be ever so well read in the barbarous and useless dead.

Dr. Doran himself had a very interesting career, parts of which he was very fond of relating to us. Both his parents were Irish, and his father, a native of Drogheda, had come over to England after the famous '98 rebellion, with which, I believe, he had been in some slight degree associated. Venturing one day on the English Channel in a cutter with the intention of viewing some French boats, Mr. Doran, senior, was treacherously taken prisoner and conveyed to France, where he remained for three years.

During his captivity he acquired a thorough knowledge of the French language, which he imparted to his son on his return to England. In addition to this, young Doran was given an excellent all-round education at Matheson's Academy in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, where he carried off nearly all the annual prizes and was awarded a special medal by the Duke of Kent. "At seventeen," he informed me with pardonable pride, "I began to earn my own living, obtaining a private tutorship to Lord Glenlyon's son, George Murray, afterwards Duke of Atholl. I was now, with the exception of my sister, quite alone in the world, having lost both my father and mother some years previously."

I cannot remember all Dr. Doran used to tell me, but I know that, when still a boy, he wrote a highly melodramatic play entitled, "Justice, or the Venetian Jew," which he was overjoyed to get produced at the old Surrey Theatre. After having been a private tutor

for a good many years—his pupils, including Lord Rivers and the sons of Lord Harewood and Lord Portman—he took to writing in earnest and, thenceforth, lived entirely by his pen. He married quite young, and his wife, whom we knew very well, was the daughter of Captain Gilbert, R.N. His title of doctor was derived from a degree he took in the Science of Philosophy at Marburg University, Prussia. He edited several papers in succession, *The Church and State Gazette*, for which, so he said, he got abnormally badly paid, the *Athenæum* (in the place of his friend, Hepworth Dixon), and finally *Notes and Queries*. I cannot recall any particular work of his, saving "Their Majesties' Servants," which was an historical account of the English stage, and which proved exceedingly popular.

Perhaps the greatest literary sensation of my time was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It took the whole world by storm, and was the sole topic of conversation for quite a long period. The author, Harriet Beecher-Stowe, came over to England soon after its production, and we were invited by the Duke of Sutherland to meet her at Stafford House. Being excessively hard at work at the time, preparing for the Royal Academy, we were unable to accept the invitation, and I was not altogether sorry, for although I was naturally eager to see so great a celebrity, I feared that had I done so I might no longer have held the very high opinion I had formed of her from her works. It was, in fact, generally agreed by those who did meet her, that she was neither agreeable in manner nor clever in conversation.

I remember being told that in the United States, the very country where one would have expected her book to be popular, it was decidedly the reverse. She died, I believe, insane.

Mrs. Crowe, who wrote that most enthrallingly weird book, "The Night Side of Nature," often came to our house. She was a keen Society woman, unquestionably intellectual, but very easily excited. Her husband, so I understood, was an officer in the East Indian Merchant Service.

My favourite lady novelist, Miss Braddon, whom, by the by, I have never so far had the good fortune to meet, honoured me with a most eulogistic reference in an article she contributed to one of the magazines about forty years ago. Her friends and acquaintances often speak of her to me as one of the most interesting of women—if she is only half as interesting as her books, I think she must be a very entertaining person indeed. In my opinion, her descriptions of people and places are most clever and complete, and so true to nature, and highly finished, that one experiences in reading them a feeling of entire satisfaction. I have read "Lady Audley's Secret" over and over again, and never cease marvelling at its wonderfully powerful characterisation.

The books that are written to-day—with few exceptions—give me no pleasure, they are altogether too vapid, flippant, and superficial.

Lord Lytton told me that Miss Braddon, in an early stage of her career, once consulted him as to whether she should permanently take up the stage, or writing, as a profession. His answer to her was, "Stick to your writing, for although your dramatic ability is undoubtedly good, your power with the pen is above the average; it is genius," and I am only too thankful that she followed his advice.

Among our most intimate dramatist friends was Dion Boucicault, who frequently dined with us. He was a most entertaining conversationalist, and took the very greatest interest in painting.

"I have a brilliant idea," he said to me one day. "Why doesn't your husband paint a picture portraying an episode of the French Revolution, for instance, a Republican girl bringing an order for the guillotine to a Royalist in hiding? She might have kept it concealed in her hair and be depicted in the act of unfastening her raven tresses, a look of horrible expectancy and hatred in her beautiful eyes and every lineament of her countenance suffused with baneful glee."

I conscientiously reported this suggestion, but as I had fully anticipated, Edward, by no means, jumped at it.

"It is very kind of Dion," he said, "though the suggestion is, of course, impossible—for apart from the fact that I hold such an odious creature as his Republican girl in far too great a detestation to transfer her to my canvas, I could never make use of anyone else's ideas; my work to be of any interest to me at all, must be entirely my own." And that was my husband all over.

Mrs. Boucicault was a clever actress and an extremely pretty woman. I never got tired of seeing her in her husband's play, "Colleen Bawn," when she appeared in the red cloak that afterwards became the rage of London.

We met both the Sotherns and Fechter at the house of Kyrle Bellew's father, the preacher of whom I have already spoken. Mrs. Sothern was a very taking woman of medium height, with pretty eyes, a straight nose, and a small, mobile mouth. Her husband, remarkable for a pair of very pronounced blue eyes, was generally admitted to be equally fascinating, both as an actor and a man. I saw him several times at the Haymarket, when that theatre was under the management of Buckstone, but I confess his sense of humour never appealed to me. In one of his impersonations he introduced a stammer and an odd little

laugh, which, although proving irresistible to the majority of the audience, always seemed to me to be too affected and forced to be funny, and, perhaps, a little too wanting in good taste to be really humorous.

I think Fechter was the greatest all-round actor I have ever seen. To some of his characters he imparted a tenderness and delicacy that was absolutely inimitable. I saw him thirteen times as *Hamlet*, when Carlotta Leclercq played *Ophelia*, and I saw him night after night in his celebrated love scene with Kate Terry in "The Duke's Motto." I painted the locket he wore on his first appearance as *Hamlet*, and have still in my possession his *Hamlet* dress and fair wig, tied with a scarlet love-knot, which he gave me on leaving England.

In appearance he was rather Jewish-looking, and in conversation most entertaining, being particularly noted for brilliant repartee. Had he not been an actor he would surely have been a painter, for he spent many an hour with us in our studios, discussing Art. On my asking him one day his nationality, he answered naïvely, "My mother was French, my father German, but I 'bretthed' in Hanway Yard,"—"bretthed" presumably meaning "was born." He had a very handsome wife, a Frenchwoman, whom we knew intimately, and two children—a son and daughter.

The former met with a very sad end, being accidentally killed on the stage by his greatest friend. They were fighting a duel, and the button coming off his antagonist's foil, young Fechter was run through the heart. I lost sight of Miss Fechter after she married.

We also knew the Keans intimately. Charles Kean was most fastidious. He had been educated at Eton, and liked to have only well-educated and cultured people acting with him. He was short, had rather a

fat face with square jaws, a determined mouth, long wavy hair, a high intellectual forehead and pleasant eyes. His conversation and manners were ultra-refined, though at the same time singularly simple and unaffected.

I thought his *Leontes* in "A Winter's Tale," at the Princess's Theatre, very fine; his fondness for his boy *Mamilius*, expressed in tones of real pathos, touching me deeply. I particularly recollect his sudden exclamation, intended alike as a relief to his own feelings and as a rebuke to *Hermione*, "Are you my boy, *Mamilius*?" It was positively startling, both from its cruel meaning and terrible accent.

Mrs. Kean was equally great as *Hermione*. Her wooing of *Polixenes* was quite irresistible, her frequent appeals to her husband full of sweet dignity, her defence at her trial sublime, and her posing in the statue scene exquisite. I have seldom seen an actress who, like Mrs. Kean, was in every respect an artist. Off the stage she was not good-looking, having a rather too pronouncedly aquiline nose, but in no essential was she at all wanting, and, incidentally, she was a lady in the nicest and most comprehensive sense of the word.

I can only find one letter of Charles Kean's amongst my father's correspondence. Writing to Mr. Lane, a mutual friend, apropos of a design for a bower in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Charles Kean says:—

"Oct. 3rd, 1856.

"My dear Lane,

"Can you give me or procure for me a fancy sketch of a flower-bower or temple for *Oberon* and *Titania*, where they might sit and glide off the stage. I wish it to grow or to expand from some plant.

"Yours, ever,

"C. KEAN."

Charles François Gounod, my husband and I met at the Levy's house in Lancaster Gate. Some men from whose work one is led to expect much, are singularly disappointing—Gounod was not, he was simply charming. I did not see very much of his wife, a daughter of his former teacher, Zimmermann, as she was so often abroad, but I always heard she was most devoted to him, dwelling on his every look and utterance with the most tender and genuine affection. How well I remember all the critics talking of the opera "Faust," at the time of its first appearance at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris. Many experts decided that it would do well in Paris but would prove a signal failure in London, as the English neither appreciated nor understood music. The leading musical publishers in this country were so firmly of this opinion that they refused to have anything to do with the piece. Yet no sooner had it been heard in London than it took the whole of England by storm, its melody and tenderness awaking spontaneous sympathy, even in people who had never up to that time shown any response whatever to music.

Gounod held several concerts in the Albert Hall, all London flocking to hear him, and for several seasons he was regarded as quite the most popular "lion" of the day.

When first I knew Mr. and Mrs. Levy, who were two of my oldest friends, they lived at Lancaster Gate, whence they subsequently moved to Grosvenor Street, Hyde Park. I think I liked going to see them better than anything—their surroundings were always so very beautiful and they themselves so very kind. On entering their house, one felt oneself all at once transported to an abode of the Fays. The whole place fairly laughed with flowers, flowers of the loveliest and rarest description, whilst the atmosphere,

impregnated with their sweet and delicate scent, conveyed with it a sense of joy and most innate refinement. From every object, even the smallest and most trivial, there seemed to emanate the same gracious and graceful spirit, whilst the embodiment of it all—was the hostess herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Levy's eldest son, Sir Edward Levy Lawson, afterwards Lord Burnham, married Miss Webster—daughter of the famous actor—whom I met for the first time at a dinner-party given by Mr. Edmund Yates. I had been told she was extremely good-looking, but I was not prepared to see anyone so perfectly beautiful; her face, hands, and figure were all so faultless, so exquisite in the harmony of their moulding, that I could only sit and gaze at her, too fascinated to speak or stir. It was Frith, I believe, who was credited with the saying that by far the greatest thing Webster had ever done, either in his profession or out of it, was the production of such an admirable daughter; and admirable she was in every respect.

The parties at Lancaster Gate will live in my memory for all time, they were ideal. Nothing was wanting, nothing was spared, and although money, time and labour were all spent lavishly, nothing was ever overdone, for everything was so planned as to be the very essence of good taste.

Dining there one evening, we had the good fortune to meet Patti, then at the commencement of her career. It happened that during dessert my husband spilt some claret down his shirt, and as we were going on to the Duke of Sutherland's immediately afterwards, he was, not unnaturally, rather vexed. Patti, whose sympathy for all those in distress is proverbial, immediately offered her assistance, and with the aid of some mysterious powder speedily obliterated the stain.

She performed the task, however, with such a mixture of bewitching playfulness and naïve skill, that my husband for the time being became an object of envy to everyone present—the men, one and all, regretting the fact that the dinner being over there was no chance of a similar good fortune befalling them.

Lady Lawson, wife of Sir Edward Lawson, was naturally one of the most frequent visitors at Grosvenor Street, her presence there giving an additional interest to balls, as she was a most elegant and finished dancer. When painting "The Old Pretender," I was so fortunate as to get her to sit to me as my model for one of the two figures forming the central group in that picture. The Pretender—a boy of six—is standing on the steps of a coach emblazoned with the Royal Arms of Great Britain, and having been observed by a party of unfortunate Scotch emigrants, he has bidden them approach, holding out his hands to be kissed. Standing on the coach, and leaning lovingly over him is his governess, whose impersonation, I regret to say, lost much of its beauty in the transmittance to my canvas.

During the sittings she was so kind and unselfish that I fell in love with her on the spot, and we then and there began the life-long friendship that only terminated with her sad and untimely death.

At Grosvenor Street I also met Edmund Yates, at whose house I was first introduced to the present poet-laureate, Alfred Austin. Though I have not seen him for years, I still have such a vivid recollection of his delightful personality and brilliant conversation, that I am sure he must have made a very deep impression on me at the time.

Another interesting person I came across in those days, and who once was very much sought after, was Jenny Lind. I met her by chance at the S. C. Halls'

house—The Rosary, Brompton. In the course of a short conversation, she informed me that she knew Burnham Beeches very well, and had often gone there to practise singing, when staying at East Burnham with her friend, Mrs. Harriet Grote. I afterwards heard from one who accompanied her, that it seemed the most natural as well as delightful thing in the world to sit among the Beeches, on a bright summer morning, and listen to Jenny awaking their silent echoes with her rare and exquisitely birdlike voice.

Mrs. Grote I regarded almost in the light of a phenomenon, since she was equally gifted in Art, literature, and business. She not only wrote voluminously, but in order to save her husband time and labour undertook the entire management of his landed property. She was of an advanced age when I knew her, but even then showed unmistakably how handsome she must have been when Grote first met her and fell so desperately in love. I was particularly impressed with the knowledge that although her own powers were limitless and her sympathies unbounded—she could always obtain a firm grip on every variety of character and intellect—her desires were entirely centred in her husband. She lived wholly and solely for his aggrandisement.

Both she and Mr. Grote were passionately fond of music, as may be gathered from the circumstance that Mendelssohn, as well as Jenny Lind, was one of their dearest friends. But Harriet Grote, musical to her finger-tips, was well versed in every other art, and her book, "Ary Scheffer," was universally regarded as a work of real merit, based on something more than superficial knowledge.

I did not see very much of Grote, for he could seldom be separated from his work, the stupendous "History "

that was destined to become a landmark in the world of letters. When we did happen to meet, he was always so extremely unassuming that he could never be prevailed upon to express even an opinion ; but, as the saying goes, " it was all there," for I caught, not once but many times, the glimpse of latent fire in his eyes whenever a question that particularly interested him, such as the social problems of the day, happened to be touched upon. The Grotes left East Burnham soon after we left Slough, and took a house, I believe, somewhere in Surrey.

Our friendship with the Hepworth Dixons began soon after we came to Kensington Park, and we were constantly interchanging visits. Sad to say, one of Hepworth Dixon's strong antipathies was to church-going, and I so well recollect my husband saying to me one Sunday, " Henrietta, Mr. So-and-So is preaching to-day. I am told he is most eloquent. Do you think I could prevail upon Hepworth Dixon to attend the service with me, and listen to the sermon ? " I shook my head dubiously.

But Edward was determined, and, after a desperate struggle, managed to inveigle Hepworth Dixon out of his house, keeping him in tow by telling him he would afterwards be only too glad he had come.

We were no sooner seated in Church, however, than, to our utter "undoing," it at once became evident that the preacher we had lauded not only lacked eloquence but lisped, and in his reading of the lesson for the day, we had a ghastly foretaste of what was to come.

Perhaps on any other occasion " thighs and fistles " might have convulsed us, as it did the rest of the congregation, with suppressed laughter, but on stealing a furtive glance at the face of our friend, both my husband and I were reduced to the last extremity of

terror and dismay. Grinding his teeth with rage—for he might well have thought himself the victim of a practical joke—Hepworth Dixon, without waiting for the benediction, and muttering, “Never again, never again!” strode home.

At the time of this incident, Mr. Hepworth Dixon was editing the *Athenæum*. He had done a great variety of literary work, and was the constant companion of our friend in common, Douglas Jerrold. He travelled extensively, visiting and revisiting Spain, Portugal, Morocco, the United States and Canada, all of which countries at one time or another are discussed in his writings. He took a keen interest in the working classes, and I believe it was chiefly through his efforts that the Tower of London was thrown open, free of charge, to the public.

A series of calamities, in which one misfortune followed another in rapid succession, suddenly came upon him and his family. The bad luck began with a riding accident in Cyprus, when Mr. Dixon's horse threw him and he broke his shoulder bone.

Though he received every possible attention, he never properly recovered the use of his limbs, but was ever after more or less an invalid. Shortly after, some stocks in which the greater bulk of his fortune was invested, failed, and his house, a paradise of art, was completely wrecked by an accidental explosion of gunpowder in Regent's Park. Coming on the top of these catastrophes was the sudden death of his eldest daughter in Dublin, whilst, to crown all, he lost his eldest son through misadventure. He had two sons, and both were skating on the Serpentine in Hyde Park on the day the ice broke and so many people were killed. The elder brother, losing sight of the younger, concluded he was drowned, and so dreaded breaking the news to his parents that he hung about

the fatal spot for hours, only going home when absolutely compelled through chill and hunger. On reaching home he became unconscious, and although the younger brother was not drowned—having left off skating and gone home before the accident, the elder one never got over the shock, and long exposure, and died shortly afterwards.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, always an assiduous writer, wrote till the very hour of his death, his pen being in his hand when the fatal fit seized him. Everyone liked him, and none were more sorry when he died than my husband and I. He was buried at Highgate Cemetery.

Leech often came to see us. He was devoted to my husband, in whom he confided that the one ambition of his life was to paint. If only he could paint! Edward did his best to help him realise that aim, but it was of no use; try how he would, toil how he would, Leech could never master brushwork or the manipulation of pigments, and so in the end he gave up trying. We always believe this failure, trivial though it seemed to us, compared with his immortal triumphs, really killed him, and that, though the outside public little suspected it, Leech died of a broken heart.

He was decidedly good-looking, tall and well built, with clear-cut features and steel grey eyes. He was very quiet, one might almost say dreamy, in fact quite the last person from whom one might expect any particle of fun or humour. But this is no uncommon case, and my experience tends to prove that few artists either of the pen or brush, in themselves show any semblance to their work.

The charming creature one sees in so many of Leech's pictures is Mrs. Leech. She had her hair parted in the middle, and large, long-lashed, sleepy-lidded eyes.

It was Tom Taylor who introduced the Terrys to us. They were then living near Kensington Park, and I often used to see them out of doors or at church. Mrs. Terry was a dear old lady, very nice-looking and intellectual, and an excellent mother. She and her children, Kate, Ellen and Fred, often came to our house, and accompanied us to parties. I can see them all in my mind's eye now:—Ellen, then about sixteen, of medium height, with crisp, wavy fair hair and pretty, winsome grey eyes; and Kate, every wit as lively, every wit as fascinating, and always in the winter wearing a sealskin jacket. Fred was a very pretty boy, with rather a thoughtful expression; thoughtful, perhaps, beyond his years. He wore a black velvet coat with lace frills, tied round the waist with a red sash, black silk stockings and shoes.

I think at that time the wonderful powers of mimicry, shared in common by the whole Terry family, impressed us more than their theatrical genius, and we often wondered to what extent our idiosyncrasies were reproduced.

Among the photographs I prize most, is one of the Terry family, taken at the top of Sant's house by Lewis Carroll. In the middle of the group, with her hair in a loop, and a broad smile on her face, is Ellen—then, of course, quite a girl. Next to her, and also smiling, is Kate, her hand resting on little Fred, who is looking very solemn in a fancy suit and long hair. By his side, and close against the door is Flossie, her expression very thoughtful and her hands on her mother's shoulder. Mrs. Terry is sitting at a table, with rather a sad smile on her strong, practical face; whilst opposite her, with his tall and dignified daughter Marion leaning on his shoulder, is Mr. Terry—the keen-eyed, sharp-featured and typical actor of the old school.

CHAPTER X

OUR FRIENDS' WORK AND OUR OWN

I HAVE vivid recollections of the first Soirée given by the Royal Academy for various reasons :—

Grant, whom we liked so much, was then President, the rooms were unprecedentedly crowded, and on leaving the building I caught my foot in my lace skirt and fell headlong down the staircase. With regard to the latter, I fortunately escaped bodily harm, but it was a sad blow to my dignity.

Curiously enough, I have had three similar accidents, the first and last corresponding in quite a remarkable manner.

My second fall downstairs, when I only escaped breaking my neck by clutching hold of the bannisters a few feet from the bottom, took place at a party ; and my third (and I trust last) accident of this kind occurred again, after the Academy Soirée—down the same staircase—a year or two ago, when, less fortunate than on the previous occasion, I gave my head a nasty knock, and badly injured my knee.

Though my husband and I were so often out in the evening, and consequently late before going to bed, we invariably repaired to our respective studios and began work at the same time every morning.

Every season, for a long period (in my case thirty years, in my husband's longer) we exhibited at the Royal Academy, the number of pictures we sent up naturally varying on each occasion. The following are some of my pictures :—"The First Step in Life," exhibited 1860, purely domestic, as the title implies ; "Scene at the Louvre in 1649," exhibited 1862, in

which I depicted the despair of Henrietta Maria on the death of her husband Charles the First, taking my cue from the description in Miss Strickland's admirable history; "Queen Mary Quitting Fotheringay Castle on the morning of Wednesday, April 25th," exhibited 1863, in which I again took my text from Miss Strickland; and "The Princes in the Tower," exhibited 1864. Here the elder of the princes is seen seated—his finely formed head, rich in luxuriant hair, and still preserving traits of beauty, though touched with sorrow, resting on his hand. The dungeon-like atmosphere of the place is revealed by the scanty light that struggles fitfully in through a tiny grating, and to the door of the prison Gloucester, bearing the stamp of villainy in every feature, has brought the younger boy, who starts in dismay at the sight of his brother—a prisoner. This picture was well noticed in the *Art Journal*.

"Palissy the Potter," exhibited 1866. This is, perhaps, one of the best and certainly one of the most popular of my efforts. An exhaustive account of it appeared in the *Art Journal* of 1868, but as some of my readers may be unacquainted with the history of Bernard Palissy, a brief description of him (taken *in toto* from the *Art Journal*) will, probably, be welcome.

"Palissy was a French potter who, in the middle of the sixteenth century, lived at Saintes. Having possessed himself of some specimens of the old Italian Pottery called Majolica, he passed a long and weary time in his endeavour to imitate it, entailing on himself and family great distress. At length he thought that success was about to crown his efforts, and now comes the incident, as described in Mr. Morley's "Life of Palissy," which Mrs. Ward has made the subject of her picture.

"The potter had looked forward to a day, when the

result of many months' labour would enable him to meet impatient creditors and relieve the pressing wants of his hungry and scantily clad children ; his hopes were high, and with reason ; fame would recompense him for all his trials, and fortune would be within his grasp. The furnace had been fired and the potter bided the time to bring forth the works that were to be his glories.

"The moment had arrived ; the wife had gone out to summon the creditors to witness his triumph ; they stand at the entrance appalled, whilst she exhausts her wrath in imprecations.

"The children gather round or stare in wonderment at the broken-down and miserable father ; for strewed on the ground at his feet, are all the produce of his toil and genius—deformed pieces, utterly valueless.

"The flues that formed the walls of the furnace had been detached by the heat, and had ruined the whole of the great works that were baking in it.

"Thus the afflicted artist writes : 'I lay down in melancholy, not without cause, for I had no longer any means to feed my family.' The neighbours gave him maledictions in place of consolation, their bitter talk was mingled with his grief.

"Mrs. Ward has not literally followed in her picture the text of Palissy's biographer ; and in so doing has produced a far more agreeable and lovable composition than if she represented the wife in the character of a scold. It is a scene of misery and distress, not of domestic vituperation, etc., etc.

"The arrangement and grouping are all Mrs. Ward's own ; they are obviously the result of long and careful study. The miserable potter gazes at the *débris* on the floor, his daughter leaning on his bosom and alone trying to comfort him. His wrathful wife glares furiously in the entrance at her apparently hopeless

husband, whilst a sick youth cowers close to the yet heated furnace, a small boy and girl look on more in wonder than terror, whilst two sorrow-stricken maidens see and comprehend all the evil, and they *do* despair."

I had some bother with regard to this picture and the Leicester Art Gallery. It was sold during the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1866, and remained in the possession of its purchaser until his death, when the Leicester Art Gallery bought it. The latter sent me a photograph of it, and on my complaining it was too dark, the Secretary of the Committee said he was very sorry but as there were so many cracks in the picture, he had been obliged to hang it in a subdued light. I was horrified and wrote and asked if this were true. He then replied, "Yes, certainly, you must have used some pigment that produced the cracks."

Much perplexed (as I knew my paints had been of the very best, namely Robertson's, and that "Palissy the Potter" had gone from my hands straight into those of its original purchaser), I suggested that my picture should be sent to me for examination.

It came, and I was greatly upset when I saw that the Secretary's statement was only too true, the paint *was* terribly cracked, though the colour was as brilliant as ever. I could only conclude that after it had left me it had been varnished with a bad varnish that had cracked the paint almost to the canvas.

The Secretary wrote again, suggesting that as the fault was mine, I should get it repaired at my own expense. This proposal was, of course, preposterous, as, the picture being no longer in my possession, I could not reasonably be held responsible for it. However, I got Haines to estimate the cost of reparation, which was twenty-five guineas, and wrote back to the Committee saying that if they would pay the one half, I would pay the other.

They refused, and so we came to a deadlock. Then the unexpected happened. The dispute came to the ears of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart., M.P., who, besides being a patron of the arts was truly philanthropic and did much towards supporting the Waterloo Hospital. To my intense surprise I now received a letter from him, in which he said that as, in his opinion, it was a shame that such a truly representative work of mine should be allowed to go to rack and ruin, he would, by my leave, be only too delighted to pay for its reparation.

I thanked him heartily, and forwarding his letter to the Leicester Art Committee anxiously awaited their answer. Needless to say, they jumped at his offer. Haines repaired my picture beautifully, and for aught I know to the contrary, it is hanging to-day in Leicester looking every whit as fresh as when I painted it.

In 1867 I exhibited "Scene from the Childhood of Joan of Arc."

The subject is best described in the words of the *Art Journal* of that year: "Though apparently occupied with her domestic duties, the thoughts of Joan are fixed on the armoured warrior resting awhile in the village inn where she is employed. The two figures are very effectively situated and most expressive in conception. The dog licking the hand of the grim soldier is a lovely and pretty episode in a composition," etc.

In 1873 I exhibited "Chatterton," which was quite one of my favourite pictures. I depicted him still a child at Bristol, my delineation (with the exception of his cat) being in accordance with the following passage from a biography by Wilson:—

"Each Saturday he returned from Colston's School . . . and hastened home to the happy solitude of the

attic he had appropriated as his study under his mother's roof His delight was to lock himself up in this little garret, with his books, papers and drawing materials and there he is found, with his parchments, a great piece of ochre in a brown pan, pound bags full of charcoal dust and also a bottle of blacklead powder. . . .

"Mrs. Edkins (his foster-mother) relates: 'When she could get into his room she would. Once he put his foot on a parchment on the floor to prevent her taking it up, saying: 'You are too curious and clear-sighted, I wish you would bide out of the room. It is my room.'"

The *Art Journal* regarded this picture, I believe, as the best I had done.

Finding it impossible to get a reliable portrait of Chatterton, I chose as my model, my son, Wriothesley, who had sat to me in many of my other works. When I had finished this picture I heard from Mr. Sholto V. Hare that a son of Chatterton's foster-mother was still living. This, of course, interested me greatly. I obtained an introduction to him, asked him to my studio to view my picture and was gratified to learn from him that my conception of the foster mother was in every particular correct. I sold the picture to Mr. Gaskell of Woolton, near Liverpool. At his death it was put up for auction at Christie's, where it was eventually purchased by Mr. Quick for the New Art Gallery in Bristol, in which it now hangs.

Another of my pictures in which I was particularly interested was "Mrs. Fry Visiting Newgate, 1818."

The efforts of this woman to ameliorate the wretched lot of the prisoners confined in this notorious prison, had always seemed to me especially heroic, whilst the grim atmosphere of the gaol itself with its hosts of uncared-for inmates, some, no doubt, desperately



Miss Fry Visiting the Prisoners in a Cage,
by Wm. E. H. Ward.

wicked, but many with much good still left in them, many again harshly condemned, if not entirely innocent, exercised over me a peculiarly powerful fascination. It was all so dark and hopeless—that herd of living beings, men, women and children, old and young, drawn from all ranks of society and crowded together in small, ill-ventilated cells containing only the barest and rudest of furniture, and abounding in every description of filth and vermin. They were criminals, or supposed to be criminals. That was quite enough! The outside world cared little for their bodies and nothing for their souls.

Then came Mrs. Fry, and her advent to Newgate was as the advent of Orpheus to Eurydice—the advent of Hope to Hell.

I collected facts for this prison scene with the greatest care, and I think I succeeded in painting a realistic picture of just what I had in my mind. Mrs. Fry is seen with Mary Sanderson (afterwards Mrs. Fox) entering the gate of the prison—the former upright and fearless, the latter shrinking and timid. Both Miss Sanderson and the gaoler had tried their best to persuade Mrs. Fry to abandon her project, but she was proof against all their entreaties. Surely someone should care for the prisoners, and why not she?

The half-open door reveals the iron bars behind which is seen a homogeneous collection of wretched captives upon whose faces, though full of vice, an expression of piteous abandonment predominates. Some are raising their sinister eyes enquiringly to the door, others are busily employed hitting and scratching one another, whilst others again, whose senses have been dulled by long suffering and illness, are gazing in front of them with blank indifference.

Behind Mrs. Fry, in the background, are the chaplain

and keeper, barely concealing their wrath and indignation at her unwarrantable interference in what they evidently think does not concern her. In front of them, to the right, are a Bow Street runner and a soldier, drinking and chatting together at the booth, whilst in the foreground is the publican giving a mug of spirits to a little ragged handcuffed boy, who has been sentenced to imprisonment for his first offence, and appears to be absolutely overcome with wonder, horror, and remorse.

I painted Mrs. Fry from a full-length portrait of her by George Richmond, R.A., adding certain details with regard to dress, etc., from information given me by her daughter who was then living.

During the exhibition of the work in 1876 I received a number of letters containing criticism. One was from a Quaker, who complained that my representation of Mrs. Fry's bonnet was incorrect. "If only," he wrote, "I had known you were going to paint her, I would have lent you the proper headgear." As a matter of fact, I had obtained the bonnet of the period, which was, according to Miss Fry, whom I regarded as unquestionably the best authority, a facsimile of the one Mrs. Fry actually wore.

Another of my correspondents was highly incensed because I had depicted Mrs. Fry carrying a scarlet Bible. "No Quakeress," she wrote, "would ever have possessed such a disgraceful thing, and thus to malign Mrs. Fry is indeed unpardonable." But in this matter, too, my conscience acquitted me, and I think my accuser must have felt herself at vanishing point on learning that the Bible I had painted had belonged to Mrs. Fry, and that it had been lent me for my picture by Mrs. Fry's daughter, who sent me at the same time her mother's shawl and some roses picked from her mother's conservatory. Here Mrs.

Fry had grown the finest species of roses especially for the prisoners, to whom these flowers—at first a mere wonder—had, in the end, proved an unfailing source of pure pleasure.

After the R. A. Exhibition the picture was engraved, and both painting and engraving were stolen—the former being eventually recovered from a pawnbroker. I then sold it in America, and subsequently received numerous applications for impressions. The Fine Art Society has reproduced it over and over again.

In 1875 I painted "A Poet's First Love," in which picture the poet Hogg is seen lying on the ground with his head softly cushioned on the lap of a rosy-faced maiden, and his feet covered with her shawl. The picture has twice changed hands, and is now, I believe, in the possession of a lady whose husband is at Coutts'.

In 1876 I painted "The Ugly Duckling." The mother duck taking her brood to the pond to instruct them in the act of swimming, is in accordance with the story by Hans Andersen, to whom I was indebted for the idea. I blush to relate I ate the unfortunate models!

To go back to 1862, I exhibited in that year six small paintings of my children, which were well received; and "The Queen's Lodge, Windsor," which I have also omitted to mention in its proper order, I exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1873.

This latter work was suggested to me by "The Letters and Correspondence of Mrs. Delaney," edited by Lady Llanover. It simply depicted a visit paid by Mrs. Delaney to the King and Queen in the retirement of their family circle. The persons present are the King and Queen, Princess Sophia, the Princesses Mary and Amelia, and Mrs. Delaney, who speaks of Her Majesty as "graceful and genteel" and possessing so much "sweetness of manner" that she at once

felt perfectly at ease in her presence. This Mrs. Delaney is in conversation with the Queen, the Princesses are all occupied, and the King is on his hands and knees playing with the Princess Amelia.

My critics one and all told me I gave a truthful representation of the everyday life of George III, his Queen and family circle. My readers will, I trust, pardon my adding that the *Art Journal*, in concluding a lengthy and laudatory review, said, "As a representation of Royal social life, this picture is the most perfect essay we remember to have seen."

I must now return to my husband.

I think I have already referred to his picture of the Emperor of the French receiving the Investiture of the Garter from Queen Victoria. It was an elaborate and comprehensive work, embracing portraits of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, Napoleon III, the Empress of the French, the Prince of Wales, Princess Royal, the Prince of Leiningen, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, Lady Canning, Lord Aberdeen, Earl de Grey, the Bishop of Oxford and the Dean of Windsor.

The Emperor of the French sat to Edward at Balmoral, but the greater number of these distinguished sitters came to his studio, to the extreme delight of our parlour-maid, who told me, with upturned eyes and hands clasped in ecstasy, "that the loveliest lady she had ever seen or ever hoped to see out of 'eaven was the Duchess of Wellington."

Edward's picture, "The Visit of Queen Victoria to the Court of Napoleon III at the Hotel des Invalides, Paris," also contained a number of portraits, the groups including many of the aforesaid personages. I gave a sketch of the Hotel des Invalides, where the body of Napoleon I rests, to her Majesty Queen Victoria, who was delighted with it.

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Some of my husband's subsequent and most notable works were :—

"Marie Antoinette Listening to the Act of Accusation the Day before her Trial," exhibited 1859.

"Charles II Dying in the Ante-room at Whitehall," already referred to, exhibited 1862.

"Marie Antoinette's Final Adieu to the Dauphin in the Prison of the Temple," exhibited 1862.

"The Last Toilet of Charlotte Corday," exhibited 1863.

Charlotte Corday had been sitting to the painter Mauer for the completion of a sketch which he had begun in Court with her knowledge and approval. His work finished, the artist is depicted in the act of gathering together the pigments, his eyes fixed on the face of his recent sitter, as the coarse and brutal executioner remorselessly applies the scissors to her luxuriant hair. The feelings of the heroine betray themselves in her attitude rather than in the expression of her face.

In 1864 my husband painted a portrait of W. M. Thackeray visiting his studio in 1844 (which portrait was only a few days ago again noticed in *The Times*); whilst in 1865, "The Night of Rizzio's Murder" (based on Froude's description) was his most conspicuous work. This picture was painted for Sir John Pender.

Then followed "Amy Robsart and Leicester at Cumnor Hall," exhibited 1866; and "Juliet in the Cell of Friar Laurence," 1867. The latter picture was very popular, and I think, if I may say it, deservedly so, as the conception was strikingly original and effective.

The Friar, whom Juliet consults as to the best means of getting out of her impending and hated marriage with Paris, in reply to her impassioned appeal, offers her a potion that will cause her to sleep forty-two

hours. During this interval he declares that he could easily contrive to have her supposed corpse rescued from the tomb and delivered safely into the hands of Romeo. Juliet, apparently horrified at this proposition, is depicted regarding the Friar with a countenance expressive of the utmost doubt and fear. Supposing anything went wrong—that she were poisoned or buried alive—besides, can she trust him? Behind her back, and hidden from his view, is a gleaming dagger clutched desperately in her fair and fragile fingers. Should he prove a traitor, sooner than marry Paris, she will die.

The picture is a study in contrasts—the stern, dark-visaged monk clad in the coarse garments of his Order, and the gentle, golden-haired Juliet, whose dress, despite its touching simplicity, displays all the elegance and taste of an exalted station in life. The cross light reflected on the far wall brings out the two figures in strong relief. My husband has suggested so much beauty in his Juliet that many must have wondered if she had a prototype in real life? The answer is, perhaps, disappointing; this Juliet was a professional model.

In 1870 Edward painted several historic pictures, amongst others "The Acquittal of the Seven Bishops." In 1871 he painted "Dr. Goldsmith"; in 1872 "The Landing of Charles II at Dover" (a larger representation of which is in fresco in the House of Commons); in 1873, "The Eve of St. Bartholomew," while in 1874 his chief work was "Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie."

It must have been about this time that he first fell ill, too ill really to work, but, despite our protests, he would not give up, and to everyone's astonishment, ill as he was, he finished four pictures, all of which were hung in the Royal Academy of 1875. The



Orphan of the Temple.
by E. W. Ward, R.A.

kindly reviewer of the *Art Journal*, in that year's notices, said: "Considering the late severe illness of E. M. Ward, we are glad to find the subjects he has sent to the Academy are not fewer than usual, and that all of them are rather in a light, playful vein. 'Lady Clara de Vere' is a small picture, it is true, but then it is very charmingly painted. 'The Orphan of the Temple' is a recurring in a measure to his first love, and it is in a lovely spirit, and we feel it through every inch of the canvas. 'Caught on Both Sides' is another illustration of our meaning, but the most joyous example of all will be found in his 'Lady Teazle' as spinster, playing her father to sleep."

In direct opposition to what one would expect, my husband when suffering all the agonies of a notably painful disease, always painted—at least with regard to his choice of subject—in his lightest and most joyous mood.

In 1876 he did not exhibit, as we spent most of that year on the Continent; but in 1877 he resumed work in earnest, painting "The Last Interview between Napoleon I and Queen Louise at Tilsit"; besides designing four cartoons for the decoration of the staircase of No. 11 Hill Street, Mayfair, now the property of the Duke of Newcastle; and as soon as the latter were completed, his untiring spirit found a fresh field of labour in a large cartoon—"The Battle of Aylesford," which he designed for Henry Brassey's mansion at Preston Hall, near Aylesford, Kent. This cartoon, which was to be reproduced in tapestry, was his last work of any importance.

Amongst the several notable pictures by my husband, dealing with the French Revolutionary period, is one I have hitherto omitted to mention, namely, "The Return from Flight of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin, Dauphiness, and Princess Elizabeth."

This picture, for the details of which my husband was indebted to the Historic Studies of Ballie Cochrane, depicts the Royal party pushed along in the heavy carriage (which Louis had inadvisedly caused to be constructed for his escape) towards Paris. The brutal faces of the savage mob, glaring with fiercest triumph at the captured fugitives have, as one might readily imagine, disconcerted the Royal party, of whom the Queen, Marie Antoinette, appears to be the least alarmed.

Apropos of this work, one of the contemporary critics says : " Whether it be true or not that E. M. Ward paints French History better than the French themselves, it is certainly indisputable that he brings his scenes forward with more of life than the strained effect of the theatre."

Perhaps the success attending my husband's efforts in this direction can hardly be wondered at, for not only did the romanticism of that period strongly appeal to him as an artist, but, as a man, the sufferings of the brave Royalists affected him deeply.

Having now spoken, as it seems to me, on looking back, too much of myself and, perhaps, too little of my husband and his friends, I will endeavour to make amends by briefly alluding to our fellow-artists and their work.

Of course, we knew more or less intimately all the most prominent painters of our day.

Thomas Webster, the Royal Academician, who, by the way, was not related to the actor, was often at our house. One of those exceptions that proves the rule, he was just as funny in his conversation as in his work, and in saying this I say volumes, for what save himself, could be more full of humour than his " Smile " and " Frown " (which I have in my drawing-room), his " Bully," and " Cherry Ripe "

with the boy's face bulging and black with over-ripe cherries ?

There was nothing striking in Webster's appearance, and with regard to dress, like most *bonâ fide* artists (whether painters, actors, or musicians) he was in no respect different from other men. The velvet costume, slouch hat, and long hair, I have never seen, save on the pier of a popular tripper resort, and, I believe, this trio of horrors is now almost exclusively confined to reproductions in the least reputable of the comic papers.

Webster lived in Walpole's old house in Arlington Street, and I frequently met him at the Penders'. On Private View Day, the latter always entertained a large party, including ourselves and many other Academicians, to luncheon, at the conclusion of which meal we all sauntered back in a body to the Royal Academy.

William Mulready, R.A., about whom no one was ever heard to say an unkind word, possessed that most curious and indefinable gift of personality—a personality which in his case invited everybody's confidence and repelled no one. He was most aptly and universally dubbed "a dear old thing." Of his paintings I especially admired his "Wedding Gown" (which depicts the bride standing at the counter of a country shop choosing it), and "The Toy Seller" (for which my son Wriothsesley sat). I remember him at a ball we once gave, going into raptures at the sight of my hair, which was very elaborately arranged by a hairdresser in bunches of curls on either side of my forehead à la Charles II. I cannot say whether I felt the more flattered or amused at Mulready's compliments.

One of my models, a woman who, from her striking likeness to Queen Victoria, was only in request amongst painters of Royalty, won Mulready's esteem by her

rare and affectionate kindness to her father, who had lost his sight, and was entirely dependent on her. To this woman he was particularly kind and enlisted on her behalf the sympathy of one of his most wealthy friends—a Miss Swinburne—who speedily took a great interest in her. This lady, who, by the way, was an aunt of the poet, Algernon Swinburne, was a great admirer of Mulready's work, and many of his pictures were bought by her and hung on the walls of her beautiful house in Lowndes Square.

Some long time after, learning from Mulready that Miss Swinburne was very ill, and knowing how great had been her kindness to my model, I asked the latter if she had been to Lowndes Square to enquire after her benefactress. To my astonishment, she replied that she had not liked to go for fear of being thought too pushing. As may be imagined, I had no little difficulty in convincing my model that hers was false modesty, and that the least she could do in return for Miss Swinburne's kindness was to show some sort of anxiety for her health. However, I succeeded in the end, and my model, screwing up all her courage, acted upon my advice. Later on, she experienced a very pleasant surprise. Miss Swinburne, delighted with this act of thoughtfulness on the part of her protégée, left her a legacy of twenty-five pounds a year, a perfect godsend, of course, to the poor woman.

As the delineator of the famous "envelope" which, I am told, is now highly valued by stamp collectors, Mulready has become a household name. As a painter of sweet savour, he should, in my opinion, also be reckoned a household god.

Thomas Faed, R.A., another of our friends, whom we esteemed highly, was thoroughly Scotch and thoroughly nice. His parents, true types of the thrifty and industrious Scotch peasant, had always been too

poor to help him—consequently his early career had been simply a desperate struggle to paint and—live! Yet, despite this fact, in his frequent visits to us, the topic he never tired of was his “wee rustic home,” among the bonny banks and braes of Scotland. I thought his work, particularly in “Faults on Both Sides” (now in the Tate Gallery), “Worn Out” and “In Time of War,” splendid; and I think it is unbeatable in its delineation of the curious blending of pathos and dry humour in the simple and homely Scotch character. In feeling, his work was always strong and wholesome. His technique was definite, his handling broad, and his colours marvellous.

J. C. Horsley, R.A., the father of the famous specialist, was also a member of our circle and one of the best talkers I have ever heard. He lived in the same house as his progenitor, the musician, and up to comparatively recent times was a regular visitor at my studio in Gerald Road, where his clever conversation created quite a panic of delight amongst my pupils.

Thomas Creswick, R.A., whom we knew intimately, was a man of many adventures, and I so well recollect him telling me that once, when he was painting by the side of the canal at Windsor, a burly bargee approached him, and after glaring a few seconds in silence at his canvas, remarked: “You—you ought to be—ashamed of yourself for wasting time at such trash when the likes of we have to work hard.”

The man was a huge, strong, vindictive-looking brute, and his rude remark was apparently intended merely as a prelude to a more savage onslaught. Creswick did not know what to do, no one was in sight to render him assistance, and the bargee began to look more and more dangerous. It was certainly an awkward dilemma and Creswick, so he informed me, could only attribute his escape to an inspiration.

"I solemnly assured the fellow," he said, "that as a rule I had to work very hard, but happening to have a little spare time on my hands just then, I was indulging a little hobby by way of recreation. It was quite harmless, I thought, but, as he had remarked, it might be a trifle foolish.

"This had the desired effect, but," Creswick added, "had I even so much as hinted at the price I was fondly hoping my despised canvas would fetch, it is more than likely that I should have rued the consequences."

In his own department, Creswick has, perhaps, few rivals. As a painter and a man I liked him. I can see him now looking down on me from his great height with blinking but kindly eyes.

The Leslies, father and son (both Royal Academicians) were our very dear friends. I especially liked C. R.'s "Olivia" (in the Royal Academy of 1866) and his "Sancho and the Duchess" (now in the Tate Gallery). The former, to my mind, is quite an ideal representation of Shakespeare's heroine in "Twelfth Night," the embodiment of every daintiness and grace. His son, G. D., I am glad to say, is still living, and, I believe, exhibiting every year.

Daniel Maclise, R.A., whose portrait, painted by my husband, is now in the National Gallery, was a fine, handsome man, typically Irish both in appearance and disposition and manners. Like my husband, who was one of his greatest friends, he was irresistibly witty and gay. With regard to his work, I thought his composition magnificent, as he had a marvellous power in handling large masses; but, in my opinion, he was rather a hard painter, *i.e.*, too fond of the looking-glass to throw reflection on to his figures. His figures were well drawn, but I thought his style wanting in breadth, and I never cared for his

brush-work. His subjects were chiefly Shakespearean—"The Banquet Scene in Macbeth," and "Play Scene in Hamlet" being amongst his best-known pictures. I should say that in his own sphere, *i.e.*, as a popular delineator of figure subjects, he occupied much the same position in the world of art as Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., who at that time was undoubtedly the most popular delineator of animal subjects.

Maclise's social capabilities being held in high repute, he was offered the Presidency of the Royal Academy in 1865, which he declined. He was a hard worker right up to the day of his death, and, having amassed considerable wealth, left a large fortune to his nephews, who may or may not have spent it all—I cannot say.

With Alfred Elmore, R.A., we were very friendly. A native of Cork, from which town Maclise also hailed, Elmore was thoroughly Irish, and was as generous in all his dealings as he was lavish in the use of pigments. All the same, he was an excellent painter of historic subjects, his colouring being rich in quality and his composition full of dramatic interest. Though he suffered terribly at times from neuralgia, he never, to my unceasing wonder, knocked off work, but was always in his studio, his brush in his hand, and an expression of the utmost good-humour in his clever eyes.

E. W. Frost, R.A., was another perfect "old dear," unaffected, simple and almost stone deaf; and as sweet and gentle in nature as he was true and tender in his work. He was a great friend of my parents, and of my husband, and we visited each other's houses frequently.

The great J. M. W. Turner I did not know well (few people, I think, did), though I often saw his bent and wizened little figure shuffling along at the Royal

Academy, where I was introduced to him by my husband. Turner lived in a cottage on the banks of the Thames near Chelsea; a site which must have appealed to him greatly as it commanded a fine prospect of the low-lying, richly-clad valley and the broad, glimmering river with its beautiful atmospheric effects. In character, so I always heard, he differed from his work, being "grumpy," morose, and eccentric, and possessing few of the pleasanter qualities which are more often the accompaniment of genius.

Among his immediate neighbours in Chelsea, he chose to be known as "Admiral Booth," and at his death it must have been no little surprise to them to learn that the queer old sea captain, with whose bent and decrepit form they had long been so familiar, was none other than the famous painter about whom the whole of the civilised world was now speaking. The secret once out, thousands of people flocked to Chelsea to see his house.

P. F. Poole, R.A., and J. R. Pickersgill, R.A., were both on our visiting list, but I did not know them very well. Pickersgill was good in the "Red-legged School," that is to say, he always portrayed, more or less successfully, gallants in red tights, and Poole also had good points, his colour and figure-drawing being especially fine.

Augustus L. Egg, R.A., was, perhaps, a greater friend of W. P. Frith, R.A., than of my husband, and except in Mr. Frith's company seldom came to our house. He was never a strong man constitutionally, and died when comparatively young, in Algiers, whither he had gone for his health. W. P. Frith, R.A., painted an excellent portrait of him, a very good engraving of which appeared in the *Art Journal* for 1874.

Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A., the portrait-painter, and

native of Dublin was rather before my time, being a friend in common of my father and grandfather.

Another artist who was a friend rather of my father than of either myself or husband was Sir J. Noel Paton, but he refers to Edward in the following letter addressed to my father :—

“ DUNFERMLINE, N.B.,

“ *May 21st, 1856.*

“ Dear Sir,

“ Somewhat severe indisposition must be my excuse for having allowed your flattering note of the 9th to remain so long unacknowledged. The copyright of my picture, ‘ Home,’ had become the property of Mrs. Hill of Edinburgh some time before the completion of that work—if indeed one can call completed a picture which, though very carefully thought out in its certain stages, was so hurriedly put out of hands at the end. I had the pleasure of knowing your son-in-law while resident in London some years ago, and hope ere long to renew our acquaintance.

“ In much haste, I remain,

“ Very faithfully yours,

“ J. NOEL PATON.

“ G. R. Ward, Esq.”

As I suggested at the beginning of this chapter, Sir Francis Grant, who succeeded to the Presidency of the Royal Academy on the death of Eastlake, was an intimate friend of ours. As in the case of others before him, Sir Francis Grant was chosen for the P.R.A. rather on account of his urbane manners and prominent social position, than for any particular merit as an artist, and speaking impartially, his work, though good, could scarcely be considered great. He was, however, one of the most fashionable portrait-painters of the day, and fashion being then about as reasonable as it is now, to be painted by Sir Francis

Grant, P.R.A., was considered quite the correct thing. My father engraved many of Sir Francis Grant's pictures for him, and much of the correspondence that took place between them in connection with the prints is very interesting, from the artistic point of view.

As a friend, both my husband and I liked him exceedingly, for he was always consistently kind, and always ready to render us any service in his power.

In this *résumé* of my work and that of my husband and our friends, it may be noticed that I have scarcely, if at all, touched upon method. I must, therefore, assure my readers, in case any of them should think otherwise, that the omission has not been unintentional. On the contrary, since it is my object in these chapters chiefly to amuse, I have purposely avoided technicalities.

CHAPTER XI

CHARLES DICKENS AND OTHER FRIENDS

MY husband and I were fond of travelling both at home and abroad, and, during our residence at Kent Villa, we went together on a tour to Scotland. As neither he nor I had ever visited Scotland before, our impressions after we had crossed the border were entirely novel, and it is impossible to say which caused us the greater surprise—the scenery, or the climate!

One of our favourite spots was Glencoe. Our friends, the Virtues, drove us there, and although the day was wet we were not disappointed, as we had soon learned that to reckon without rain in Scotland is to reckon without your host. I shall never forget our drive through the Pass. We tore along the rough road by the side of the chasm at such a pace that I felt sure the horses must slip and the carriage with all its occupants be hurled into the abyss. But the scenery more than atoned for my alarm. The black, frowning cliffs, the solitary crags and boulders, the wild dreariness of the road, and over and above all, the dark grey of the sky, combined in forming a picture weirdly and convincingly suggestive of the Infernal Regions. The very atmosphere breathed darkness and despair.

My husband, whose dramatic and artistic instincts were at once aroused, declared that he had never been so much in love with any spot save Venice, to whose joyous beauty he could conceive no more striking contrast than Glencoe. Though the frankest of men, as a rule, my husband, I must admit, was sometimes guilty of the grossest deception. For instance, when travelling, he posed as being very

helpless. On this tour, in particular, it was wonderful to see how attentive his fellow-travellers were to him; and when, with a great show of difficulty, he mounted the coach, all the fair sex—with whom he was ever a favourite—hastened to see what they could do for him. One lady very delicately wrapped up his legs in a shawl, another provided him with a cloak with which she most assiduously smothered his head and shoulders, whilst one and all hastened to his assistance every time he tried to move. I, quite contentedly, looked after myself!

On leaving the Virtues, whose guests we had been, we were about to return to London when Mr. and Mrs. Lewis offered us their house, Glen Urquhart, for three months.

We delightedly accepted this offer and, as the house had been designed and built by John Philip, the Royal Academician, at whose death it had been bought by Mr. Lewis, that it was beautiful may be easily understood.

The autumn sunsets in Scotland are, I think, simply exquisite. Their brilliant blending of fire-colour, blue and lilac, I have never seen equalled.

The Lewis' house was delightfully situated, and the air surrounding it was so fresh and pure that I derived the greatest benefit and pleasure from painting a small landscape at the back of it, and in its immediate neighbourhood. Whilst this picture was in progress I was much interested in noticing that two small birds, with red breasts—something like robins—came every day at two o'clock precisely and foraged among the rocks. They always appeared so regularly and punctually on the stroke of two, that I invariably looked for their coming to tell me when it was time to leave off work and go home to lunch. The why and wherefore of my time-tellers' behaviour

I could only explain by supposing that their daily forage was for fish, and that the fish—always to be found at the same time in the same spot—also, unfortunately for them, possessed the same gift of unerring punctuality.

The view from the front of the house—a tremendous sweep of country, darkened by an abyss of huge fir trees, whose bases were lost to sight in the impenetrable gloom of the valley—though, perhaps, not so paintable, was undoubtedly grand.

Mr. Lewis, who, I believe, owned the place for years, and only recently gave it up, was the kindest of men, and his wife, whom we had previously known as Kate Terry, was the sweetest of women. They entertained many distinguished people with a splendour born of art rather than opulence, and I believe our late King, whose taste was unquestionable, enjoyed many of the supper parties given by Mr. Lewis at Moray Lodge.

It was soon after our tour in Scotland that my husband had occasion to go to Boulogne and Paris to collect material for the Royal pictures, commissioned by Queen Victoria, now hanging in Buckingham Palace. Charles Dickens and his wife, who were staying at Boulogne at the time, found us rooms. My first rencontre with the famous novelist took place many years previously, namely, before I was married. I was sitting on a bench at a private view in Daniel Maclise's studio in Russell Place, looking at the pictures, when a man, whose face seemed strangely familiar, approached the empty space next to me. I rose to make more room for him, as the bench was already rather crowded, and, on resuming my seat, accidentally sat on his coat-sleeve. I am thankful to say he was apparently too deeply interested in the pictures to be at all conscious of my clumsy act. His costume,

which I could not help noticing—and more particularly as I had so ill-treated a portion of it—was of a curious cut, the coat looking especially odd with its large sleeves lined with violet satin. He only stayed a few minutes, and as soon as he was gone I enquired his name of Mr. Maclise. “Do you mean to tell me you don’t know Charles Dickens?” was the reply, “Dear me, and he has just gone, what a pity!”

We saw a great deal of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens during our stay at Boulogne, Dickens and my husband spending most of their evenings together. Once, when the latter was going round to the Dickens’ house, he fell down and hurt his hand badly. Charles Dickens immediately ran for a doctor, and, after many fruitless enquiries, found the only one procurable was a man renowned for being a spiritualist. Now, of all things, spiritualism was the most abhorred by Dickens, but his liking for my husband proving even stronger than this antipathy, he dragged the distasteful doctor along, and the injured hand was speedily dressed.

A few days after this accident we narrowly escaped a serious catastrophe. We had gone to a church in Boulogne, on this occasion accompanied by Mrs. Charles Dickens, Miss Hogarth, and Mrs. Bellew (of whose husband our dear old friend, Canon Fleming, used to say that he never heard anyone read the Commandments more impressively) and were half way through the service, when we suddenly smelt fire, and on looking round, saw, to our horror, great sheets of yellow flame pouring in at the windows. The whole congregation was panic-stricken, and although the officiating clergyman besought his flock to leave the church in an orderly manner, a wild rush was made for the exits.

The men who, with a few exceptions, behaved like wild animals, hurling the women aside and knocking

down all who were unable to get out of their way, quickly made a passage for themselves to the doors, and never ceased crying for help till they were well out in the road. Following the example of the clergyman and a few others, we waited quietly till the last, and as the flames had by that time been checked, we escaped with nothing more than a severe shock.

Outside the church a serio-comic tableau confronted us—on the one hand was the damaged theatre, a mass of scorched and blackened masonry—on the other a brilliant company of French Infantry, with their tiny toy buckets of water, heroically trying to extinguish the surviving flames! We were informed that the accident had been caused by the flimsy dresses of the ballet girls catching fire. Fortunately none of them had been fatally injured.

While Dickens and my husband found amusement and instruction in watching the reviews of the French troops, Mrs. Dickens and I drove about Boulogne.

We were told many tales of the Empress Eugénie's kindness.

A French soldier fainting in the road one day, it was said, she immediately stopped her carriage, and ordered the sick man to be lifted in, and driven to the barracks. She was simply adored by all the poor people. I saw her many times. Her beauty greatly impressed me. She had rather a high-bridged nose, a beautiful mouth, a very fine forehead, and was singularly swanlike and graceful in all her movements. She was not, perhaps, quite so full of dignity as our Queen, but what matter? She was very charming and, in my opinion, only to see her was to love her. She told my husband that his portrait of the Emperor gave her great pleasure, as it was a better likeness of him than any she had hitherto seen.

Napoleon III, as I have already said, was in two of my husband's pictures. Being always what one can only describe as exceedingly dapper, he looked quite his best in uniform.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, my husband and I, went together to a review of the French Army (on its return from one of the Wars, I forget which) in Paris. The city was crammed and jammed with people, and we were very fortunate in securing a front place close to where the Royal party were sitting on their balcony in the Place de la Concorde. As the soldiers marched past in long columns of blue and red, the Emperor stood up and saluted them, and they all cheered him. It was really a magnificent spectacle of martial patriotism, in which the pathetic played no small part; for in the tattered and torn ranks there were many arms and legs wanting, and many were the heads swathed in ragged bandages.

In the rear of the *cortège* came a Bath chair containing all that remained of what had once been a gallant cuirassier. He had neither arms nor legs, and there seemed nothing left to indicate life, save the opening and shutting of a pair of very big, brown eyes. As soon as the crowd saw him, there was a dead silence, and then a tumult of cheers. His father, marching by his side, and bowing his acceptance of the applause in the most gratified and gracious manner, afforded some little relief to a scene in every other respect full of sadness.

A few days later, I had another excellent view of the Royal Family as they drove through the Arc de Triomphe, with their baby son, the ill-fated Prince Imperial.

A morning or two before our departure, we went to see the relics of Marie Antoinette at the Louvre. There was the pretty little satin shoe she had kicked

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off as she knelt to be beheaded ; and in close proximity, most touching in their suggestiveness, a prayer-book and a pattern book of silks. My husband looked at them long and lovingly, for the unfortunate Queen was, I think, a subject he would have liked to go on painting for ever.

Social Paris had little attraction for us ; we spent most of our time probing amongst antiquities. We, of course, visited the Latin Quarter, but, I think, only once or twice.

On our return to London we continued to see a good deal of Charles Dickens. Once, when asking my opinion of the popular actresses, he said to me, " Now, can you see anything attractive in Miss O'Neill's looks ? Do you think her divinely beautiful ? " " Why, no," I replied ; " in appearance I think her extremely ordinary." Dickens was delighted. " You are the only lady, to my knowledge," he exclaimed, " who shares my views with regard to Miss O'Neill. Poor Macready, how tired he must get of making love every night to such a plain woman ! Yet, how magnificently they act, and how admirably they deceive both each other and the public ! "

Charles Dickens had several sons, but only two daughters. I knew them all intimately, and can well remember nursing Harry Dickens, the present K.C., on my knees, when he was a little boy in a white frock, blue sash, and socks ! He was certainly both interesting and entertaining, though I cannot honestly say that at that early age he gave any indications of attaining legal celebrity ! When he grew up he married Miss Roche, whose father had a very picturesque cottage-like edifice in Cadogan Gardens. We frequently went to evening parties given by Mr. Roche, and constantly met, among his guests, Mr. and Mrs. Moscheles. Mr. Moscheles was

the great composer of that period, and his son, who sings delightfully, and is, I am glad to say, still living, was christened Felix after his godfather, Felix Mendelssohn.

Of Dickens' two daughters, both of whom were exceptionally nice, clever girls, Mary, the elder, died some years ago, and Kate, the younger, married in the first place, Charles Collins (Wilkie's brother) and, at his death, Mr. C. E. Perugini, the well-known artist. Mrs. C. E. Perugini is a very clever artist herself, and has constantly exhibited in the Royal Academy.

It was when we were living at Kent Villa (I cannot recollect the exact date) that I had a somewhat peculiar and—to me, at all events—highly interesting experience. On retiring to rest one night, I found, that for some strange reason I could not sleep—which with me was a most unusual occurrence. As I lay awake, I gradually became impressed with the intense stillness. The house was wrapt in such silence that I could hear nothing, not a creak of the boards, not a murmur of the wind, not even the usual tapping of the ivy leaves against the window. Struck with this phenomenon—for phenomenon it undoubtedly was—I racked my brain in my endeavours to discover some feasible explanation of it, and was seemingly on the very verge of success when I fell asleep! How long I remained unconscious I cannot say, but I was unceremoniously awakened from a deep sleep by the violent rocking of the bed. I at once thought of burglars. Without doubt one was now under the bed, rocking it, at each end in turn, to see if either my husband or I were awake. If we were, he would creep out and murder us! Terrified out of my wits, I whispered to Edward, and as I did so the whole room swayed, whilst door handles and crockery rattled violently. After a little while the disturbances

ceased, the last being immediately followed by a rumbling sound that resembled distant thunder. My husband and I were sorely mystified and totally unable to account for the occurrence, whilst a girl who was staying with us added to our perplexity by enquiring if either of us had entered her room in the night, as the door had suddenly flown open. Later on in the day, to our surprise, we learned that the disturbances were solely due to an earthquake shock, of which neither Edward nor I had had any previous experience. The following morning the papers were full of it, and Charles Dickens wrote us a very interesting account of his experience. Unfortunately, I have lost his letter, but, as far as I recollect, his statement was very much like this :—

“ I did not go to bed till an unusually late hour, and I was then very much impressed with the extraordinary stillness. It seemed as if all nature had suddenly ceased breathing, and that I was the sole survivor. Not merely was the house absolutely silent, but when I opened the windows, the whole landscape appeared to me bound in the most profound hush. Once or twice I fancied I heard the rumble of approaching wheels and the faint throb of distant locomotion, but on diagnosing the sounds I found they proceeded from nothing more or less than my own heart. The air, close and sultry, was full of uncanny presentiment, and I got into bed feeling strangely depressed. I was rudely awakened out of a sound slumber by the most violent shaking, and I gradually realised that the whole house was swaying on its foundations. However, although I was now fully aware of the fact that we were in the throes of an earthquake shock, I was no little astonished to find myself suddenly hurled into space and brought into violent contact with the floor, which, as if in

expectation of the event, seemed suddenly to rise at my approach. Both floor and circumstance struck me as rather hard ! ”

It was during a party at the novelist's house—in the supper-room—that Dickens and George Cruikshank nearly came to blows. From being excessively broad-minded on the subject of temperance, Cruikshank had suddenly developed a mania for total abstinence, and seeing me about to sip a glass of sherry, he rushed at me, and, snatching the glass from my hand, would have dashed it to the ground had not Dickens angrily interposed.

“ How dare you touch Mrs. Ward's glass ? ” Charles Dickens said. “ What do you mean ? It is a most unpardonable liberty. Because someone you happen to know was a drunkard for forty years, surely it is not for YOU to interfere with an innocent glass of sherry. ”

Poor Cruikshank, who was merely a creature of impulse, and as big-hearted a man as ever breathed, was far too abashed to reply, and slinking off, did not come near me again for the rest of the evening.

My husband did not often make mistakes through absent-mindedness when corresponding, but, in connection with Charles Dickens, I can recall the committal of one such error on his part. After writing to Charles Dickens to make an appointment with him for a “ sitting,” before addressing an envelope, he wrote to a Miss Sole about a frame, which he strongly urged should be oval ; and then, without thinking, addressed the letter he had written to Miss Sole to Charles Dickens and the letter he had written to Charles Dickens to Miss Sole. A few days later, my husband was in receipt of the following note—which we thought most characteristic, and also quite to the point !—

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“TAVISTOCK HOUSE,

“21st May, 1853.

“My dear Ward,

“I received the enclosed yesterday morning. What can I have done in the oval way I wonder!

“Yours distractedly,

“C. D.”

That Charles Dickens was keenly alive to external beauty is, to my mind, plainly discernible from the fact that, regarding every object, no matter how small or trivial, connected with his outer life, he exercised an often striking, and always individual taste. For instance, the paper upon which he wrote to Edward generally was of a delicate “egg-tint blue,” his handwriting was in itself mannered, whilst the initials, printed on the back of the envelope, were invariably encased in a blue buckled belt, which I could not help thinking was his own device.

As I have already stated, Charles Dickens was very fond of amateur theatricals, and it was in connection with the play, “Not so Bad as We Seem,” that he was getting up for the Guild of Literature and Art, that he wrote to my husband for the first time. Being at work on a design for the tickets of admission, Edward received the following letter with regard to it:—

“OFFICE OF ‘HOUSEHOLD WORDS,’

“My dear Sir,

“May 21st, 1851.

“I am going to Epsom to-day, but will call on you to-morrow at a little before two. Mr. Jenkins of the water-colours has done another ticket, which I believe will come to me engraved. I propose to use the two alternately, after yours is finished.

“Faithfully yours always,

“CHARLES DICKENS.

“P.S.—I have a house on the Kentish coast where my children are, and have let my own.”

He consulted my husband about the costumes for the play, and also about an ancient purse which he wanted in the character he was himself performing. Taking Edward aside at one of the rehearsals, he mentioned this difficulty to him. My husband thought for a minute and then replied :—"I have a purse among my historical properties, Mr. Dickens, and from your description I should think it is just the kind you want. I will look it up as soon as I get home."

The next day Charles Dickens wrote to him :—

"DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

"7th May, 1851.

"Wednesday.

"My dear Sir,

"It fortunately happens that I have occasion for my purse in the very first scene. I have no doubt the purse you kindly offer will do admirably. Can you send it me by the bearer? I enclose a card you will merely show when you come to Devonshire House.

"Very faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

After all, however, the purse was not required, for in another letter, dated Sunday, 11th May, Charles Dickens said :—

"My dear Sir,

"You will have received an intimation (I hope) that the Dress Rehearsal is postponed until Wednesday. I send another order on the other side. And I return the purse with many thanks. I have a 'property' purse which will make more glitter, I think, and do in other respects as well.

"Very faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

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My husband designed the tickets for admission to this play, and, on his presenting Charles Dickens with the original pen-and-ink drawing (which on Dickens' death was sold for sixty-eight guineas), he received the following acknowledgment :—

“ BROADSTAIRS, KENT,

“ *23rd August, 1857.*

“ My dear Sir,

“ I am very sincerely obliged to you for your kind note, and for the beautiful mark of your remembrance accompanying it. Pray accept my earnest thanks and confide in my assurance that I shall prize it highly always. We hope to see you and Mrs. Ward frequently when we come back to town. It will give us great pleasure to improve the opportunity the Guild has given us.

“ Believe me,

“ Very faithfully yours,

“ CHARLES DICKENS.”

The desire expressed in this letter was fulfilled, for, on Charles Dickens' return to Town, the friendship between him and my husband steadily grew. Writing to Edward from Tavistock House, 7th April, 1852, Dickens says :—

“ My dear Ward,

“ I am much obliged to you for your kind invitation to see your pictures—not the less so because, having been in Staffordshire for a few days, I was so overwhelmed with business yesterday that I could enjoy the pleasure of no such visit. But I may congratulate you though I have not yet seen them, for I hear you have outdone yourself!

“ Faithfully yours,

“ CHARLES DICKENS.”

In 1853 my husband painted Charles Dickens' portrait. In a note to Edward from Tavistock House, on Sunday, 22nd of May, 1853, Charles Dickens said :—

"My dear Ward,

"Will Thursday suit you ? As early as you please. Say at 10.

"Faithfully yours always,
"C. D."

The sittings were therefore begun on May the 26th. But they were not destined to be finished till a much later date. The reason of the delay is explained in the following letter :—

"PAVILION, FOLKESTONE,
"Saturday 11th June, 1853.

"My dear Ward,

"The day on which I was unfortunately disabled from sitting to you was the first of six I passed in bed, where I underwent great pain and became extremely weak. I am happy to report I am now growing vigorous again and am on my way to Boulogne. But I fear there is no chance of our getting on with the picture until my return in the winter. My study is dismantled, the carpet taken up, the curtains taken down, and the bloom (for the time being) as much gone off that flower as this one which indites these presents.

"Faithfully yours always,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

Happily Charles Dickens quite recovered from this illness, and the following year he engaged rooms for my husband and myself at Boulogne, where he and his wife were staying.

Writing to Edward on the 15th of September, 1854,

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from the Villa du Camp de droite, Boulogne, he says :—

“My dear Sir,

“The hotel is the Hôtel des Bains. I have ordered you an apartment consisting of a sitting-room, two-double-bedded rooms, and one small bedroom. Your name I have duly deposited at the Bureau of the Hotel with an intimation that you and your family will arrive on Tuesday evening. I have said nothing about the time of your stay, in order that you may be free to arrange as you see best. When you have filed through the Passport Office, and got yourself and train duly filtered into the street, you need do nothing but vociferate for the commissionnaire de l'hôtel des Bains. If you have a list of your luggage and your keys ready for that potentate, you can then repair to the Hotel without giving yourself the least trouble or having a portmanteau on your mind.

“Faithfully yours always,

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

1854 was the year of the cholera at Boulogne, and Dickens, with his usual kindness, wishing to warn us about it, wrote to Edward thus :—

“VILLA DU CAMP DE DROITE,

“*Wednesday Evening,*

“*20th September, 1854.*

“My dear Ward (he varied his appellations in a very amusing way—sometimes it was ‘My dear Sir,’ and sometimes ‘My dear Ward’),

“I am sorry I missed you this morning. Before you conclude any arrangements for yourself in a departure from this place, I should like to say a word to you.

“I would have called this evening but that Dr. Elliotson, who is staying near you, comes up to dine

with me. If I don't see you in the meanwhile, I will call on you between 2 and 3 to-morrow. I shall be at home all this evening and delighted to see you in the event of your strolling out.

" Faithfully yours always,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

We escaped the cholera, and, as I have already stated, thoroughly enjoyed our visit to Boulogne and Paris.

The next letter I have of Charles Dickens' is an amusing one he wrote to my husband, after having received and declined an invitation to our house in Kensington. Ever increasing business engagements about this time had obliged Dickens to put off so often, that we at last despaired of his coming, and when we had finally abandoned all hope of seeing him, he wrote:—

" TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
" *Friday, 22nd May, 1856.*

" My dear Ward,

" A new illustration of 'Never Despair.' I can come on Monday and shall be delighted to do so.

" Very faithfully yours,
" CHARLES DICKENS."

On the publication of Dickens' novel "Great Expectations," my husband, who was charmed beyond measure with it, sent his heartiest congratulations to the author, who, in his reply, said:—

" 3, HANOVER TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK,
" *Saturday night, 9th March, 1861.*

" My dear Ward,

" I cannot tell you how gratified I have been by your letter, and what splendid recompense it is for any

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pleasure I am giving you. Such generous and earnest sympathy from such a brother artist gives me true delight. I am proud of it, and believe me, am nerved by it to do all the better.

“Faithfully yours always,
“CHARLES DICKENS.”

Edward and I enjoyed nothing better than going to hear Charles Dickens read extracts from his own works, and on my husband applying to him for stalls at Hanover Square, Dickens replied :—

“OFFICE OF ‘ALL THE YEAR ROUND,’
“*Friday, the 8th May, 1863.*

“My dear Ward,
“My readings stand thus :—

Friday, 15th May—*Dombey and Pickwick Trial.*

Friday, 22nd May—*Carol and Pickwick Trial.*

Friday, 29th May—*Copperfield and Mr. Bob Sawyer’s
Party.*

Unless I hear from you that you prefer any other night, I will take care that stalls are sent you, in due course, for *Copperfield*. But I need scarcely assure you that stalls are always heartily at your service.

“With kind regards to Mrs. Ward,
“Always faithfully yours,
“CHARLES DICKENS.”

The last letter which we received from Charles Dickens, and which was written shortly before his death, was addressed to me. It was an explanation of his inability to attend a dinner to which we had invited Lord Lytton especially to meet him.

" GAD'S HILL PLACE,

" HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT.

" 5, HYDE PARK PLACE, W.,

" *Wednesday, 11th May, 1870.*

"My dear Mrs. Ward (he writes),

"I am grieved to say that I am literally laid by the heels and incapable of dining with you to-morrow. A neuralgia affection of the foot which usually seizes me about twice a year, and which will yield to nothing but days of fomentation and horizontal rest, set up last night, and has caused me great pain ever since, and will clearly be no better until it has taken its usual time in which to wear itself out. I send my kindest regards to Ward, and beg to be pitied.

" Believe

" Faithfully yours always,

" CHARLES DICKENS."

My husband and father constantly attended breakfast parties at Lord Macaulay's house, where they met Rogers, the poet,—a most charming and entertaining man—whom they afterwards introduced to me. I met Lord Macaulay at the Royal Academy and remember him perfectly well. He was very bright and engaging in manners, and exceedingly spruce in appearance, wearing a long coat, cut according to the latest fashion, with a spotless velvet collar. He was clean shaven, had clever grey eyes, a rather large nose, and wore his well-kept iron-grey hair brushed right back from his forehead. He was immensely pleased with a picture Edward had painted (illustrative of one of his works), and wrote to my husband, expressing his satisfaction and enclosing his photograph. That Lord Macaulay was not without a certain amount of humour the following letter (which he wrote to A. E. Chalon, R.A.) will show :—

" February 25th, 1856.

"Sir,

"I am very sensible of your kindness, and shall be most happy to see you when we are neighbours. I hope I shall be able to dispense with the service of a yard dog!

"I have the honour to be your faithful friend,
"T. B. MACAULAY."

My husband and I when living at Kent Villa almost always took a constitutional along the Bayswater Road, where we invariably met W. M. Thackeray, who was then living in the Kensington Palace Gardens. Thackeray's house, though not of so great a height as any one of its towering neighbours, was a great deal more attractive. Its style of architecture was picturesque, whilst the creepers on its walls and the stately trees and old-fashioned flowers in its garden gave it a rural appearance which was most fascinating. Almost immediately at the back of these houses were some barracks, and not many years ago there still stood in one of the yards an edifice closely resembling a large pigeon-house. It had been built, so I was told, as a bathing-house for Queen Elizabeth. My husband and I seldom passed down Palace Gardens without visiting the building, and without descending its flight of stone steps to gaze at the old, deserted bath. Mr. Thackeray, whose garden almost touched the barrack-yard, had never even heard of the old bathing house, and was most interested when we told him about it. "Are—are you quite sure?" he said, fixing his eyes solemnly on Edward as he spoke. "Then perhaps—perhaps I ought to apologise! I had no idea Elizabeth was so clean a queen!"

On one occasion Thackeray gave me some valuable advice with regard to relations. "Never encourage

relations, Mrs. Ward," he said, "they are never any good to anyone, often the reverse, and my advice to you as a young woman is, keep them at a distance." This was the only severe thing I ever heard Thackeray say ; as a rule he was almost womanly in his extreme tender-heartedness.

Among Thackeray's friends was Matthew James Higgins, a journalist, whose *nom de guerre* was Jacob Omnium. One of the tallest men I have ever seen, he must have stood at least six feet five, but he was too well proportioned to look at all ungainly. His head was modelled in exact accordance with his body, whilst his hands and feet, perfect in shape and size, seemed only to add finish to a wonderful symmetrical and harmonious whole. My husband used to say he never thought me tiny till he saw me taken in to dinner by Jacob Omnium, when I scarcely came up to the latter's elbow. Thackeray, who was also very tall, told me that once when Jacob Omnium and he were touring together in the country, they arrived at a village booth, and noticing an aperture high up in one of the tents, they suddenly popped in their heads. A woman was the only occupant, and thinking to make merry at her expense, Thackeray shouted out in a gruff voice, "Hi ! Mrs., do you want any giants ?" But the woman, though a rustic, was equal to the occasion. With a mere shrug of her fat shoulders, and a contemptuous glance at the faces above her, she replied : "No, and certainly not such ugly-looking beggars as you." Thackeray, who undoubtedly was very plain, thought it a capital joke, and was never tired of repeating the incident to his friends, notwithstanding the evident disapproval of his better-looking friend, Jacob Omnium.

Edward Hallam I did not know, though my husband saw him often, and painted his portrait several times.

I well remember my husband's first visit to Frank Buckland, the great naturalist, with whom we were very intimate. We had both been invited to breakfast with him, but as I particularly wanted to finish one of my pictures, my husband went alone. Edward, on his return, showed me a handful of curios, including several pieces of Ben Jonson's coffin, and told me he had had a most entertaining time. Buckland's house, he said, was absolutely unique; it was a museum of Natural History from top to bottom. All breakfast time Buckland's conversation had been solely confined to the various specimens of dissected animals, preserved in evil-smelling, sickly-looking spirit, which, promiscuously scattered about, occupied every available spot in the room, and although my husband did not think this conversation particularly conducive to digestion, Buckland himself certainly seemed to thrive on it.

Browning used to come to our house on Sundays. His manners, although perfectly courteous, suggested an aloofness which, however intelligible to us, was most disconcerting to our children, whose dignity, I am afraid, he sadly wounded. Being about middle height and broad in build, with somewhat massive, though well-cut features, he was undoubtedly a contrast both in face and figure to the conventional type of poet—at the same time he was most attractive and decidedly good-looking.

His conversation, which was always interesting, was occasionally "superior."

I often met Ruskin at the Academy, but cannot recollect anything of particular interest in connection with him. He spoke very candidly to me about his work, which seemed to me to be in direct contrast to his character.

Carlyle I did not know, excepting by sight, but I

have a sad recollection of seeing Mrs. Carlyle driving round the Park one day in a brougham. The old lady was sitting huddled up in such a cramped and unnatural position that I could not help remarking on it to my husband. We afterwards made enquiries, and were informed the coachman had driven twice round the Park before he had discovered that his mistress was dead!

Mrs. Craik we met at the S. C. Halls'. Though fragile in appearance, she possessed a wonderful vitality and was a most brilliant and resourceful conversationalist. Her life, too, was full of romance. Once when she was crossing a common, she heard the plaintive cry of an infant, and on looking round to see whence the sound came, she perceived a tiny child almost hidden from sight in the gorse and bracken. Lifting it up gently, she took it home, and having no children of her own, adopted it. The child grew up into a charming girl, who repaid her benefactress by bestowing on her every care and attention. She eventually married well and happily.

Douglas Jerrold, whose sole remaining child died quite recently, was a very dear friend of my husband. Though said to be the sharpest-tongued man in England, I must say I never found him so. To me he was never caustic, but on the contrary always indulgent and sympathetic. His luck was proverbial, and seemed irredeemably bad, for when, after a long series of disastrous speculations, he invested his surviving capital in a bank, that too, for no apparent reason, suddenly went smash. After this loss he solemnly assured me that nothing on earth should ever tempt him to let another penny go out of the house, but, like the old woman of story-book fame, he would henceforth put his money in a stocking and sleep on it.

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Another writer of the period whom we knew very well, was Harrison Ainsworth. He was a jolly, red-faced individual, always in exuberant spirits, and just as full of kindness as of fun. I feel sure he never said a harsh word to anyone, and I think he would have been astonished rather than angry had anyone spoken an unkind word to him. As a writer of historical romances he took especial interest in my work, and it was after seeing "The Siege of Lathom House" that he asked my leave to dedicate his next book to me. Having gained my ready consent, he would doubtless have carried out his intention had he not died shortly after making the proposal.

The Rev. C. L. Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, was a very great friend of our children. He was exceptionally modest, carrying his dislike of publicity to such a pitch that if anyone spoke to him about his books he would frown, and fidget, and finally leave the room. Above all else, he hated any reference to himself as the author of "Alice in Wonderland." Amongst his many eccentricities was that of corresponding with innumerable children, and keeping an album in which he religiously entered the ages of all his young friends; the latter hobby being by no means approved of by the growing-up girls of his acquaintance. In a letter dated Jan. 15th, 1892, he says :—

" CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

" Dear Mrs. Ward,

" Many thanks—I'm sending to Miss E. G. T. all you say about Miss A. L. I've heard from Bee. She tells me the day of her birth—week-day and all—but not the year !

" I'll call when I can.

" Yours most sincerely,

" C. L. DODGSON."

Lewis Carroll always took the greatest interest in my painting, and, knowing how difficult I sometimes found it to procure just the model I wanted, he frequently assisted me in my search for one. In a letter I have of his, written when he was living at No. 7 Lushington Road, Eastbourne, and dated August 26th, 1888, he writes :—

“Dear Mrs. Ward,

“Mrs. S. (the lady from whose studio I came when last I called on you) has been telling me about a model (not ‘figure’ model, but sits for head, hands and arms) whom she wishes to recommend, to sit to ladies. The address is——. Circumstances have reduced the means of the family and there are two sisters anxious to earn something to support themselves. Mrs. S. says she is very pretty, with a beautiful complexion, and is an excellent sitter, she does not like sitting to gentlemen, but only to ladies: so your studio occurred to me at once, as one that might perhaps have an opening for her. I hope you may be able to give her some employment. With love (if I may venture on sending so contraband an article!) to Beatrice and Enid,

“I am,

“Sincerely yours,

“C. L. DODGSON.”

Lewis Carroll was very fond of the theatre and liked nothing better than going to see a play accompanied by a bevy of children.

“My dear Mrs. Ward (he once wrote),

“The opportunity I hoped for has already presented itself. Next Saturday I purpose coming to town to see the *matinée* of ‘Alabama’ (my third visit to that delightful play), bringing with me two very nice

children, ages sixteen and thirteen respectively. We shall reach Victoria before 10½, I expect, and would come to you (if it is convenient to you to receive us) from about eleven to about twelve. Then we ought to go on to Sloane Square to an aunt of the children, who will give us luncheon. Please don't put yourselves out on our account, as I'll be sure to find another day to call, if Saturday does not happen to suit you.

"Very sincerely yours,

"C. L. DODGSON.

"P.S.—I do not recommend a 'Chili Widow.' If we were prevented from coming, could three of you utilize the tickets? Which is your nearest railway station?"

Towards the end of his life, I regret to say, Lewis Carroll could not get to town to see us, except on rare occasions. Writing to me from 7, Lushington Road, Eastbourne, he says:—

"My dear Mrs. Ward,

"Hearty thanks for your most kind letter of welcoming, but I find that our plans (I hope I made their uncertainty clear in my last) will not fit in with the call I had suggested as a possibility. Still I hope before long (though I do not now get to Town nearly so often as I used to a quarter of a century back) to have the pleasure of seeing you again. Will you kindly forgive the liberty I took, but now see to have been over bold, in sending so affectionate a message to your daughters? Perhaps it was a little too soon, at 63, to presume to claim such privileges as old age sometimes confers: and it might be wiser to wait till I have reached the 'three score years and ten.' They will soon be here, as the years are simply flying past me.

"Always very sincerely yours,

"C. L. DODGSON."

My son, "Spy," once asked Lewis Carroll if he might do a cartoon of him for *Vanity Fair*, and Lewis Carroll wrote in reply—"As a friend of your father and mother, I beg and implore you not to put me in *Vanity Fair* or in any other paper. I would rather anything than that." The letter was read at headquarters, with the result that a compromise was arranged whereby Lewis Carroll was to be let off, provided he sent *Vanity Fair* something of his own to take the place of the dreaded cartoon. To this proposal Carroll reluctantly consented.

We saw a good deal of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, whom I knew from his boyhood. My earliest recollection of him dates back to a concert at the Crystal Palace, at which a piece of his own composition was performed in public for the first time. My husband was immensely taken with his operetta, entitled "The Tempest," and as soon as it was over remarked to me in a whisper, "Henrietta, that young fellow will do. He is a genius." At that time Sullivan could not have been more than eighteen, and had previously sung as a chorister in the Chapel Royal. His delightful manners, rich, soft voice, and brilliantly dark eyes were such powerful weapons, even without the aid of music, that, although so young, his engagement to Miss Scott Russell, which took place shortly after we first met him, was a surprise to no one. He subsequently became a frequent visitor at our house, where in later days he composed part of "Patience," and adapted "Come, Marguerita, come," for my daughter Beatrice's violin. He was very anxious to have his portrait painted, but hated sitting; and on one occasion when he failed to turn up at the appointed time Beatrice (who was painting the portrait) and I found him hiding in my back garden in Gerald Road, shaking with well-simulated terror.

The last time I saw him was just before his death. He was then dreadfully depressed, and on my expressing a wish to see him again soon, he shook his head sadly, saying, "You never will. You never will." My daughter's portrait of him in pastels, now in the possession of his nephew, was never finished, his last fatal illness abruptly terminating the sittings.

I shall always remember one thing in connection with him: it seemed so original as well as funny. He could never keep on his shoes when sitting at table.

This peculiarity sometimes got him into difficulties. For instance, he was dining with the Duchess of A—when the latter, noticing that he shuffled about a great deal with his feet, divined the reason and slyly removed the shoes. When the meal was over and the guests arose, Sullivan was in despair. No matter how hard he scrimmaged, he could not get hold of his shoes, what on earth should he do! There was no help for it, he must get down on his knees and search for them.

At this point the Duchess, thinking the joke had gone far enough, laughingly restored the shoes, but, I believe, Sullivan though no longer shoeless remained, for some time at least, under the table.

I now reluctantly close this chapter, with its pleasant memories of our literary friends and tour in Scotland. In another, and later chapter, I will give an account of my first, and only lengthy, stay in Ireland.

CHAPTER XII

WINDSOR CASTLE

WHILST we were still living at Slough, Queen Victoria commanded me to paint the Princess Beatrice, then a baby, and as the sittings took place at Windsor, I went constantly to the Castle, where I was most hospitably entertained. An apartment next to the one in which the Royal Family partook of their luncheon was allotted me for my work, and this room having a north light, besides being large and airy, suited my purpose most admirably. At the same time every morning a servant entered and enquired if I would like a fire. The weather one day being very mild, I ventured to remonstrate with him, explaining that, as I was already almost fainting with the heat, I really did not require any additional warmth. But my attendant was inexorable.

"It is the Queen's wish, Madam," he said, "that you shall always have a fire."

My lunch, which was brought me direct from the Royal table, invariably consisted of cold chicken and cress. This was a favourite dish of the Queen, who was very fond of picking the bones, and, when thus engaged, always wore white kid gloves. For sweets I was given fruit condiments of all kinds, whilst for dessert I had an assortment of natural fruit most tastefully arranged on a high dish. The plate simply fascinated me. In its exquisitely wrought designs I fancied I could trace the individual taste, and, thus indirectly, the noble character of our Queen.

In the intervals of my work I had the Royal sanction to roam about the Castle at will. My chief attraction

was the library. In one of its galleries—for it consisted of several apartments—I found many interesting books, one of which furnished me with the subject matter for my picture, “Princess Charlotte in the Lanes at Windsor.” Here, when reading, I constantly experienced the sensation that some invisible Presence was standing behind my chair intently watching, whilst more than once I distinctly heard a hollow voice. Though unaware of the fact at the time, I have since learned that this room, formerly the padded apartment in which George III was confined, is supposed to be haunted by the apparition of Queen Elizabeth, which is alleged to have been frequently seen there; but rightly or wrongly, I never think of these hauntings excepting in connection with King George III, who spent so great a portion of his latter days in the library, and was for so long a time confined within the walls of the Castle on account of his most serious illnesses. Next to the library, I most enjoyed looking at the carvings and pictures in the Grinling Gibbons room, where there was a magnificent and unique collection of Vandykes, Rubens, and Lawrences.

Whilst I was at work, the Queen and Prince Consort constantly came to enquire how I was progressing, and if I had everything I wanted. They were sometimes accompanied by their children—always by their dogs—and of the two contingents the Royal children were certainly the more unruly and troublesome. Growing tired of watching me paint, and wanting, no doubt, to be back in the nursery, they kept interrupting the conversation, at first by mere ejaculations, but in the end by sly and vigorous tugs at their mother’s dress. This was the climax, and the Queen, who had hitherto shown the most exemplary patience, now lost her temper. Turning sharply round on them, she stamped her foot. That was

enough. Without waiting for what might follow, the tormentors flew. The Queen then laughed, and, turning once more to the picture, said, "I suppose you often have to do that with your children, Mrs. Ward?"

The Queen always exhibited a kindly interest in my family, and on learning that my children were alternately dark and fair, observed, "If I had a dark child I should, indeed, be proud, but mine are all alike, neither dark nor fair."

During one of the sittings, the Queen mischievously tickled her baby's toes, and when the Princess Beatrice most naturally resented the attention with a shriek, Her Majesty laughingly repeated the offence. "Surely I may do what I please with my own," she said; "I shall tickle your toes if I like."

In one of my pictures I introduced a flight of crows, which proved a great attraction to little Prince Leopold. "Is dem cows?" he observed, pointing his finger enquiringly at the canvas. "No, you bad boy," said the Princess Royal, "they are crows. You must in future learn to speak properly."

Prince Leopold was a most amusing child, and used to convulse me with laughter by dressing up in my bonnet and shawl, and strutting about the room in them, but never without first asking my permission. He was a really clever boy, and his conversation, without being actually precocious, was far beyond his years. I saw a great deal of him during the latter part of his life, and the very last picture I painted at the Castle was his portrait.

When Prince Arthur came to my room he always gave me a most royal bow, which so impressed me that I made a pencil sketch of him in the act.

An amusing incident occurred some years later, when I was at a ball given by the Life Guards in

Windsor Barracks. I was dancing the Lancers when the Duke of T., who was by my side, suddenly exclaimed, "Where is your daughter, Mrs. Ward?"

I informed him that she was on the other side of the room; but as he could not see her, I leaned forward to point her out to him, and, as I did so, the Duke bent down. The result was inevitable—our heads met together with a dreadful crash. For some seconds we were too dazed to speak, and the humour of the situation then striking us, we both laughed heartily.

After I had finished painting the Princess Beatrice, the Queen did me the honour to command portraits of the other children, but owing to our domestic arrangements, I very much regretted I was unable to carry out her order.

The drawing my husband made of the Empress of Germany, our late King's favourite sister, His Majesty did me the honour to accept. The companion picture, representing the King at the age of twelve, hangs in my drawing-room.

King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, paid several visits to my husband's studio, to see his pictures. The Prince had a beautiful voice and a certain something in his manner that was most attractive. This fascination might, I think, have been attributable to the fact that he was never, for a single instant, self-centred or preoccupied. On the contrary, his good-nature showed itself not only in his speech but in his every action and gesture; and he seemed positively to invite an opportunity to do the whole world a "good turn."

In connection with Queen Alexandra, when she was Princess of Wales I once witnessed a very pretty incident at Chiswick House. Whilst she was walking and talking very earnestly to a gentleman, the spirit of mischief suddenly seized two of the Royal children.

Stooping down, as if by mutual agreement, they raised the long train of their mother's dress, and were preparing to lift it to a still greater height from the ground, when Queen Alexandra turning round sharply, caught them in the act. They ran for their lives! The majestic beauty of the Queen's figure, enhanced by her white silk dress—the fresh, mischief-loving faces of the little girls in their short white lace frocks, and the sparkling river in the background, gave me an idea for a picture, which I simply longed to be able to set to work and paint then and there. On my return home I at once made a pencil sketch of it, but I am sorry to say, like many another rough idea, it never got beyond that first stage.

In my opinion, the prettiest and best portrait of Queen Victoria, is that painted by Alfred Chalon, R.A. It represents her, when only just crowned, standing at the top of a staircase, upon the last few steps of which the train of her dress is still resting. She is seen almost in full face—having turned round to cast a lingering gaze down the stairs strewn here and there with a handful of stray roses. My father gave me a sketch of the picture, which I presented to H.R.H. the late Duke of Albany on the occasion of his marriage.

Though only five and a half years of age at the time, I have vivid recollections of the coronation of Queen Victoria. I remember being vastly struck with her appearance, and thinking how pretty she looked in her ermine and scarlet robes, with the crown glistening amidst her fair hair, and the sceptre shining in her shapely hand. Her expression was very sweet; I remember I did not think her a bit "grown-up." Shortly after, I saw her on the occasion of her marriage and, after an interval of many years, I again saw her in public—dignified through age, and regal through

experience—at both her jubilees ; and again—saddest of all—as an informal mourner, I attended her great and solemn funeral. I saw the second jubilee from the garden of Buckingham Palace, and as the procession stopped for a few seconds close to where I sat, the late Duchess of Teck, Queen Mary's mother, glanced up, and our eyes met. What a charming Royalty she was ! I need hardly say that she recognised me with a most gracious bow and smile, for I think everybody knows, that no matter what the occasion, she never forgot anyone with whom she had ever been brought in contact. She was universally and deservedly beloved.

I often think how wonderful it is that the Royal Family are always so courteous and nice to the public, considering that certain of the public behave in such a disrespectful manner towards them. For example, every year at Windsor I used to go to a Guards' Parade at the Soldiers' Church, and on one occasion the Prince of Wales (our late King) was in command of the corps, whilst several other members of the Royal Family attended the service. As my pew was some way down the aisle and the Royal party sat almost directly under the pulpit, I thought it quite impossible to get a very good view of them ; but a well-dressed woman—I believe by birth a lady—who sat next to me, to the indignation of all around her, calmly produced a pair of opera-glasses and, leaning forward, deliberately kept them fixed on the Princess of Wales throughout the service.

My visit to Windsor, with its green fields and white lanes, recalls to my mind another sojourn in the country, when a very peculiar episode happened.

Among the numerous people my husband met was a certain Mr. S., a man of about forty years of age, who was very gay and popular and occupied a

prominent position in London Society. His wife, much older than he, was in every way his opposite, and so sedate, delicate and unattractive, that everybody wondered why Mr. S. had married her. They had no children of their own, but had adopted a girl called "Winnie" from childhood. Though my husband knew Mr. S. intimately, I seldom saw either him or his wife, and it was not until they happened to take a house in the country near ours that we became intimate. Mr. S. came down for the week-ends, and in the interims his wife and I constantly visited each other. Winnie was then about twenty. Though bright and vivacious, and generally deemed fascinating, I cannot say I ever took to her, as she reminded me too much of the character of Lady Audley in "*Lady Audley's Secret*." She was little, and had a very odd habit of shaking her curls at one when spoken to. In alluding to her attachment to Mrs. S., it always seemed to me that Winnie exaggerated for effect and that her affection was, to a very large extent, superficial. I grew very fond of Mrs. S.; she was such a sweet, simple woman, and bore her ill-health and consequent trials with never-failing patience.

Shortly after their arrival in our neighbourhood, Mr. and Mrs. S. gave an evening party, to which, of course, my husband and I were invited. If I remember rightly, the invitations were sent out by Winnie, for whose benefit the affair was obviously intended. As the S.'s circle of friends in ——— was naturally limited, owing to their brief sojourn there, we asked several people to accompany us to the "*At Home*," and our party included the vicar and several neighbours. Though the affair took place in the middle of the week, Mr. S. was there, having come down from town purposely for it, and we were all very much shocked at the amount of attention he paid to his

adopted daughter. He turned over the pages of her music and applauded her songs in the most vociferous and marked manner. Indeed, as someone observed to me afterwards, he never "took his eyes off her" the whole evening. Of course, Mrs. S. must have noticed her husband's remarkable conduct, though she was far too self-possessed and dignified to show any sign of resentment.

A few weeks later her health suddenly grew worse, and, yielding to the persuasion of her husband and Winnie, she went to the seaside. Before leaving our neighbourhood she came with Winnie to say good-bye to me. Perceiving, from an appealing look in her eyes, that she wanted to speak to me alone, I was drawing her aside, when her adopted daughter, who stuck to her like a leech, at once interposed. "Godma and I have no secrets from each other, Mrs. Ward," Winnie remarked pertly. "I never leave Godma, and I trust her to no one. I am her devoted nurse and give her every dose of medicine she ever takes." I made several subsequent attempts to draw Mrs. S. aside, but without success, and she left my house looking very dejected. She promised to write to me, but I never heard from her.

About a month after Mrs. S. left, the servants received a telegram from Mr. S., telling them to expect their mistress and Miss Winnie home at a certain hour in the afternoon. When the stated time arrived, a carriage drove up to the door, and, to the servants' unspeakable horror, a coffin, containing the body of my poor friend, was carried into the house. Mrs. S. was buried in the village churchyard, and the only mourner present was Winnie. Mr. S. did not appear in the neighbourhood till a week after the funeral, when he arrived unexpectedly, broke up the establishment, and returned to London, accompanied by

his adopted daughter. He subsequently took Winnie to Paris, and, after leaving her there for a year, married her. The second Mrs. S., who now lived in a large house in the best part of Kensington, called on me, but as I had not the heart to return her visit, the acquaintance gradually dropped.

Her married life was not happy, for, prior to and after the birth of each of her children, she suffered greatly from cerebral hysteria, and finally had to be detained in a private asylum, where she died when still a young woman. Mr. S.—albeit hardly past his prime, and apparently strong and healthy—suddenly became afflicted with a painful disease, to which, shortly after the death of his second wife, he rapidly succumbed. The unhappy fate of these two people did not escape comment, and once again everybody wondered!

Another strange occurrence comes back to me, this time in connection with Lady Blessington. The celebrated beauty had two very pretty nieces, the Misses Power, whom I often used to meet. On the appointment of their father, Sir Lionel Power, to the Governorship of one of the Colonies, they left England to take up their abode with him in his new quarters.

In due course they wrote to Lady Blessington, and among other things told her they had a very charming drawing-master, Mr. W——. They gave her a minute description of him, carefully adding that as he was really exceptionally nice, they often invited him to their house, and were, in fact, on the most friendly footing with him. Lady Blessington was horror-stricken. She knew in a moment, from their detailed description of his person, that he could be none other than a notorious criminal, whose name in England had been and still was a byword. Though strongly suspected of murdering both his wife and sister-in-law,

the evidence had not been strong enough to convict him, and he had consequently been acquitted. Subsequently, however, he was charged with forgery, and being found guilty, was transported to the very colony over which Sir Lionel Power was appointed Governor. I believe he eventually confessed to the murder, and that he was hanged—at all events he ceased to teach the Powers.

My husband once employed a model whose end was tragic, though, I am glad to say, not so infamously tragic as that of W. The man, whose name was Harrall, was, at one time, one of the best-known models in London. He had quite exceptional powers of endurance, and would remain standing in one position for four hours, but after one of those lengthy posings he would go off into what looked like "convulsions," from which it would take him at least twenty minutes to recover. In many respects Harrall was very sensible and far more thoughtful than most men of his station in life. For instance, when I asked him one day what he thought of the new innovation of Saturday half-holidays for the working people, he replied, "I think it's likely to do a great deal of harm. My missus don't want me at home on Saturday of all days in the week, and as there is nowhere else for me to go, I must go to a public-house. That means 'drink,' for I cannot, of course, sit in the tap-room without 'having something'!" Pending the election of an R.A., it was formerly, and still is, the custom for models to wait outside the Academy so as to be able to convey the news to the chosen member, who was, of course, expected to pay handsomely for the information. When my husband was elected an R.A., we were living at Slough, and we were awakened at 1.30 a.m. by a violent peal at the front-door bell. It was Harrall, who had come all the way from Town

with the news. I was very angry with him for disturbing us, and also for coming such a distance, as we had, of course, to pay his fare. He excused himself, however, on the ground that if he had not come someone else would have done so. A creature of moods, sometimes extremely talkative, sometimes the reverse, Harrall was hardly normal, and the more discerning of his many patrons were probably not at all surprised when, to the regret of all, he committed suicide. He figures in countless pictures, W. P. Frith, my husband, and numbers of other artists employing him. In "The South Sea Bubble" he appears as the individual who is standing in the foreground eagerly devouring a newspaper.

A model once came to my husband's studio with the tale that his wife was very ill, and that they had nothing in the house to eat. As a natural consequence—having worked on my husband's feelings—he went home laden with good things, including a bottle of port wine and a nice plump chicken. On subsequent enquiries, Edward learned that the man was a bachelor and living alone.

When painting "The Landing of Charles II," Edward experienced another instance of what one has to guard against in the employment of professional models. On this occasion, he had to have his model posed on a plank raised some little height from the floor. The man, who was a bad poser, soon began to fidget, and, unmindful of the dangerous position in which he was placed, tried to shift his feet. The result was inevitable—he fell off the plank, and Edward had to pay for the setting of a broken ankle.

Some models have very little general knowledge. When W. P. Frith, R.A., had just finished the "Derby Day" he good-humouredly asked an old woman who had been sitting to him, what she thought

of his picture. The model, to whom he had shown his original sketch, looked at it very questioningly, and evidently taking it to be a piece of woolwork, with which art she was familiar, replied, "Lord, sir, I didn't think artists worked from copies."

Frith began his picture of the "Gaming Table," in which my father posed as the principal, on a foggy morning when the light was bad. He apparently did a very satisfactory day's work but to his horror discovered later on that instead of painting my father in Naples yellow, he had painted him in chrome!

As I have already said, W. P. Frith, R.A., was one of the best-hearted men that ever lived. His second daughter, Mrs. Panton, was my husband's godchild, and in a recent work of hers, entitled "Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures," she refers to him in the brightest and most winsome manner. She writes: "In October, 1873, I went to London and there met my dearly loved godfather, Mr. E. M. Ward, the Academician, and he somewhat revived my drooping spirits. Mr. Ward was, without exception, the dearest and kindest of men, although he once hurt me by telling me that as I was born in October, the only flowers I could have for my birthday wreath and crown were dahlias, and that, in consequence, earwigs would walk all over my cake. All the same, he gave me my first wax doll."

W. P. Frith, R.A., painted mainly Royal personages, and kept a book in which they wrote their names. On the occasion of a private view at his own house, he brought out this book and placed it on a table in the drawing-room, from whence it was stolen under his very nose. Poor Frith! although he made every effort, he never recovered his valuable collection of autographs.

The "calling" of a model is, as a rule, hereditary.

It is extremely difficult to pose well unless one has been used to it from childhood. Models are very rarely all round beautiful ; generally they are only beautiful in part. For example, one of my husband's models had a very bad figure but a perfectly-shaped classical head. She was, moreover, to all appearances intensely stupid, so stupid, in fact, that when she asked if she might borrow a cap and kerchief to wear at a dance, my husband at once lent her them. To his astonishment, however, neither cap nor kerchief was returned.

Few models have really nice hands ! It is interesting, too, to note that models who sit for the figure are, as a rule, the most moral ! Soldiers, I find, make the worst models, owing to their tendency to faint.

My husband's delight when he had finished his work for the Academy often literally knew no bounds ; and on one occasion he carried his exuberance to such an extent that he turned the studio into a steeplechase, and, in careering over a box, injured his leg. The next six weeks—the so pleasant time he had anticipated—were spent in bed.

Few things annoyed Edward so much as to be asked what he would like to eat. Though very domesticated, he took absolutely no interest in his food, and was once almost worried to death by a servant who would go, whenever my back was turned, to his studio and, with a loud knock at the door, ask all sorts of questions about dinner. I remonstrated but the woman still persisted, and, as even the bare possibility of being called upon to choose an article of diet was too much for Edward's peace of mind, I had in the end to give her notice.

Another servant we had was so unprepossessing that my husband, the moment he saw her, observed

"If ever that woman marries it will be to a ticket-of-leave man"—a prophecy that was literally fulfilled. As one may imagine, I little thought, after this severe criticism, that my husband would one day be making love to her himself—but such was indeed the case! Hearing a woman's step outside his studio door, he called out in his absent-minded way, "Come and kiss me, darling," and turning round as he was wont to receive my caress, he almost fell into the arms of the ugly servant, who fled precipitately!

CHAPTER XIII

FRIENDS OF LATER LIFE

IN my early days the Academy was more exclusive than it is now. I was then very anxious to attend the students' lectures, but as no woman had ever been admitted to them, I did not see how it could be managed. My husband, however, on learning my ambition, said he saw no reason why I should not be present on those occasions, the only drawback being that I should have to sit alone, since he would have to be with his fellow R.A.'s. Summoning up my courage, I, accordingly, went to the very next lecture. There were, of course, no other ladies present, and I was somewhat embarrassed to find myself surrounded on all sides by crowds of men. Mr. Jones, R.A., the keeper of the schools, strongly disapproved of my going, so strongly, in fact, that he convoked a special meeting with the idea of preventing a repetition of the offence. Nevertheless, I stuck to my point, which was to the effect that if the lectures were open to men students they should be equally open to women, and, on going again, I found to my joy five other ladies present, whilst at my third attendance the number of women students had swelled to thirty. Mr. Jones and his supporters were thus defeated, but I do not think they ever forgave me.

Some time after this Miss Starr, afterwards Madame Canziani, a lady of great talent, sent in a picture, signed only with her initials, to be judged with the men's work. The Committee, never suspecting for one moment that the drawing was done by a woman, unanimously awarded it the highest testimonial they

could give, namely, the gold medal. But imagine their consternation when they discovered that the much coveted medal had been given to one of the fair sex! However, despite their resentment and vexation, they could do nothing; they had awarded the honour and they had to abide by the consequences.

During the time that G. F. Watts was keeper of the Art Gallery at Sydenham, I sent two of my pictures for competition and received the gold and silver medals of that Institute. The Crystal Palace, when Sir Joseph Paxton opened it, contained one of the best appointed Art Schools in the United Kingdom. No expense was spared in providing a thoroughly competent staff and every necessary requisite. The Pompeian and Spanish Courts, costing a fabulous sum, were without rival, whilst the casts, brought together from all parts of Europe, formed the most valuable and at the same time instructive collection then in existence. I remember going to the Palace directly after it was transferred from Hyde Park to Sydenham, to hear one of the first concerts arranged by Sir Augustus Manns, who was then a young man with jet black hair; and I think it was about this time that we first met Frederick Leighton, also a young man, who called one morning at the studio to show Edward some of the work he had done during his recent visit to Italy. Among the pictures was that of an Italian procession, which was, I believe, his first celebrated work. My husband was then greatly impressed by his genius, and in later years he was most instrumental in getting him elected to the P.R.A. It always seemed to me that Leighton was specially designed by Providence for the Presidency of the Academy, since he possessed all, and more than all, the necessary qualifications for that office. He was tall, stately,

and handsome, and when arrayed in his red gown—the insignia of the P.R.A.—presented a most imposing spectacle. Being a most fluent linguist, he could converse in French, German, and Italian with the greatest volubility, whilst his manners were courteous and easy, and his voice well-modulated and suave. Indeed, his entire personality was charming—particularly, perhaps, to ladies. As we were constantly meeting him at various functions, held in connection with the Academy, and also at the houses of our friends, we got to know him intimately. Once when I was at an unusually crowded soirée at the R.A., I got separated from a friend who had accompanied me, and who happened to be extremely shy and nervous. From what she subsequently told me, I gathered that on losing sight of me she became extremely agitated, and after making several desperate efforts to find me, at last plucked up courage to address a very handsome and distinguished-looking man, whom she felt certain must be someone in authority. She was right—the man whom she intuitively felt could help her was Lord Leighton, who had, at that time, only recently been made P.R.A.

The newly-elected President listened to my friend's tale with the gravest courtesy, and at length exclaimed with a smile of enlightenment, "Why, of course! You mean our Mrs. Ward, I saw her just now. Stay here a moment and I will send her to you." He was as good as his word, and when I found my friend, she was bubbling over with enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which was destined never to die out—for her handsome and opportune deliverer. With my friend's dilemma and its sequel still fresh in my mind, I cannot help saying that, in my opinion, Providence not only endowed Leighton with every necessary qualification for the P.R.A., but, also, with the most

subtle and sure weapons for winning every woman's heart.

His funeral, at which I was present, was most impressive. St. Paul's, lined with the Artists' Corps of Volunteers, was unilluminated by any ray of sunshine. It was only as the body was being lowered into the crypt, and the soldiers shouted their last farewells, that a solitary sunbeam, forcing its way in, fell on the coffin and clinging to it, sank with it out of sight. Coincident with this dual disappearance the Cathedral became wrapped (at least, so it seemed to me) in a still deeper gloom.

Sir John Millais, who succeeded Lord Leighton as P.R.A., was one of our oldest and best friends. As a man, he was, as nearly as possible, perfection; as a painter he defied criticism—his work was titanic. He had four daughters, all of whom inherited his good looks. Effie, the eldest, who is the beautiful prototype of the "Girl taking Eggs out of a Nest," is the mother of the celebrated "Bubbles."

Cinderella is not, as is often thought, one of Millais' daughters. Millais, for this picture, employed a well-known professional model, a pretty little girl with a rather cold, classical face, which his own genius rendered bright and attractive. She, perhaps, is now ranked amongst his most popular works. Genial, warm-hearted, and typically English, Millais was beloved by everyone, and when he died, he was genuinely mourned by the whole art world. I attended his funeral at St. Paul's.

Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, R.A., Briton Rivière, R.A., Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., Frank Dicksee, R.A., and Marcus Stone, R.A., all of whom I am too happy to say, are still living, were likewise friends of my husband and myself.

Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, who is one of the

several R.A.'s visiting my art class, is singularly kind-hearted and intensely droll. He once pointed to a mask of William III in my studio with the enquiry, "Who is that?" and on being told, replied with a smile full of humour, "I thought so, for sheer ugliness I defy you to beat a Dutchman." Sir L. Alma Tadema is, as you know, a Dutchman himself. His wonderful eye for beauty, so I am told, manifests itself in the internal adornment of his house in St. John's Wood. The late Lady Tadema, who was a Miss Epps, also painted, whilst his daughter has distinguished herself in literature.

Briton Rivière, R.A., who also lives at St. John's Wood, close to Swiss Cottage, was a very old friend of my husband. As a painter of animals he is, so I and many others think, absolutely without a rival. I know few people who strike one as being so thoroughly artistic both in temperament and appearance. On show Sunday we still visit each other's studios.

Marcus Stone, R.A., whose father, the late Frank Stone, R.A., was a very old friend of ours, lives in Holland Park, opposite Sir Luke Fildes. Marcus Stone was always a hard worker, and when only eighteen years of age was exhibiting in the R.A. From historic subjects he gradually drifted into his present fascinating style of work which has gained him almost—if not quite—international popularity. Whenever any particularly prepossessing model comes to me for sittings, I always make a point of sending her to Marcus Stone, as I know he is ever on the look out for really pretty faces. In this way, I am glad to say, I have often been able to render him service. He is himself the very quintessence of kindness.

Our friendship with Sir Luke Fildes dates back to thirty years ago, when he used to come to supper

with us on Sunday evenings at Kent Villa. Both my husband and I were immensely impressed with his picture of "The Casual Ward," which deservedly created such a great sensation at the time it was first exhibited. Sir Luke Fildes has always loved flowers, and his garden to-day is quite one of the most beautiful in London.

Frank Dicksee, R.A., who was a friend of both my father and husband, belongs to an extremely artistic family. His father and brother both exhibited, whilst his sister, the late Miss Dicksee, was little short of a genius. Her greatest production was the picture representing Mozart, as a boy, composing at the piano when his parents thought him sound asleep in bed.

To the deep regret of all her artist, as well as her lay friends, she died soon after its completion.

Mr. Dicksee has always impressed me as a very thoughtful painter, and one of his pictures, "The Two Crowns," interested me so deeply that I went to the Academy on two consecutive days to study it.

Though I do not know Sir Herbert Herkomer intimately, and my acquaintance with him is of comparatively recent date, I often visit his studio on show Sunday. He is an all-round talented man, being a good linguist, musician, and actor, whilst his easy, kindly manners have rendered him exceedingly popular.

My husband became well acquainted with Sir William Richmond, R.A., when in Rome. Sir William, a son of Mr. George Richmond, was then quite a young man, whilst my husband was in the prime of life.

My acquaintance with Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., began the year he exhibited his first picture. I went as usual to the Academy on Varnishing Day, and was deeply engrossed in admiring Mr. Poynter's

picture, when my old friend David Roberts joined me. "Come, Mrs. Ward," he said, "let us go and congratulate that young man on his superb work." I willingly assented, and was thus introduced to the present P.R.A. The late Lady Poynter, Sir Edward's wife, was one of three beautiful sisters. The other two respectively married Mr. Woolner, R.A., and Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

David Roberts, R.A., who was a typical Scotchman in most respects, was renowned for his tenderness of heart. One day, when he was at the Academy assisting at the hanging of the pictures, he was asked by the porter to go downstairs, as there was a lady in the hall who insisted on seeing him. Greatly perturbed at such an unusual occurrence he hastened to obey the summons, and, on arriving in the hall, found a lady sitting there bathed in tears. As Mr. Roberts advanced she sprang up, and, in a voice choking with emotion, informed him that her husband was in so serious a state of health that if the picture he had sent in was refused, the shock of having it returned (so the doctor had told her) might prove fatal to him. She knew, she said, that Mr. Roberts was a very kind man adding, with a sudden burst of confidence, that the picture would take up very little room, as it was quite small. I am afraid the look on Mr. Roberts' face was not very encouraging, for the lady had no sooner ceased speaking than she again burst into tears, begging and imploring him to take pity on her and save her husband's life. The picture, however, could not be hung; there was no other alternative, it had to be consigned to the inevitable cross. But poor David Roberts, who had done all he possibly could to help the unfortunate lady, did not sleep for many nights afterwards.

Being in the habit of going to different places of

amusement with David Roberts, my husband and I once arranged to go with him to a certain exhibition ; he was to call for us at Kent Villa at a stated time. However, when the appointed hour arrived, David Roberts did not put in an appearance, and, as the whole afternoon passed without any sign of his coming, we naturally grew very much alarmed. Nor were our fears groundless, for we saw in the morning's paper that David Roberts, R.A., when apparently on the way to our house, had fallen down dead in the street, from the effects of a stroke.

Another friend of ours who reminded me of Mr. Roberts, inasmuch as he was equally kind-hearted, was F. Goodall, R.A. Mr. Goodall had two very nice sons who always came to our house whenever we were having a party. We once gave a ball to which the young Goodalls had, as a matter of course, been invited. On this occasion, however, they did not turn up, and we subsequently learned that a dreadful catastrophe had befallen them. Whilst on a shooting excursion in some island near Italy, one of them had accidentally shot the other, and the survivor, losing his reason from the shock, died shortly afterwards. Their father married again and had a pretty and charming wife and other children to comfort his declining years.

I knew the late Sir William Orchardson, R.A., very well. He very kindly took the remainder of our lease at Kent Villa, when, on account of my husband's failing health, we removed to Windsor.

Though I have already alluded to the Landseers, I believe I have omitted to mention an incident very characteristic of one of them. Mr. Frith once met Edwin Landseer coming out of the Zoological Gardens, crying like a child. Greatly surprised at such an extraordinary spectacle, Mr. Frith asked him, in the

name of all that was wonderful, what was the matter ? For some time Edwin Landseer could not speak, but, at last, managing to overcome his emotion, he explained that he had just seen a most touching sight. A parent monkey had been isolated from her family on account of her being too ill to nurse her young ones ; and it was the miserable expression in her face—so intensely human in its suffering—that had so profoundly appealed to him. On his return home, Landseer painted the incident from memory, and the picture is now numbered amongst his cleverest and most interesting works.

Mr. Dubourg, who collaborated with Tom Taylor in " New Men and Old Acres " and several other plays, was a very old friend of mine. He is a past master in the art of elocution, and used to give the most enjoyable and entertaining " readings " from his own works. I still possess, among my valued relics, the poem which his father wrote for me on the death of my pet guinea-pig. Though I did not intend to allude again to Tom Taylor, an unconquerable habit of his (and curious inasmuch as it was deep-rooted and unconscious), which I have just called to mind, seems to me to deserve comment. But should any of my readers think otherwise or, by any chance, deem it unworthy of mention, it will only be I who am to blame and not the subject of my story. It was possibly owing to my having known Tom Taylor from my early childhood that I failed to impress him with a true sense of my dignity ; but however that may be, the fact remains, that whenever he met me out of doors—no matter where I was or what the time of day—he would fussily escort me to my destination with his kindly old arm affectionately but firmly fixed round my waist. In this manner he once accompanied me from the top of Regent

Street to the bottom. But how could I prevent it ? In his simple, easy-going mind I knew there was not even the shadow of a doubt that he was behaving in the most proper and orthodox fashion.

Though Sir Henry Irving would not, perhaps, be reckoned among my most intimate friends, the little I saw of him I liked exceedingly. He was essentially a kind man, and the following letter is typical of the gracious manner in which he always acknowledged gifts—however trifling :—

“ LYCEUM THEATRE.

“Dear Mrs. Ward,

“Let me thank you most heartily for the delightful picture which you have sent me, which has and will ever have for me sweet memories of your dear husband. I hope that I shall often have the pleasure of seeing you here—you will always be most welcome. I wonder have you seen ‘Much Ado’ ? I think you would like our presentation of it. We are all very hard at work for its production.

“With every good wish for New Year to you and yours,

“Believe me,

“Very sincerely yours,

“H. IRVING.

“2nd Jan., 1891.”

I could never go to the Lyceum Theatre often enough to see Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry ; no modern acting has ever fascinated me so much.

After my husband's death I experienced an instance of the kind-heartedness, I might even say tender-heartedness, of Sir Henry Irving. Knowing me to be almost distraught with trouble, he sent me word that he thought any light amusement, such as a visit to a theatre, would do me good, and that whenever I

liked, his private box at the Lyceum would be at my service. He added that I could, of course, use the private entrance, and he, himself, would see that I came away from the performance without being seen.

The two drawing-room entertainers, John "P." and Corney Grain, often came to see us at Kent Villa. In my opinion John "P." was the drollest of all the entertainers. The expression in his big eyes was so excruciatingly funny that he had only to look at his audience from under his eyebrows to make them scream with laughter. He was in addition an exceptionally clever musician, so that his entertainments were really worth hearing.

One night, at a dinner party given by W. P. Frith, R.A., John "P." surpassed himself in wit, and the guests laughed long and loud at his brilliant repartees. When the ladies had left the room, John "P." suddenly sprang up, and, to everyone's amazement, began to tear round and round the table until he at last sank down on the floor through sheer exhaustion. Convinced now that something was radically wrong with him, Frith sent for Mrs. P., and poor John "P." was taken home in a state of physical and mental collapse. He never recovered, but, gradually growing worse, died hopelessly insane.

When Corney Grain was crossing from the mainland to the Isle of Wight, he happened to meet one of my daughters on the boat. Encased in countless wraps and carrying in her arms a little soft-haired spaniel, she presented so striking a spectacle that Corney Grain made her the subject of one of the most amusing sketches I have ever heard.

Though it may not be generally known, Corney Grain was a poet of no mean order; he wrote, for instance, the following verses on my son "Spy":—

“ 8, WEYMOUTH STREET,
“ PORTLAND PLACE.

“ LINES ON LESLIE

“ If ever he manages to catch a train,
It goes where he doesn't want to go,
It starts at three, or thereabouts,
But—really—he doesn't quite know.
If he's due down South, he's up in the North,
Say—in Scotland—eating porridge.
If he's bound for Chester, or Bangor, say,
You'll find him safe in Norwich.
At Junctions he's always left behind,
For he quite forgets to change ;
And he's shunted into sidings dark,
I thought 'twas rather strange !

Refrain : “ 'Twill constant change afford,
To travel with Leslie Ward ;
Wherever he may roam, tho' he's quite at home,
He's always all abroad.

“ If he leaves the train for a cup of tea,
The train goes on without him.
He's left his ticket and purse on the rack,
And he hasn't a penny about him.
He forgets the name of his hotel,
Tho' he's often stayed there before,
He thinks it's the Lion or the Antelope,
Or the something Horse, or Boar.
But he's sure it's the name of an animal,
That you sometimes see at the Zoo,
Which gives you a pretty wide field of choice,
From a rat to a kangaroo !

Refrain as before :

“ If he's due on a visit on Monday, say !
His watch is being repaired !
On Tuesday he's ' Awfully sorry, you know,'
But his shirts weren't properly air'd.

On Wednesday says he was going to start,
But he'd lost his mother's dog !
On Thursday he really meant to come
But he lost his way in a fog.
On Friday the cab was at the door,
But his boots would not come on,
But on Saturday he does arrive,
And finds all the family gone !

Refrain, etc.

" R. CORNEY GRAIN."

P.S.—Slightly altered from the original for private circulation.

I must say my son Leslie is very absent-minded. He has often, after missing his train, arrived at a friend's house (where he had been expected to dinner) between one and two o'clock in the morning; and on finding the house in darkness and his host in bed, he has been simply overwhelmed with astonishment.

Shortly before his death Corney Grain dined with Leslie and another friend at the Beefsteak Club. He had recently grown considerably stouter, a fact which worried him very much, and the friend, unmindful that he was treading on dangerous ground, suddenly remarked: "I say, Dick, why don't you bike?" Corney Grain frowned. "I hate cycling," he said, adding somewhat bitterly, after a brief pause, "Did it not occur to you when recommending a bicycle, that it would take rather a strong machine to carry me!" Leslie could not resist this opportunity. With a hopeful expression in his voice he remarked, "I was at Sanger's the other night, Dick, and saw an elephant riding." For a few moments there was an emphatic silence. Then Corney Grain spoke, "Well, Leslie," he said, "you are the only person from whom I would stand *THAT!*" Those were almost the last words he ever spoke to "Spy." A few days later, Leslie saw an announcement of Corney Grain's illness in the papers,

and, on going round to his house to make enquiries, he learned, to his intense grief, that Corney was dead. His death, curiously enough, took place soon after that of his old colleague, Mr. German Reed.

Albert Smith, who was also a drawing-room entertainer—though of a different school—possessed a most delightful personality. He married Mary Keeley, a daughter of the famous actress, and was the intimate friend of Charles Dickens and Edmund Yates. He was, moreover, a great Alpinist and his perilous ascent to the unexplored summit of Mont Blanc (he was, I believe, the first Englishman to accomplish that feat) created an enormous sensation. On his return to London thousands of people flocked to hear him relate his experiences. His description of the hazardous undertaking, of the many privations he endured, and the catastrophes he had escaped, were thrilling in the extreme, and rendered all the more interesting and real by the introduction on the platform of three magnificent blood-hounds. These creatures, one of which had saved the lives of several Alpinists, received a tremendous ovation from the audience, particularly from the ladies, who stroked and petted them. To enable those present to form some idea of the scenery around Mont Blanc, the gallery of the Egyptian Hall, where Mr. Smith lectured, was decorated with canvasses on which were painted highly successful and effective representations of snow-clad mountains. He was subsequently commanded by the Queen to repeat the performance at Osborne. As Sir Ernest Shackleton is now, Albert Smith was then—the lion of London Society. He wrote a number of books, including "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury" and "The Tottleton Legacy," but oddly enough he commenced life, so I always heard, as a doctor.

Mr. Bellew told me he had the greatest difficulty in getting Albert Smith to church on the day of the latter's marriage. In those days there was a very strict rule with regard to the time for marriages, and unless a special licence was procured the ceremony could not be performed after twelve o'clock noon. Mr. Bellew and the bride, Miss Keeley, waited for Albert Smith until nearly twelve, and then, as he did not come, they both grew afraid that something had happened. At last, in sheer desperation, Mr. Bellew himself hurried round to Albert Smith's, and there found him with his legs crossed, seated in an easy chair, reading a newspaper. Mr. Bellew did not mince matters; with a cry of rage, he rushed across the room, and shooting Albert Smith out of his seat, hustled him into the cab that was waiting at the door. They arrived at the church just in time for the marriage to take place.

Mr. Bellew, although not quite a saint, perhaps, was most assuredly a martyr. An excellent man in every respect himself, he unfortunately had a double who was disreputable in every sense of the word, and who was always getting into trouble. Only too ready to take advantage of any opportunity to do him harm, Mr. Bellew's enemies (who, on account of his immense popularity, were jealous of him), often so connived that the misdemeanours of his double should be frequently attributed to him.

Mr. Bellew was an accomplished oarsman, and, when we stayed with him at his house at Maidenhead, he often rowed us up to Windsor. The Thames, I think, has its own peculiar beauty—especially by moonlight—when the phosphorescent light on the water and adjacent meadow lands adds a glamour to the scenery, and makes it, for the time being, in my opinion at least, unequalled.

Whilst we were at Maidenhead, Mr. Bellew was asked to patronise a local entertainment in the form of a play. As we expected, the affair proved an absolute fiasco; the orchestra consisted only of a piano, which was very much out of tune, whilst none of the performers knew their parts, and the heroine, aged at least fifty, was remarkably plain. Mr. Bellew and Edward went to sleep; and seeing that the actors, who were undoubtedly doing their best, looked dejected, I woke the two slumberers, much to their disgust, with my loud applause, and insisted that they should applaud, too. The whole house then followed suit, and the play, if such it could be called, was reported a huge success.

Mr. Bellew married a lady of extremely high Church views, and both eventually became Roman Catholics, in which faith they died.

I remember Clifford Harrison, whose musical entertainments were so deservedly popular, as a boy. His father sang in English opera, and was, perhaps, best known on the stage in his character of *Don César de Bazan*. On Sundays I often saw Mr. Harrison with his two sons, Clifford and his eldest brother, then small boys, going to morning service at Mr. Bellew's church in Hamilton Place. Clifford, who was never very strong, ultimately developed consumption. He spent several winters on the Continent, but gradually grew worse, and eventually died at a comparatively early age.

I knew George Grossmith, too, when we were at Kent Villa. Like most of the entertainers I have met, he is delightful in private life, and an exceptionally clever conversationalist. Since, however, he is now living in Folkestone, I regret to say I see little of him.

George Grossmith, junior, I have only seen on the stage a few times. I thought him extremely funny,

and, indeed, quite inimitable in his favourite part, which is that of a modern dandy.

My recollections of a few of the best known entertainers, past and present, would, I think, be incomplete without a mention of the celebrated tight-rope walker, Blondin, albeit he comes under a different, though no less interesting, category. I often watched Blondin's daring performances at the Crystal Palace, and once when I had just seen him cross the Sydenham grounds, I asked him how it was he never appeared anxious on the rope, even though he was wheeling his wife and child. I have never forgotten his reply. "I think," he said, "I was born without the capability of fear, as other people are born without an ear for music or an eye for art. When I am on the rope, I never by any chance look down; I keep my eyes steadily fixed on my goal and I never remove them till I am there."

CHAPTER XIV

LIFE AT WINDSOR AND MY VISIT TO IRELAND

AFTER eighteen years' residence in Kensington, my husband's declining health made it imperative for us to leave London and live in the country. Accordingly, we transferred our lease of Kent Villa, and bought a house at Windsor. During our residence at Slough, Edward and I had made the acquaintance of so many people in and around Windsor that our move seemed only like going home, and we thoroughly enjoyed renewing our intercourse with old friends and revisiting the scenes of former happy days. Though really needing a rest, Edward was far too energetic to remain idle for any length of time. He recommenced painting, in spite of my protests, almost before we had had time to settle down in our new quarters.

In addition to his usual work for the R.A., he painted several large designs for the Tapestry Works at Old Windsor. These works were under the patronage of the late Duke of Albany, and there is little doubt that had the latter lived, they would have become one of the most flourishing trades in the country. The Duke was the life and soul of the enterprise: it sprang into existence and grew into a prosperous industry under his supervision, and when he died the Tapestry Works died with him. In many respects H.R.H. Prince Leopold was like his father, the Prince Consort; he had the same taste for art, music, and literature, combined with the same shrewd common sense and sound judgment. Whatever he took an interest in succeeded, for failure was to him, as to every other man of the same temperament, simply an unknown

quantity. On one occasion, when I went to the Tapestry Works to meet my husband, I attracted the attention of the Duke, who came across the lawn in the most condescending manner to shake hands.

My dog Sting—who, I regret to say, knew nothing of Court etiquette—was so pleased to see His Highness, that he rushed frantically forward to greet him, and managing in his peculiarly canine fashion to get between the Duke's feet, threw him to the ground.

The Duke, though naturally a little shaken, laughed heartily, and, considering the trial his dignity had but just undergone, I think he treated both Sting and me with the greatest magnanimity. But Sting was by no means a disloyal dog—on the contrary, when the Duke and Duchess of Albany, on their way to St. George's Chapel to be married, drove past the tower, from which I and a party of friends watched the Royal procession, I ordered Sting to salute. Sting, obeyed, and, much to everyone's amusement, a series of most orderly and well regulated barks proved that he quite well understood what was expected from him. After luncheon, I took my friends over to the Tapestry Works to see the Duke and his young bride as they passed by on their way to the station. We had an excellent view of the Royal couple, and, what was better still, a charming bow from each of them. The Duchess, who was then a young and slender girl, looked very pretty, and wore the same winning expression which has always characterised her features and enhanced their beauty. Some years afterwards I had the honour of receiving her daughter, the Princess Alice, as a pupil. But to go back to the Tapestry Works, Mr. Henry, the manager, died only last year, though the buildings over which he once presided had long since been transformed into very pretty houses.

It may be remembered that about the time of the Royal wedding to which I have just alluded, Lady Florence Dixie, who lived in a delightful house called "The Fisheries," situated on the Maidenhead Road, caused a tremendous sensation throughout the country, by allowing a letter to be published in the newspapers, in which it was alleged that, whilst walking in her own grounds, she had been attacked by some strange man, who, after severely maltreating her, had suddenly decamped without inflicting any really vital injury. It was strongly hinted that she was the victim of some political conspiracy, and the police were blamed for not having arrested the culprits. The Queen—who was always desirous to help in any cases of real trouble or difficulty—sent John Brown to examine the spot where the scuffle was reputed to have taken place. Despite his Scotch shrewdness John Brown discovered nothing, but being seized immediately after this investigation with a serious illness, to which he eventually succumbed, the scene of Lady Florence Dixie's adventure might surely be termed a fatal spot. With regard to her costume and her pets, Lady Florence Dixie was most eccentric. A polo cap was her favourite headgear, and amongst her most valued pets was an enormous jaguar, of which everyone (in my opinion not even excepting herself) was terribly afraid. I often saw the fierce-looking creature in proud possession of the lawn—a score or so of pale anxious faces nervously watching its gambols from a considerable distance. It was, I believe, eventually sent to the Zoo.

Sir Beaumont Dixie was at times as eccentric as his wife with regard to dress. I once saw him wearing the complete costume of a harlequin. He was reading on the lawn, and the moment the gong sounded for dinner, in he bounded. Though the sister of Lord

Queensbury, I did not think Lady Florence Dixie bore the slightest resemblance to him.

The house immediately opposite the Fisheries—named “The Hatch”—was inhabited by Sir Henry D——, whom my husband visited regularly every Sunday evening. Much though Edward enjoyed his visits to Sir Henry, the pleasure of them was seriously marred by the prospect of having to return home in the dark. For some peculiar reason, my husband had always conceived a strong aversion to a certain part of the Maidenhead Road, close to Windsor, just where the river makes a decided curve. He did not like walking by that spot in the daytime, but the bare idea of it at night filled him with terror. There was a something in the close proximity of the dark, smoothly flowing mass of water, in the shadows and silence of the adjacent meadows, and in the very soil of the road itself, that suggested all sorts of sinister possibilities to his undoubtedly psychic mind. He at length explained these feelings to Sir Henry, who, ever afterwards, insisted that one of his men should walk home with him. Though I have never heard that any tragedy had been enacted in that particular part of the road prior to this time, two people to my knowledge have been murdered there since. In the one case the body of a man, who had been robbed and killed, was found on the road, and, in the other, the murdered body of a girl was discovered, lying half in half out of the weeds, by the curve of the river. It is, therefore, very evident to me that some evil influence haunted that one spot in the road, and suggested deeds of violence to certain people's minds—hence my husband's unconquerable aversion to it.

Though the life at Windsor was beneficial to my husband in many ways, he did not—I grieve to say—



*E. W. Ward, R.A.
Portrait by G. Richmond, R.A.*

get better, but after a long and painful illness, he eventually died from the effects of Bright's disease in January, 1879. I was urged by Dean Stanley, a much beloved friend of my husband, to arrange for him to be buried at St. Paul's; but knowing it to be Edward's wish that he should be placed by the side of his father in the old Churchyard at Slough, in the vicinity of which he had spent some of the happiest days of his life, I persistently rejected the proposal. The day of our funeral (I have said "our," for, with regard to my life of joy and happiness, it was indeed "our" funeral) was bitterly cold, yet despite the inclemency of the weather, a very large number of our friends came to it. Nearly all the R.A.'s, headed by Sir Frederick Leighton, and accompanied by my father and myself, followed, whilst, to show their regard for Edward, whose geniality had made him a general favourite, all the shop-keepers and householders in Windsor and Eton drew down their blinds. The kindly sympathy of comparative strangers touched me deeply. Students at the Royal Academy, whom I had never seen; porters at the R.A., of whom I had never even heard; shop-walkers and shop-assistants at Marshall and Snelgrove's, whom I had seldom, if ever, noticed; and many others, equally unknown to me, offered spontaneous and appreciative condolence.

Almost entirely owing to the exertions on my behalf of Lord Burnham (to whom I can never be sufficiently grateful) I received the following letter :—

“ 10, DOWNING STREET,

“ WHITEHALL,

“ 15th May, 1879.

“ Madam,

“ I have the pleasure to inform you that the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer on you a pension

of one hundred pounds a year from Her Majesty's Civil List on consideration of the services rendered to art by your late husband.

"I have to request that you will furnish me with your name and address in full, together with the names and addresses of two gentlemen who would be willing to act as your Trustees in the matter.

"I have the honour to be,

"Yours faithfully,

"BEACONSFIELD."

Among the numerous correspondents who wrote apropos of my dear husband's illness and death were his oldest friends, Wilkie Collins, W. P. Frith, R.A., and Tom Taylor. From his residence at 90, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W., Wilkie Collins wrote :—

"14th January, 1879.

"My dear Mrs. Ward,

"I have only this moment heard from Charles that Edward is seriously ill. Your residence in the country and my busy life in London have been obstacles in the way of our meeting for too long a time, but I do not forget the old friends and the old times, and I take this way, rather than take no way, of assuring you of my sympathy and my most earnest hope for better news before long of the health of my old friend. At this time of anxiety, pray don't think of answering my letter. If there is improvement, and if Alice will write me just one line to say so, I shall be rejoiced to receive it.

"With love to you all,

"Yours always truly,

"WILKIE COLLINS."

In a characteristically kind letter Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., from his address 8, Melbury Road, Kensington, said :—

"My dear Mrs. Ward,

"The sad news of your bereavement has overwhelmed us with grief. How useless it is to offer you consolation and sympathy at such an hour : time can alone soften the cruel suffering of to-day. The whole country is mourning the loss of one of the greatest men of the century, but I, in common with many others, have to mourn the loss of the noblest and kindest of friends. Pray believe in our warmest love and sympathy.

"Yours always,

"MARCUS STONE."

It is, I think, superfluous to say now that our married life was ideally happy ; those of my readers who can read between the lines will have already come to that conclusion, and I surely had not written many chapters of this book without alluding in some way or another to my conviction that Edward was ever the most considerate of husbands, and the kindest of men. As an illustration of his never-failing good-heartedness I cannot do better than narrate the following incident. When we were living at Slough a gentleman called one day at the studio. He informed my husband that he was a great admirer of his work, but being very poor could not afford to pay the usual price of one of his pictures. Would Mr. Ward, he said, as a great favour, paint a picture for him and accept a very small sum in payment, adding that, as he was unable to make a living in England, he was about to emigrate to America, where he hoped to make a fortune. My husband at once complied with his request, and the picture, which, later on, the stranger bore away in triumph, was a replica of my husband's large work, "Cimabue and Giotto," which he had painted in Rome and exhibited in the

R.A. Edward never heard from this strange visitor again, but, many years afterwards (long after Edward's death), one of my sons met an elderly gentleman at dinner, who told him he had gone out to America a very poor man, and, on his arrival, had been forced to sell everything he had. Among his most treasured possessions, so he informed my son, was one with which he was most reluctant to part, namely, a picture by E. M. Ward, R.A.; but the picture, he said, fetched a big price, and the money he so gained, proved the nucleus of a very big fortune.

Within a year of my husband's death my father died. He was buried with my mother at Kensal Green; their tomb, which was designed by W. Foley, R.A., is surmounted with a very beautiful figure representing art and music. W. Foley, R.A., and my father, were the greatest friends, and frequently spent the day together. Relative to one of their excursions in the country, Mr. Foley wrote:—

“ My dear Ward,

“The weather is at present so promising that I fully hope we shall to-morrow have the pleasure of spending the day together. I have just seen Toole, and have arranged with him to be at the Great Western Railway Station at eleven a.m. As he will, however, call for you at 10.15 I need say no more, but look to meeting you in time to go on board. With kindest regards and many thanks for the pleasant hours we spent with you on Tuesday morning,

“ I remain,

“Very sincerely yours,

“ W. FOLEY.”

My husband, having a great veneration for the old masters, both Italian and British, repaired Gainsborough's tomb entirely at his own expense.

He was also very anxious to discover Lawrence Sterne's tomb, and making a systematic search for it, found it, after endless trouble, in an old churchyard in the Bayswater Road. It had apparently been covered with moss and overgrown with brambles for many years, for the inscription was barely legible; but both my husband and Dr. Doran, who accompanied him, agreed that the design was in every way suitable for such a man as Sterne.

Anything and everything connected with history appealed to Edward. Whenever we passed Holland House, he would stop to look at the gates which the old Lord Holland had rescued from the Governor's house in the Temple at Paris, during the great Revolution. Though he knew quite well that the gates were not in any way connected with the tragic endings of Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin, Edward loved to make out that they were associated with, if indeed not entirely responsible for, the murders of both those unhappy individuals. I had no objection to this pretence, as a pretence, on the part of my husband, but I certainly did protest when he tried to inveigle me into believing, what he himself knew to be a mere phantasy.

Among our most intimate friends at Windsor were Lord and Lady Otho Fitzgerald, who lived about three miles or so from the town. It was at a ball at their house that I first saw Lady Dudley and Mrs. Langtry. In the interval of the dancing Lady Otho Fitzgerald came up to me and said, "I've two great beauties here, and I want you to see them." She accordingly introduced me. I thought Lady Dudley, with her perfect features and wealth of hair, exquisitely pretty; and Mrs. Langtry's polite manner, as well as the peculiar beauty of her long blue eyes, greatly impressed me.

I also recollect seeing the late Prince Imperial at the Fitzgeralds' house, shortly before the Zulu War. Lady Otho told me that he was the most delightful guest she had ever entertained. He was so sweet-tempered, that he made everyone else happy and contented, and if the weather were wet, or anyone inclined to *ennui*, he always came to the rescue with a quite irresistible suggestion for a dance or games.

At the Otho Fitzgeralds' dinner-parties there was always some striking novelty. I remember at one of these dinners small globes of water, containing gold-fish, placed on the table between every two guests, each globe having attached to it an exquisitely designed trumpet full of rare flowers. In the art of entertaining, Lord and Lady Otho Fitzgerald could hardly be surpassed.

Amongst my present-day friends is the Honble. Mrs. Deane Morgan, who owns a lovely estate in the county of Wexford. During a very happy visit to her, I made many sketches of her beautiful house and grounds. Her son and heir is Lord Muskerry, a most delightful man. Another friend, who frequently visits me at the present time, is Jean Middlemass. Her clever novels of to-day considerably add to the fame she formerly achieved through her poems.

My husband shared my fondness for old china, and amongst the many interesting antiquities that he bought me was a ewer and basin that had once belonged to Sir Godfrey Kneller. We purchased it at the sale of Mrs. Yates, Sir Godfrey's great-niece, in 1851. I have never come across any other specimens of the same ware in England, though I have seen several at the Musée Cluny, in Paris. They are, I believe, highly valued on the Continent.

After my husband's death I so much missed his

advice and companionship that I had little heart to go on with my painting. Consequently, I decided to open an Art Class for ladies. I accordingly took a Studio at 6, William Street, where I began with four students. At that time, mine was the only Art Class of that description in England, and I was so inundated with applications from parents desirous of placing their girls with me that I had to refuse scores. It was no uncommon thing in the morning for me to find the hall crowded with would-be pupils. I received, too, innumerable letters from people who wished to go into partnership with me. Now everything is changed—there are almost more studios than students, and many of the leading painters of the day, who have started classes, have been obliged to give them up. Three years after my husband's death, I moved from Windsor to 3, Chester Houses, Gerald Road, Chester Square, S.W., where I have lived ever since. I had a studio built at the back of the house to which, as soon as it was ready, I transferred my class. Among the many students I have had from time to time, who have been interesting apart from their work, are H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany and Princess Alice of Albany, now the Princess Alexander of Teck, and Lady Randolph Churchill, now Mrs. George Cornwallis West. I gave the Duchess of Albany lessons at her residence, "Claremont," Esher, for two consecutive years, during which she made excellent progress and showed much talent. She very reluctantly gave up art owing to the pressure of public work, which exhausted all her energy. The embodiment of kindness, the Duchess has for many years honoured me with her patronage and help. Amongst other members of the Royal Family, who graciously consented to become patrons of my class, were H.R.H. Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, and the Duchess

of Connaught ; H.R.H. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duchess of Edinburgh ; H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany ; H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, whose secretary wrote to me from the Citadel, Quebec ; and Prince and Princess Christian. The Duchess of Albany's sister, the Queen Regent of Holland, was equally fond of painting and equally clever.

The Princess Alice of Albany came to my studio with her governess regularly once a week (when she lunched with me) for between three and four years. Being both talented and industrious, she was in every respect an exemplary pupil, and, moreover, possessed a quite unusual sweetness of disposition which entirely won my heart. In her correspondence she has always been singularly natural and unaffected. Writing to me, for instance, from Windsor Castle last year, she said :—

“ HENRY III TOWER,
“ WINDSOR CASTLE,
“ 21-10-1909.

“ My dear Mrs. Ward,

“ We should be so pleased if you would lunch with us this next Saturday. There is a train leaving Paddington at 1.3, reaching Windsor at 1.37, which runs on Saturdays.

“ Yours affectionately,
“ ALICE.”

Whilst on the occasion of the death of King Edward VII, she wrote :—

“ My dear Mrs. Ward,

“ It was so very kind of you to think of writing to me on this most terribly sad occasion, and to tell me of that sympathy which I was sure you would feel for us all. Indeed, you too have lost nearly as much

as his family, for surely my dear uncle's death is a national calamity, if there ever was one. With my love and grateful thanks,

"I remain, yours affectionately,
"ALICE."

One day, after luncheon, when I went up to the drawing-room, I found, to my surprise, the Princess Alice and my daughter Enid stretched at full length on the carpet, deeply engrossed in watching the behaviour of a live tortoise, which they had placed close to a sham one, in order to see what notice the living creature would take of its counterfeit brother.

As none of us can remember mentioning this incident to anyone, we were greatly astonished to see, shortly afterwards, in one of the Society papers, an announcement to the effect that my daughter and Princess Alice, who were playmates together, had been discovered lying on the carpet in the attitude I have described—an incident, so the paper stated, which had suggested to Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, R.A., the idea for his picture of the "Lady Feeding the Goldfish"! The Princess Alice, being a big girl, and my daughter grown up, made the announcement that they were playmates simply ludicrous, whilst the picture in question had been painted before the occurrence had taken place, which occurrence, by the by, Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema had never even heard of.

This, I think, is a very fair sample of the numerous fabrications that from time to time appear in the Society papers; and their authorship is, I daresay, equally difficult to trace.

Lady Helen Grosvenor, daughter of Katharine, Duchess of Westminster, became a pupil of mine five years ago, and still comes to my studio for lessons. She is very pretty (in a typically English way), tall

and fair, with a good figure and a very sweet expression. Her favourite dress is of cornflower blue, which is most becoming to her. She is also typically English in her tastes, being fond of dogs and an outdoor life. She lives with her mother in South Street, Park Lane, but spends much of her time with her brother, the present duke.

Mrs. Barclay Sandeman, a friend of mine, who is now a widow, did some very good work at my studio. Victor Horsley was much impressed with her ability, and advised her to send a water-colour picture, entitled "Afghan Trophies," to the R.A.

She did so, and her picture was given the place of honour in the water-colour room of the Royal Academy.

Two of my first pupils, and also great friends of mine, were the Misses Phillimore, daughters of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Phillimore, Bart., and Lady Phillimore, who was a Miss Denison. Miss Phillimore, who has outlived her sister, is extremely clever. Besides having made many beautiful sketches abroad, she has written, amongst other things, a work on Charles the First; and she also edits sermons. I once accompanied her on a continental tour, and at her instigation visited Venice. Miss Phillimore's brother, Sir Walter Phillimore, Judge of the High Court of Justice, is the present baronet.

Lady Randolph Churchill, now Mrs. George Cornwallis West, showed a decided talent for painting, besides being a brilliant musician and a beautiful woman. She brought her father to see my studio, and, on more than one occasion, was accompanied by her son Winston, a delightful little boy in short trousers. It was at her house that I first saw cigarettes handed to a lady, a departure which seemed to me then a matter for wonder, rather, I think, than of annoyance. All our Royal Academician friends

kindly took an interest in my classes, many of them, including Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., offering their services as visiting artists. I still hold my classes, and once a month or so Sir Alma Tadema, R.A., Briton Rivière, R.A., Marcus Stone, R.A., Frank Dicksee, R.A., and Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., come to review and criticize the work of my pupils.

Among my most talented students I once had an Irish girl who, on her return to Ireland, persuaded me to continue my lessons by correspondence. Though I am averse to this method, as a rule, she was so able and painstaking that I made an exception in her case, and the result proved highly satisfactory to us both. Later on, I accepted an invitation to stay with her.

As I had always addressed my letters, which had never gone astray, to A——, Limerick, it never entered my mind to make enquiry as to the town or village in which she lived. Therefore, on arriving at Euston, my astonishment was indeed great to discover that none of the officials there had ever heard of such a place as A——. The porter who looked after my luggage advised me to book to Limerick. "They will be able to tell you there, ma'am," he said, "all about A——. Maybe it is a kind of suburb." So, as there seemed no other alternative, I followed his counsel, and leaving London by the eight o'clock train, arrived at Kingstown at six o'clock in the morning. After my long confinement in the train and boat—the weather being perfect—I thought a walk would "freshen me up," and, consequently, I strolled into the town. The hotels, apparently, had not yet opened, but I at last discovered one where a substantial tip to a waiter procured me a slender breakfast, for which small mercy I was indeed thankful.

On arriving at Westland Road Station, Dublin, to my horror my luggage was nowhere to be found. I explained my loss to a handsome Irish porter, whose beautiful velvety eyes riveted my attention. I told him to write down my name and address, so that, should the box "turn up," he would know where to send it. But to my utter astonishment, at the mention of my name, his excitement knew no bounds. "Ward," he shouted, in a high shrill voice, "and why should I write *THAT*? Is not the name graven on my heart, and could I *EVER* forget *THAT* name? Are they not the dearest friends I have? Are they—" But, thinking the man would never cease eulogising, I cut in at this point, and after extorting a most solemn promise from him to forward my belongings at the very first opportunity, I secured a corner seat in the cleanest compartment I could find. Arriving at Limerick, I was met by a coachman—also typically Irish. Approaching me with an odd mixture of familiarity and respect, he greeted me with a low bow. "Do I not see Mrs. Ward?" he said, adding solemnly as he noted my assent, "Faith; and I was right, for shure I should have known your ladyship anywhere!" After some considerable delay in Limerick owing to the coachman, in spite of my remonstrances, insisting upon a literal carrying out of his order to see that I partook of a substantial breakfast and luncheon at Mrs. So-and-So's, a confectioner, I, at length, reached my destination. My pupil, her mother, aunt and sister were all at the door ready to receive me, and their downright enthusiastic and informal welcome made me absolutely at ease, if not, in every sense of the word, thoroughly at home. The serious uneasiness I had experienced during my journey, owing to the terrible doubt suggested by the railway officials as to the existence

of such a place as A——, failed to elicit any sympathy, although they admitted that I might “just as well” have booked through to Bird Hill, a station on the main line, close to their house. As I had reached my destination in safety, it never entered their happy-go-lucky heads that I might have preferred the direct route to a circuitous one.

However, my six weeks' stay at A—— not only endeared me to the place, but to everybody in it. A certain pleasing unconventionality and freshness about everything was most novel and charming. The scenery was vastly different from anything I had seen elsewhere; the colouring—namely, the blue of the sky and rivers, the green of the trees and bushes, and the purple of the distant hills—far more vivid than in England. The bogs, though hardly, perhaps, paintable, were full of a poetry peculiar to themselves, and, on that account, fascinating enough to the artistic temperament. To my mind, few among the working classes in Ireland could be correctly designated the lower classes. The majority of the peasants, delightfully rustic in appearance, are refined in their behaviour, and almost literate in their speech. I only experienced one instance of discourteous behaviour. I was sketching on a wall one morning, with my pupil by my side, when a cart came thundering along the road. Halting opposite to us, the driver threw down the reins, and jumping out, crossed the road to where I was sitting. In rough, unsteady tones, which plainly showed he was intoxicated, he demanded I should shake hands with him. With as little apparent concern as possible, I explained to him that I could not shake hands, as both of mine were fully occupied—in the one I held my sketch-book, in the other my colour-box. But, unfortunately, this explanation failed to satisfy my

enemy. He grew furious, and calling me a detestable Englishwoman, began to abuse me in the most violent manner. Thoroughly alarmed, I glanced apprehensively at my companion. She was naturally a most courageous girl, and her face, now deadly pale, completely unnerved me. What might have happened had not two or three of the Royal Irish Constabulary driven up at that moment, I dare not even think. Arriving on the scene, probably only in the very nick of time, they saved the situation, and the ruffian, not waiting to parley with them, took to his heels. To our intense relief, springing into his cart, he lashed the horse into a gallop, and was gone like a flash of lightning. Before my return to England, my friends, wishing me to see some picturesque feature in the Irish peasant's life, gave a ball to their servants, and the kitchen and other domestic offices, being cleared and becomingly decorated, proved a most appropriate setting for the festivities. Among the guests, one girl in particular—the recognised belle of the evening—attracted my attention. Though she had no natural elegance, she had acquired an extraordinary quickness in her movements, and her execution of the Irish jig was by far the best performance of that national dance I had ever seen. My hostess, perceiving to what an extent I was fascinated, drew the girl aside, and, taking her into the hall, asked her to repeat the performance for my especial benefit. She agreed, and this time her sister accompanied her on the fiddle. When she had finished her dance and I had thanked her, saying what a great pleasure she had given me, and how interested my English friends would be when I told them all about it, she took my outstretched hand warmly, and, with a smile that gave me the full benefit of two rows of beautiful teeth, retired with her sister to the kitchen. The following evening, on sitting

down to dinner, I found the most beautiful forget-me-nots laid in my place. Wondering who could be the donor, I asked one of the maids, and was told that the girl, who had danced to me on the previous night, had not only spent the whole afternoon but had also risked her life in getting the flowers to compose my bouquet ; this statement being confirmed by my friends, who assured me that the only place where such rare forget-me-nots grew was close to the water's edge in an almost inaccessible spot. Overwhelmed with the thought that I had been the cause of endangerment to life and limb, I was at the same time conscious that the attention was of no ordinary nature, and quite unlike anything I had hitherto experienced. Almost courtly in the delicacy of its conception and inseparably associated with the impulse to self-sacrifice, this action of the peasant girl was to my mind beyond criticism—it was simply and typically Irish.

The sister of my pupil had a dog which was blind from old age. When its mistress was talking to me by the window, she would often touch my elbow, and, on turning round, I would see the poor dog in a remote part of the room sitting on its hind legs begging, quite unconscious of the fact that no one was anywhere near it.

Attached to my friend's house was a large kitchen garden, well stocked with fruit and vegetables. Observing that the gate had been removed, and concluding that it was under repair, I asked if she did not find it necessary to fix up a temporary arrangement to secure privacy. Her reply seemed to me remarkable. The village folk, she said, were too honest to steal fruit, and too well behaved to enter the premises. "No," she continued, "we willingly offer our garden to the wretches whose delight it is to maim animals—hoping thereby to save our pets."

I had been at A—— a week before my box arrived, and, in the meanwhile, my pupil had written to her uncle, who was a director of one of the railways over which I had travelled, to try and discover the cause of the delay. In reply, the director wrote to say that enquiries should be made at once, and that he should feel favoured if I would kindly accept with his compliments the enclosed tooth-brush. In reference to the latter, he begged his niece to explain that, as he frequently travelled himself to England by the same route as that by which I had just come, he was invariably supplied with a large stock!

I went one day with my pupil to visit her uncle and aunt, whose beautiful house on the banks of the Shannon had recently been burned to the ground. They were then living in the stable, which had been converted into a comfortable and commodious dwelling. But being horticulturists, my young friend told me, the loss of their house was of little importance compared with the circumstance that, owing to the disturbed condition of the country, neither of them could venture out of doors, even in their own gardens—which, by the way, contained a large and rare collection of British and foreign shrubs—without the escort of at least two members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who were, practically, obliged to live on the premises. Apropos of this visit, shortly after my return to England, my pupil wrote and told me the following story:—Mr. and Mrs. S. were driving home one evening from the railway station, when Mrs. S. suddenly observed the footman looking anxiously about as if expecting to see someone in the road. Immediately afterwards there was a loud report of a gun. Ordering the carriage to stop at once, Mr. S. cross-questioned both the servants, who stoutly denied hearing any shot and declared it was all fancy on the

part of Mr. and Mrs. S. Thoroughly convinced now that the two men were in league with the Moonlighters, Mr. S. hastened home. On arriving there, he had the horses at once examined. The leg of one of them was bleeding profusely; and, although no bullet could be found, since, no doubt, the coachman had slyly extracted it, it was very obvious the wretched animal had been wounded. A few days later, the coachman was sent into Limerick to sell the horse. He remained there for three days and, on returning home drunk, was promptly given notice to leave. Both he and the footman had been with Mr. and Mrs. S. for years, but, as they had latterly become disaffected and were only too obviously in sympathy with the Land League, Mr. S. was only too glad of an opportunity to get rid of one of them, and sincerely hoped an opportunity would soon be afforded to get rid of the other. The coachman, however, laid the entire blame of his dismissal upon me! stating that had I not put in an appearance at his master's house he would not have been sent to Limerick with the horse, and would not have been intoxicated; consequently he would not have been turned away. "Nothing," my friend added in conclusion, "will ever convince the man that you do not possess the evil eye!"

Another incident, with regard to a servant of my hostess, though in no way connected with my visit, struck me as being very droll. My pupil's aunt, being seriously ill, was taken to a specialist, who declared her case to be hopelessly incurable. On her return, when she certainly looked more like a corpse than a living person, the servant, who opened the carriage door, remarked with an air of absolute sincerity, "And I am pleased to see your ladyship looking so well, for shure, and I never saw you looking better in my life." Next morning, the ladies of the

house took him to task. "Pat," they said, "what did you mean by telling Mrs. S. she looked well, when you could see from her appearance that she is dying?" "Shure, your ladyship," he answered, "Pat could never so forget himself as to tell a lady that she looked dying."

Among the many places I visited during my stay at A—— was G—— S——, the Home of Sir C—— B——. Although modern, the house is the best imitation of the antique that I have seen. Built after the style of a feudal castle, it has a very fine turreted tower, on the top of which are a number of really lifelike figures of armed men. Amongst Sir C—— B——'s most interesting possessions were some marvellously fine pieces of tapestry, for each piece of which he was frequently offered a thousand pounds by dealers, who thought it worth while to go all the way from London to try and induce him to sell it. But Sir C—— would not part with a single fragment of it, and told me that he could never understand that false appreciation of beauty—unfortunately becoming more prevalent every day—which seemed to him to be entirely founded on a love of barter. I noticed many pieces of valuable antique silver which Sir C——, in answer to a remark I made, laughingly informed me had never been locked up. "No," he said, "if we ever indulge a fear, it will be of ghosts rather than of robbers," and, indicating a spot in his grounds marked by a lonely clump of trees, he assured me he had thrice seen there the luminous figure of a man on a white horse.

Mr. E., another friend of the S.'s, and a retired officer in the Navy, had also experienced a ghostly phenomenon, of which he gave me the following account:—"During one of my voyages," he began, "I happened to be on duty one night alone on the upper deck.

The weather being perfect, the sea was absolutely smooth, and, in the strong moonlight, every object on deck was rendered plainly visible. It must have been towards the end of the first watch when something close at hand attracted my attention, and on my approaching the companion hatch to see what it was, the figure of a woman with a child in her arms glided swiftly past me. I turned round and saw no one. Much mystified, I remained on deck till midnight, when I mentioned the matter to the man who relieved me. My successor was greatly perturbed, and begged me to say nothing about it to the Captain. Next morning, however, the Captain sent for me. "What's this I hear, E—?" he exclaimed. "Mr. — says you saw a strange lady on deck last night with a child in her arms. Is this so?" I told him it was. The Captain was visibly affected. "What I am going to tell you," he, at length, said, "is a solemn fact. On our last voyage out we had a lady and child in one of our cabins. One night, about the end of the first watch, on the plea of getting a little fresh air, the lady came on deck with the infant in her arms and jumped overboard with it. We spent several hours trying to find the bodies, but we could never discover any trace of them."

After my visit to G—— S——, my sojourn at A—— rapidly drew to a close, and I realised more and more how deeply enamoured I had become of Ireland. Although it is many years now since I was there, I can truly say I am as fond of it as ever.

CHAPTER XV

MY CHILDREN AND MY ALBUMS

MY children, eight in number, nearly all grew up at Kent Villa. Alice, my eldest child, who evinced no great taste for art, married a Mr. Grimble. My second child was my son, Leslie, christened after the Royal Academician, C. R. Leslie. The latter came to the accustomed luncheon, and also to a ball we gave in the evening, when I, as a young mother, allowed Leslie to be awakened from his sleep and brought downstairs so that he could be caressed and admired between the dances. For this I deserved, of course, to have been well punished. Wilkie Collins, who had previously been dining out, and was, therefore, a trifle misty in his ideas, arrived during one of the intervals. Wending his way very carefully through the dancers, Wilkie went straight up to Leslie, who was crying at the top of his voice, and shaking his finger very solemnly in the child's face, remarked, "You bad boy! You ought to be downright ashamed of yourself for getting drunk on such an occasion as this." This speech, delivered in grim earnest, convulsed us all with laughter.

Leslie drew caricatures almost as soon as he was born, and on my happening to comment on it, some years later, in his presence, he exclaimed in very injured tones, "Why, mother, what could a child at that age do except caricature?" I remember one Sunday, Leslie, being told he must only draw Scriptural pictures, horrified us beyond measure by displaying with great glee some well-executed and—may I be forgiven—highly amusing, Biblical cartoons!

As I have already stated, my husband was devoted to his children, and it was in a great measure due to his enjoyment of their company that he had them to pose in his work. The girls did not mind being models, but the boys—especially Leslie—found posing for any length of time extremely irksome. It would often happen when Leslie went to his father's studio to ask leave to go out with a schoolfellow, that Edward, after granting permission, would say (just as the delighted Leslie was preparing to be off): "Just a minute, Leslie, I want you to stand to me—only for a minute. No, not like that! No, no! that will not do. Yes, that is it! I will not keep you long, only just a moment," and Leslie, who was undergoing tortures in his anxiety to join his friend, would probably have to pose for at least an hour. Like all enthusiasts, my husband—when at work—had no idea of time; and, when Leslie complained, would invariably reply in the most injured tone: "You wicked boy, to say I have kept you long, you've been here a minute, exactly a minute." However, Leslie in the end was always compensated, and would tear off to join his friend with a bright new sixpence in his pocket.

Although my husband was so fond of having the children to sit to him, he would not have them in his studio for any other purpose whilst he was at work, as he found it most essential to be quiet. With me it was otherwise. I never minded how many of them were romping around me on the floor, and so accustomed was I to their visits, that on one occasion, hearing someone at the door, and thinking it was Leslie, I cried out, "Come in, you darling—come in!" But judge of my horror, when, instead of my boy, the frame-maker entered, looking extremely disconcerted and ludicrously uncomfortable.

My father's coming to the house was greatly looked forward to by the children, as he invariably brought with him a box of the most delicious bonbons. On Sunday he generally dined with us, and as the walk to and from the church, together with the lengthy service, made us all ravenously hungry, we were tantalised, almost to desperation, by my father's interminable grace. Though we stood in our places with heads reverently bent, I fear our hearts and eyes were fixed on the food! He was the very essence of kind-heartedness, and in the children's holidays used to take them to the theatre, treating them to dinner afterwards and allowing them to choose whatever they liked best, which in Leslie's case was roast heart and fig pudding. In his old age my father was no less spruce and dapper than in his youth. He wore a well-fitting cut-away coat with swallow tails and tight trousers, everything, in fact, in strict accordance with the fashion. Unlike my husband, whom the very sight of a cigar made almost sick, he was a great smoker, and kept his cigars till they were in a perfect condition, indeed his Manilla cheroots were quite famous. He was a member of the Calcho Graphic Society of Engravers, who used to meet in each other's houses so many times a year, and celebrate the occasion with a supper. My father took a keen interest in these suppers, and whenever it was his turn to give one, he made sure everything was very nice, particularly the cheese, for the curing of which he had a peculiar and highly successful recipe. But I fear I have exceeded the limit of digression, and actually made the virtues of my children seem of little importance compared with the vices of their grandfather.

When Leslie was sixteen, he attempted a bust of his brother Wriothlesley. The bust being clay, however,

collapsed like a pudding, and it was not until he had made several efforts that he eventually succeeded and got the work accepted by the Royal Academy. He was now most anxious to be a painter, but his father, knowing only too well the precariousness of that profession, articted him to Sydney Smirke, R.A., the architect. When the latter resigned we placed Leslie, who had made good progress under Smirke, with Sir Edward Barry, R.A. As Barry was also going to retire, it was really very good of him to take my boy, and he probably would not have done so had he not been impressed with the specimens he saw of Leslie's work. Yet he showed his approbation in rather a peculiar manner. "I don't want any of that pretty stuff here," he said, addressing his prospective pupil. "If you come to me, I shall put you at a desk with a T-square and compass." Then watching Leslie out of the corners of his eyes, and perceiving that he did not at all relish the idea, he added: "The best thing you can do is to go home and tell your father that if I were he, I would let you follow your own bent."

But Leslie, although Edward and I knew it must have cost him a tremendous effort, living as he did in the very atmosphere of the world he loved, stuck to the architecture, and, in due course of time, became a probation student at the Royal Academy Schools, where he received much kindness from Professor Phené Spiers.

It was Millais who, in 1873, helped Leslie to get on to the staff of *Vanity Fair*, where he remained for thirty-seven years, and obtained the now famous sobriquet of "Spy." He is now on *The World*.

When Millais was painting "Cherry Ripe," he remarked to my boy, who was then a student at the Royal Academy, "I think I've found out the secret

of how Reynolds painted his children, but there's something still wrong with this—do not hesitate to tell me what it is.”

Leslie, who had seen at a glance what was amiss, told him, whereupon Millais said, “Capital! that's the very point I was doubtful upon. I wanted you to criticize because you have a good eye, and I know you always say what you think.” Millais was a tremendous favourite with our children, and used to come regularly to their parties, when he always danced with Beatrice.

Charles Landseer, another regular guest at our children's parties, amused them all by dyeing his head instead of his hair, and Old Tom's exaggerated manner of saying, “Yes, yes! very pleased to make your acquaintance—most honoured I assure you!” also took their fancy.

Of Herbert, too, the Royal Academician, they saw a good deal, and he quite won my boy Leslie's heart by telling him that he thought his father made a great mistake in not letting him be an artist. Herbert spoke very disjointedly, and a wit, seeing him fall down on the sands at Boulogne, remarked that he “fell and broke his English.”

Frith was everybody's favourite, and the children simply adored him. He gave Leslie his first commission, which was to paint a picture, enlarging from a small sketch. Being accustomed to draw by scale, Leslie's first attempts were failures, but in the end he succeeded, and was rewarded by a substantial cheque, which, in his exuberance of spirits and excitement, he promptly burned. Thinking that the money was irretrievably lost, he went in great perturbation to tell Frith, who, putting on a very solemn face, administered a severe lecture, and then with a waggish smile handed him another cheque. Frith

was an inveterate smoker. He could certainly diagnose a good cigar, and was most lavish, even with the best. I have no doubt Leslie enjoyed many a smoke in his studio, a privilege he was firmly denied at home.

My husband only tried to smoke once. He was suffering from nerves at the time, and the doctor had recommended smoking as a most likely antidote. A few puffs of a cigarette, however, and Edward never smoked again. He was, moreover, so bitterly prejudiced against the habit that he would never under any circumstances allow his sons to indulge in it till they were fully grown up. In consequence of this prejudice, poor Leslie had rather a trying experience at Knebworth. Dinner over, Lord Lytton handed him a cigar, and my boy, delighted to have got the chance, was triumphantly conveying it to his lips when his father peremptorily bade him put it down. My second son learned to smoke in Germany, and there the habit grew on him to such an extent that on returning to England he declared he could not give it up. At first, my husband was very angry; but eventually recognising that the practice, however much he disliked it himself, was after all a matter of taste, with regard to which he could not reasonably expect to coerce other people's views, he allowed both Wriothesley and Leslie to smoke when and where they pleased.

My second daughter, Eva, who was always fond of painting, received a regular Art training and exhibited several works in the Royal Academy. She had two hung in 1875, namely, "The Bouquet Stall," at which a young lady in a buff dress and black velvet jacket is arranging flowers in a vase, and "Absent," which depicts a girl in the comfortable fashion of the French Revolutionary period, gazing at a

miniature portrait she holds in her hand. She designed, too, at times, for the Pottery Works in Staffordshire, and often posed as the "principal" in pictures, sitting both to her father and to me. Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., wanted to paint a portrait of her, and Edwin Long, R.A., actually commenced one, but abruptly left off, declaring that he did not feel himself capable of doing her justice.

She married Mr. Rice Lyster, of Liverpool, and has handed down her love of art to her eldest girl, Ina.

My third daughter, Flora, also painted both in oils and water-colours, and exhibited several times in the Royal Academy.

My son, Wriothesley, so-called after his godfather, Lord Wriothesley Russell, who was a brother of Lord John Russell, and at one time Chaplain to Queen Victoria, never cared for art. After leaving Eton he went on the Stock Exchange, and later on, whilst on a tour in California, met a charming Spanish girl, whom he married. Subsequently, when travelling with her across California, after a visit to her parents, he fell from the train and was killed.

Beatrice and Enid, my two youngest girls, are alike artistic, musical, and fond of acting. Beatrice, besides having painted a large number of miniatures, has done much black-and-white work. She was two years at the training school of the Royal College of Music, and four years at the Royal College of Music; she specialised on the violin, and has played at many concerts. Enid, my youngest daughter, has achieved some success in animal painting, one of her best works being a portrait in oils of a dog, which she painted for Katharine, Duchess of Westminster, who gave the dog to her daughter, Lady Helen Grosvenor. She studied music with Signor Albanesi and Professor Danreuther, who has taken a great interest in her.

Stanhope, my youngest son, being fond of adventure, after he left Eton, migrated to South Africa, where he joined the Rhodesian Horse under Sir John Willoughby, and later on, the Mounted Police. He had only just recovered from a wound he had received in a skirmish with the natives, when he fell a victim, for the third time, to enteric and died.

Although my house in Gerald Road is only two doors off a Police Station, it has been twice robbed during my tenancy. I have already referred to the first case of robbery, in which the boy, Phillips, was employed by a gang of professionals; the second case occurred about eleven years later. I had at that time in my service a young Swiss servant of the name of Fritz, who was remarkable for his extreme affability and apparent frankness. He was a general favourite in the house, and especially with our gentlemen visitors, who liked to converse with him in French. He had come to me with the most excellent character for sobriety and honesty from his former employers in London, of whom one was a well-known lawyer in the Temple, and the other a gentleman of independent means. As I was going out one morning to execute some work I had in hand, Fritz brought my wraps to the carriage, and after waiting upon me with rather more than his usual politeness, drew my attention to his new clothes, which, he told me, fitted him extremely well. They certainly became him, and he looked remarkably nice. When I returned in the evening, I entered my house unattended, and, on my enquiring as to what had become of Fritz, I was informed that he had been out all day. My suspicions being then aroused, I rushed frantically to my bedroom, where I soon discovered my worst fears had been realised. But not content with stealing all my jewellery, Fritz had denuded the drawing-room of

every piece of silver it contained, taking with him among other treasures, some snuff-boxes, caddy spoons, and trinkets, that, having formerly belonged to my parents and grandparents, were, to me, priceless. He stole in all over eight hundred pounds' worth of my property.

Finding out from the other servants that he had left for Paris by the eleven o'clock train in the morning, I hoped the police with this clue would soon be able to track him, and, in order to assist them in identifying the culprit, Leslie and one of my daughters between them drew an admirable likeness of Fritz, which they took round to the Police Station. The moment the officer in charge saw it, he exclaimed, "Why, that man used to come in here every evening!"

What business Fritz had at the Police Station every evening, and what business the police had to encourage him are, I suppose, other questions. But in spite of the fact that the police knew him so well by sight, they never caught him, and I did not recover a single article of my stolen property.

I once nearly lost my life when out driving. My husband and I were staying at the time with some friends who lived near Preston, and during Edward's temporary absence in Town (to assist in hanging the pictures of that year) my host drove me into Preston to see some old carved oak, of which I am particularly fond. The vehicle only held three. My host and I sat in front, whilst a groom occupied the seat in our rear. Under ordinary circumstances our animal, which was a new Irish mare, was quiet and steady, but the carriage brushing against her hock as we descended a very steep hill, she took fright and bolted. I looked at my host; despite the ruddiness of his complexion he was ghastly pale, whilst, to make matters worse, at that very moment the reins snapped. There

was now nothing to check the mad career of the frantic beast, and the broken ends of the reins, flapping against her head and neck, only added to her fright. We were nearing the town when some ladies on the footpath shook their parasols at us. This was the climax ; I gave myself up for lost, and as we were now dashing along with terrific speed towards a turn-pike gate, we must have been literally smashed to pieces had it not been for the intelligence and heroism of our groom. Though I implored him to desist, the intrepid fellow, carefully feeling his way, clambered over the seat on to the animal's back, and managed, after one or two futile efforts, to catch hold of one end of the broken reins.

He was clutching at the other, when the trap gave a great lurch. I turned away my head, thinking he must be dislodged and trampled to death under our very eyes. By a merciful Providence, however, he succeeded in holding on, and having at last obtained possession of the other rein, he quickly got control of the mare, bringing her to an abrupt halt within a few yards of the fatal barrier. Neither my host nor myself was any the worse for the adventure, but our rescuer was lifted from his precarious position in a dead faint. We took him to the house of the nearest doctor, who, only with the greatest difficulty, succeeded in bringing him round.

To return, however, to people I knew, the late Lady Ashburton, about whom I cannot speak in too eulogistic terms, was the best and kindest of friends. Of all the people I have ever met, she was the most religious in the truest sense of the word, and it had always been a matter of thankfulness to me that I was privileged to see so much of her. As I visited her frequently, and had to start very early in the morning, since she lived some little distance away,

I must confess I found her meals somewhat trying. For instance, she had no fixed times for them, and often, if it happened to be summer, I had not recovered from the effects of a hot journey before I was called upon—probably between eleven and twelve o'clock in the day—to swallow a heavy lunch, whilst at eleven o'clock at night, when I ought to have been at home and in bed, she would insist upon my eating a tremendous dinner. But no matter how early or how late we dined, I was never allowed to return without someone in attendance. She had the mind of a clever, up-to-date man, the soul of an "old-school" divine, and the heart only of a tender woman.

I once had a very uncomfortable, though somewhat ludicrous experience, when copying that splendid portrait, at Kent House, of Lady Ashburton's mother, the Honble. Flora Mackenzie. The picture being very large, I was obliged to do my work on a throne, many feet high, which could only be mounted by the aid of steps. My daughter, Enid, came with me one day, but having to go to a reception, left me early in the afternoon. I went on working till about 7.30, when the light waned, and I began to think of home and dinner. I tidied up, and being then ready to descend, looked round for the steps. To my horror, they were at the other end of the enormous drawing-room. Whatever should I do? I could not jump so great a height, and considering the size of the house, which was empty save for two or three servants who had been left in it as caretakers, it was quite useless even to think of making myself heard. Besides, the servants did not come to this room at all, as they depended on me to pull down the blinds. Eight o'clock, then nine o'clock came, and as it was now quite dark I was giving way to total despair, when the butler

opened the door. He had just returned from his evening walk, and, surprised at seeing the blinds not drawn, had come to shut up the room. "Why, ma'am, did you not ring?" he said, as he wheeled the steps to the side of my throne—forgetting that I should have to descend to earth before I could even do that. How thankful I was to sleep on a comfortable bed that night instead of the hard floor as I had anticipated, no one knows, and in the joy of my deliverance I even forgot to scold Enid, who had pulled away the steps to enable her to examine a picture at the other end of the room, and had forgotten to wheel them back.

Another woman whom I greatly admired, though her type differed from that of Lady Ashburton, was the first wife of the late Duke of Westminster. One of the most beautiful women of her day, she was also one of the best; her character was absolutely blameless. The Duke's second wife, Katharine, the present Dowager Duchess, who is a daughter of Lord Chesham, is also celebrated for her beauty, and is, in addition, highly accomplished and charming in every respect. To carry on the tradition, the present Duchess (Constance, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis West) is just as lovely and talented as her predecessors, and she is, moreover, a distinguished amateur in Art and Literature as well as in acting.

My husband was frequently in correspondence with the late Duke of Westminster, who took a great interest in all Art. Apropos of Edward's designs for the Tapestry Works at Windsor, the Duke wrote to him as follows:—

"GROSVENOR HOUSE,
"LONDON, W.

"My dear Ward,

"One line, *en route* to Eaton, to express my regret at having missed you. Messrs. Macaire showed us

over the works and your beautiful design. I hope they will teach our Englishmen to take up the work which is, I presume, or should be, our object.

"Yours sincerely,

"WESTMINSTER."

Among my father's letters is one which was given him by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. It was written to Sir Thomas by the Earl of Salisbury, and is, in fact, a Royal Command for him to send two of his pictures to the Earl of Elgin. The document reads :—

"These are to request you to procure and deliver unto the Earl of Elgin, His Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Porte, Their Majesties' pictures at whole length, to be set up under the State as hath been usual on such like occasions and for so doing this shall be your warrant, given under my hand this eighteenth day of April, 1799, in the thirty-ninth year of His Majesty's reign.

"SALISBURY."

"To THOMAS LAWRENCE, Esq.,

"Principal Painter in ordinary to His Majesty."

Another of my father's letters, relative to his miniature work, is interesting inasmuch as it is from Lord Hardinge, who was at that time a personage of great public note. His Lordship, who omits both address and date, writes :—

"Sir,

"I ——. As to the general tone of the miniature, I consider it much improved by the lilac and yellow having been subdued, and I am persuaded the reputation of the picture will be augmented by keeping any bright colours—such as purple and yellow—rather under than above the force employed in the original ;

the latter having to be seen for general effect at a distance, whilst the copy is to combine close inspection with general effect.

"W. F. Egerton thought his copy (exclusive of the colour being too florid) had been worked up with too much gum, which at candle light was prejudicial to the effect. I propose to call upon you to-morrow afternoon at 3 or 4 o'clock.

"Yours very sincerely,

"HARDINGE.

"G. R. WARD, Esq."

Another of the old school of statesmen, who was deeply interested in art, was Lord Stansfield. On his election to a membership of a famous Art Institution, he acknowledged his thanks to W. Chalon, A.R.A., thus :—

"14, BUCKINGHAM STREET,

"ADELPHI,

"*Thursday, March 4th, 1849.*

"Dear Sir,

"I beg you will receive and express my acknowledgments to the gentlemen of the Society for their kindness in electing me a member of their Institution, although I am afraid I have rather thrust myself upon your company through the good opinion of our worthy friend, Robson, but as a stranger I feel the more obliged.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"STANSFIELD."

Sir Robert Peel, though it may not be generally known, was also a patron of the Arts, and on my father writing to ask permission to dedicate his engraving of Sir W. Follett to him, Sir Robert Peel replied :—

“ WHITEHALL,
“ *July 9th*, 1842.

“Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to Mr. Ward, and has great pleasure in acceding to the request made in Mr. Ward's note, that he dedicate to Sir Robert Peel his engraving of Sir William Follett.

“ G. R. WARD, Esq.”

I quote these letters merely to show that, however occupied in politics the old school of statesmen were, they yet had time to take an interest in and show their appreciation of art.

Among my mother's letters is one written to her apropos of her marriage, by Lady Southampton. It runs thus :—

“ QUORN, NEAR LOUGHBOROUGH,
“ *Wednesday*.

“My dear Miss Webb,

“I was sincerely glad to learn from your letter this morning that you had *wound up your affairs* finally and are to be married to Mr. Ward. I am sure, setting aside your amiable qualities, your prudential motives must make you a fortune to anyone who has to make their way in the world by their own exertions, as you have every resource yourself to assist him. I trust a most happy marriage may be your lot.

I am sure that Lord Southampton will be always interested in Mr. Ward, and you may depend upon my not forgetting to serve him whenever there is an opportunity. Pray give my kind love to Mrs. G. and

“Believe me, dear Miss Webb,

“Yours ever truly,

“K. SOUTHAMPTON.”

Among my own numerous letters, I find several from Lord Ronald Levison Gower, youngest son of the late Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Lord Ronald Gower was a friend of my husband, with whom he had one great interest in common, namely Marie Antoinette. As a sculptor, Lord Ronald has given ample proofs of his ability in his beautiful work, representing Marie Antoinette on her way to execution, whilst as an author he is equally talented, his essays on art being generally acknowledged most thorough as well as entertaining. His mother, the late Duchess of Sutherland, was a truly lovely woman, as may be gathered from her portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

I much regret the fact that I have little opportunity of seeing Lord Ronald now, as he lives so much abroad. His letters to me may give my readers some idea of his kindly and courteous spirit. In one of them, addressed from Windsor, he says :—

“Forgive me, my dear Mrs. Ward, for not answering your questions sooner, but I have only this moment returned from Cambridge. The flower painter’s name is M., and his address is——. I am off for a bit to S., but I shall hope to see you on my return.

“Very sincerely yours,
“RONALD GOWER.”

In another he writes :—

“My dear Mrs. Ward,

“I send the half-dozen numbers of my addresses which I promised you, also a strange document which may amuse you. Don’t trouble to return it or the photos.

“What sad folly poor B——’s is !

“Very sincerely yours,
“RONALD GOWER.”

Apropos of the publication of his *Reminiscences*, Lord Ronald Gower wrote :—

“Many thanks, my dear Mrs. Ward, for your kind letters. I am only too glad to know that what I have said in my *Reminiscences* about you and your husband has given you any satisfaction. I am just starting for Germany, so am unable to call on you.

“Believe me,

“Sincerely yours,

“RONALD GOWER.”

I have already alluded to Chalon's portrait of Queen Victoria. Another excellent likeness of the Queen is the replica in water-colour painted by Lady Abercrombie, which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. Lady Abercrombie took every advantage her position at Court, in close attendance on Her Majesty, afforded her. She endowed the portrait with the most natural expression of the Queen—an expression anyone less acquainted with Her Majesty could not possibly have rendered. The portrait is a most lifelike representation of the Queen as I often saw her.

As I have in my house a number of pictures and souvenirs associated with many of the people I have mentioned in these chapters, I think a brief description of them may be of interest.

In my dining-room downstairs is the carved oak door presented to my husband and myself by the late Lord Lytton. When Lady Bulwer came into possession at Knebworth, she had the oldest part of the building—the Gothic wing—pulled down, since the house, she said, as it then stood, was too large for her. Among the various articles taken from this wing before its demolition, and stowed away in the lumber room, were the two oak doors, which, in after

years, Lord Lytton gave to us. The one, unaltered from the original, is now the door leading to my dining-room, whilst the other, converted into a bookcase in accordance with the joint design of Lord Lytton and my husband, occupies a position of close proximity in the same room. A mirror set in a frame of carved black oak hangs over my chimney-piece opposite Lord Lytton's door. The design, which is an allegorical representation of Night and Morning—Night, a skull, and Morning, a child adorned with roses—was much admired by the late Prince Consort. By the way, the Grinling Gibbons room, at Windsor Castle, contains many of the Prince Consort's carvings, all of which show exquisite design and workmanship. In speaking of carving, perhaps I may be pardoned for a mention of my oak chairs, which are all very old, and a constant source of delight to me. I am never tired of wondering what the generations of people were like who have sat in them. Four of them were once, I believe, in the Palace at Whitehall, during the reign of Charles II, whilst the others were, I imagine, hardly new in the reign of Henry VIII.

The pictures that I specially value, and which bring back to my mind reminiscences of all the happiest days in my life, are the portraits of my husband, my father, and my grandfather.

The portrait of my husband, which he painted himself when eighteen years of age, was given to Horace Smith, and left to me on the death of Mrs. Horace Smith. The portrait of my grandfather, James Ward, R.A., which he, too, painted himself, is an excellent likeness, and was given to me as a birthday present. The portrait of my father as a young man, though not his own work, was, so I was always told, very true to life. It is a fine face with clean cut features, curly hair, and dark grey eyes—

the face of an artist and a beau! I have another portrait of my father, also very dear to me, representing him as an old man with grey hair, still wavy, and a long grey beard.

Among my most treasured pictures of animals are a portrait of Dash, my grandfather's brown-and-white spaniel, and a portrait of my guinea-pig, both pictures having been painted by James Ward, R.A., and given to me on my birthdays.

In connection with the two portraits of my daughter's toy spaniel, "The Primrose Dame," I have a rather amusing recollection. The Primrose Dame would often feign illness when I was painting her and oblige me to stop. She was naturally delicate, and knowing how devoted my daughter was to her, and how angry she would be if her pet were "put upon," at the first sign of illness, I always took the animal into the house, where I had the satisfaction of seeing her immediately recover! From this circumstance I am bound to infer that dogs (though I love them so much) are not only possessed of intelligence, but also of much low cunning.

Some years ago, I painted a portrait of my dining-room, introducing into the picture my Manx cat. She is crouching on a chair preparing to spring on the table, on which stands a very tempting lobster. A servant is coming in at the door with a tray in her hand, whilst near the window, looking out into the garden, is a lady absorbed in embroidery. The picture would have been sold had I not refused to part with it at the last minute, feeling that it would be a sacrilege to sell the likeness of anything I liked so much as my little room.

In my drawing-room upstairs, one of my most prized and interesting articles is a model of the Duchess of Albany's beautiful hand, which was cast especially

for me by Mr. Williamson, "the Royal sculptor," of Esher. The hand is peculiar on account of the length and tapering formation of the fingers—a sign of an extremely artistic temperament—and the filbert shape of the nails. In the centre of the room is a cabinet that once belonged to Lady Blessington, and which contains several of the most subtly-fashioned secret drawers ; and close to it is a model of the hand of Jenny Lind's first baby, cast by Mr. Durham, R.A., and given to me by that sculptor.

On the walls of my drawing-room hang many pictures with a history, one of the most interesting being a portrait of the late King at the age of fourteen ; which was a study for a picture my husband was commissioned to paint by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. The young Prince, with his long hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and benign expression, makes a very pleasing picture ; and one cannot but feel when looking at him thus, how well and faithfully he realised all the expectations the portrait promises.

A sketch I made, on the Royal Terrace of Windsor Castle, of the Princess Royal has interested many people. The Princess was then, of course, quite a girl, and the day being windy she was obliged to walk with her head slightly bent, whilst her cloak and the streamers of her bonnet were buffeted about behind her. I think her style of dress denotes an artistic temperament.

Another sketch of mine represents the Princess Beatrice at the age of ten months, having an uproarious and no doubt highly elevating game with her rattle. The latter I find one of my most attractive mementos.

Amongst my most prized photographs are those of Queen Victoria and Prince Consort, which our late beloved Queen gave me. Another photograph of

interest is that given me by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany. It represents her with her two children, the Princess Alice and Prince Charles Edward. The Duchess has written her own name on it and also the names of her two children.

The Princess Alice was the dearest little girl imaginable—a veritable fairy princess, with long fair hair, bright eyes, and the sweetest of expressions. She was amiability itself, and absolutely incapable of a cross or unkind word. I have another photograph of her as a child which was also given me by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, and a drawing of her when she was about three weeks old, which I did at Claremont. In the October number of the *Strand Magazine* for 1898 is a photograph, taken by special permission of the Duchess of Albany, representing the Princess Alice at work in my studio. As I have already said, she was a most intelligent and capable pupil, and evinced a decided talent for portrait-painting. When she first came to my studio as a child, on seeing the engravings of my pictures, "God Save the Queen" and "Elizabeth Fry," she exclaimed in tones of surprise, "Why, we have those in our nursery at Osborne!" She was delighted and so was I. To complete the category of my photographs, not the least treasured amongst them is that of the Princess May, the pretty little daughter of my old pupil, Princess Alice, who is now the Princess Alexander of Teck.

The nine small portraits of my children, which were so admired by Queen Victoria, that, after seeing them, she commanded me to paint the Princess Beatrice, are also here. I have always been told they are true likenesses, and that they make very pretty groups. I painted Flora on horseback—on rocking horseback—the effect being both novel and pleasing.

Amongst other portraits in my drawing-room are



Bishop John Ward
Drawing by G. Richmond, R.A.

the following :—Mrs. Jackson, daughter of my grandfather, James Ward, R.A., drawn in pencil by her husband, John Jackson, R.A.; a very fine portrait of my husband, by George Richmond, R.A.; a copy of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, by my father; a pastel of Mr. Gent, by William Ward, A.R.A.; and a portrait of the Princess Mathilde, which she herself gave to my husband before we left France.

My pictures of a more personal nature which may, at the same time, have a general interest, are portraits of Stanhope and Enid, painted and presented by me to my husband on his birthday; a study of a head and shoulders, and a miniature by my daughter Beatrice; a print of my picture, "God Save the Queen," in which I painted myself at the piano with Leslie, Eva, and Alice singing by my side; a miniature of myself at the age of five, painted by my mother and exhibited in the R.A., and a coloured drawing of me at the age of fifteen. A very good portrait of myself painted by my husband when I was about twenty-five hangs outside my drawing-room door. It is entitled "The Last Rose of Summer," and was exhibited in the Academy. It represents me in a fancy hat with my hair in ringlets and a very fresh complexion, which I certainly had at that time.

Close to this picture is another portrait of me in evening dress, painted by W. P. Frith, R.A., but I do not think it is quite so good, as it gives me an expression of intense thoughtfulness, an expression I seldom wore, or I fear, had any right to wear.

A number of portraits of Wriothsesley, my second son, who was an undoubtedly handsome boy, occupy a space to themselves. One of these portraits represents him when a fortnight old, and was drawn by me; another, depicting him when a little older, was painted

by his brother Leslie, whilst a third, showing him seated in a perambulator with one of his sisters, I also painted.

In the hall, near the front door, hangs my picture of the mother duck instructing her young ones in the art of swimming, and, whenever I look at this painting, I am ashamed to say, I think of nothing but dinner!

I have a number of pictures stowed away in portfolios, and a large number of sketches inserted in albums. Amongst the former I have several black-and-white drawings signed J. E. Millais. These sketches are interesting inasmuch as they reveal Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., in a strain quite unknown to—and possibly, quite unsuspected by—the public. In one set of three—entitled respectively “The Introduction,” “Flirtation,” and “Jealousy”—we have a young man in evening dress being introduced at a dance by his host to an extremely captivating girl dressed à la early Victorian, that is to say, in a crinoline, and with her hair parted down the centre and looped on either side of her forehead. Near the couple are several other girls looking anything but pleased. In the next picture, the young man is sitting on a seat with the girl and making the most of his opportunities, whilst in the third and last, he is seen going off arm in arm with his partner, much to the chagrin of three or four other young ladies, who dart envious glances at the favoured one. The figures are drawn in with all Millais’ characteristic boldness, and his expressions are simply inimitable. His other sketches of a miscellaneous nature are :—A horse race, in which the attitudes of the jockeys, as they half stand and half sit in their stirrups, whilst their steeds are tearing along, are so absolutely lifelike that one feels on looking at them transported to the spot; a scene at the Zoological Gardens, where a little girl is gazing in

awe and astonishment at a lion, which returns her stare with a look of the greatest disdain ; four couples dancing, the attitudes being individually excellent ; several tragic actors, in true heavy tragedian pose ; and three undergraduates at a ball, with bushy side whiskers and very inane expressions, dressed in the height of fashion, and lolling about in lackadaisical attitudes. Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., and Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., once collaborated in painting a picture of Effie Millais on horseback. The result, as may be imagined, was unique. Three of Millais' daughters married : Effie became Mrs. James ; Carrie, Mrs. Stuart Wortley ; and Sophie married an officer in the Guards. They are all—Effie, Carrie, Sophie, and Mary—extremely good-looking, and Carrie is a clever musician.

One of my husband's albums contains a number of his own sketches and those of his fellow R.A.'s. There is a portrait of Fechter, as *Hamlet*, drawn by Edward, July 24th, 1861. The sketch, which is said to be a very good likeness, depicts Fechter with a short, broad face, long hair, and pointed beard. Next, there is a print from the painting of Washington Irving, by C. R. Leslie, R.A. It represents the famous author—just as I remember him—with a clever, boyish face, full of satire ; the nose inclined to be long, the hair curly and the eyes gleaming with suppressed fun. He is dressed in the long-tail coat of the period, with a high linen collar and large tie, and low waistcoat. My husband knew him intimately, meeting him for the first time, I believe, at the house of C. R. Leslie. Some pages further on is a photo of Décamps, the celebrated French painter. It was given to my husband by Décamps, and bears the latter's autograph. Décamps was typically French in appearance, though not altogether so in disposition

as he was very serious and sedate. Still further on is a photo of my husband and me. It was taken forty-one years ago, when ladies wore ultra large crinolines, and gentlemen—abnormally bushy side whiskers. We were not—as the photo shows—an exception to the rule. Next comes a photograph of Douglas Jerrold, which he gave my husband. He was not a particularly good-looking man. He had rather a long nose, a very high forehead surmounted with long hair that was brushed right back, and a short chin. Yet, despite the imperfectly proportioned features, it was a clever and attractive face, wearing, as a rule, a somewhat pained expression.

In my husband's sketch-book there are a number of sketches he made whilst in Italy. His studies in green—the various tints in the trees, bushes, and grass—were particularly good, and he also attained success in depicting the atmosphere of loneliness, so often met with to a remarkable degree in the deserted avenues and corridors of an Italian town. In one of these water-colour sketches, for instance, is a flight of stone steps, grey and broken with the wear and tear of ages, threading its way silently through a forest of lofty, awe-inspiring trees. The steps are bathed in shadows and the very air is impregnated with the solemn hush of nature and decay. The spirits of the long-forgotten dead might well be treading up and down those stairs, mingling with a ghostly throng of nymphs and satyrs. There is something in the shadows that suggests it. In another sketch he shows a descent of Mount Vesuvius by night, and the lurid light from the guides' torches reflected against a dark blue sky produces an effect as realistic as it is weird.

During a visit to the home of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, at Holly Lodge, Highgate, Edward made a sketch of her beautiful house and grounds. The house

looks almost as delightful as it really was, and stands surrounded by every shade of green—from the dark hue of the trees and more medium tint of the laurels, to the very light green of the beautifully-kept grass. The Baroness evinced even more than an intelligent interest in art. She was a most talented and “all-round” clever woman.

Some of Edward's other English sketches are :— Wickham Court, Kent, with its red roof and ivy-clad walls, and grey doorway adorned with mediæval looking spikes ; an elaborate panoramic view of London, sketched at the age of thirteen from the roof of a house in the Strand, showing countless rows of chimney pots ; the old Houses of Parliament ; Westminster Abbey ; Lambeth Palace and St. John's Church ; a study in black-and-white of a spring of water pouring from a wall into a trough in Yorkshire ; a study in red of Wells Cathedral, giving one a glimpse through an open doorway of the aisles, and revealing vistas of red baize, that are rendered positively dazzling owing to the blinding effect of the sun's rays ; a black-and-white study of the top of my head when I was ten years old, and my hair, long, fair, and curling, had that sheeny effect that so delighted G. F. Watts, R.A., that my mother allowed me to sit to him ; a study in black-and-white of the dead Christ, from a model who, in appearance, was supposed to bear a strong resemblance to our Lord (my husband would never attempt to paint the head of the living Christ, being convinced that such an undertaking was beyond man's power) ; a pencil sketch of Halls, the Burnham Beeches murderer, as he sat in court listening to his trial (he has a low, brutal face, with a shelving-in back to his head—usual in murderers—and a retreating chin) ; a black-and-white study showing the effects of sunlight on the sward in the grounds of Helmsley

Castle ; a black-and-white sketch of W. Mulready, R.A., at a Council meeting of the R.A., 1866, sitting in a very characteristic attitude at the table, stroking his chin thoughtfully whilst an amused expression flits over his face (Mulready always wore glasses and had long hair and a very long upper lip) ; two studies of dogs (apropos of the latter, James Ward, R.A., was of opinion that any animal could be well painted by a figure painter, excepting a horse, which requires special study) ; and a pencil portrait of James Ward, R.A., which occupies the last page. My grandfather is represented here just as I remember him in the latter years of his life : a little man in tight breeches reaching nearly to the ankle, with a sad thoughtful face and rather big head.

My children's scrap-book contains many amusing sketches which our artist and literary friends good-naturedly drew for them. Among them is a drawing by Miss C., one of my pupils. Miss C. was unfortunate ; on more than one occasion she lost her pictures destined for the R.A. Oddly enough, some little time after one of these mishaps, a man turned up at my house with some pictures and asked me if I would buy them. I at once recognized Miss C.'s work and sent the man to her. Telling Miss C. that he had bought them at some dealer's, he demanded payment for them and, as Miss C. indignantly refused to give him anything, he took them away and she never saw them again. But queer things were always happening to Miss C. I once lent her some bones in order to enable her to make a few studies in anatomy. She took them away from the studio wrapped in brown paper, and, on arriving at Slough railway station, entrusted them to a porter, who, in wheeling the parcel along the platform with other luggage, let them slide off his truck. Of course, the string slipped, and the

bones were scattered broadcast. Her fellow-travellers, convinced that some dreadful tragedy had been enacted, fled for their lives, and Miss C., giving the porter a very substantial tip, to avoid being taken into custody, slunk home.

My children were very fond of Richard Doyle's drawings in *Punch*, and after cutting them out of old numbers, mounted them in their album. We knew the Doyles, father and son, extremely well. John Doyle, the father, was generally known as H. B., whilst Richard, his son, was always spoken of as Dicky. It was Dicky who designed the cover for *Punch*, and who illustrated Leigh Hunt's "Jar of Honey." Though he is almost unknown to the present generation, Dicky Doyle was a great genius—in my opinion, greater even than George Cruikshank. Not only was he a humorist, as may be seen in his illustrations of the "Adventures of Brown, Jones and Robinson," but a delineator of fairy subjects of the most lovely and exquisite kind. He was a very tall man with an habitually pleasant smile.

My mother's album, which she had before her marriage, contains many beautiful engravings in water-colours of flowers, trees, and pastoral scenes, remarkable for their very fine workmanship. Like most of the ladies of her day, she also wrote verses, and many of the paintings in her book are full of poetic sentiment.

In my own album are a variety of contributions by John Franklin, Duncan, R.A., A. Aglio (landscape painter), Alfred Elmore, R.A., J. Dodson, the water-colour artist, Dicky Doyle, Rolandstone, James Ward, R.A., and my husband. Franklin drew some very clever sketches—of pretty pensive girls, knights in armour, dancing couples, and a variety of other human subjects. Aglio's contributions were mainly

landscapes with castles nestling amidst trees or standing in bold prominence on granite rocks. Duncan, R.A., drew me pen-and-ink sketches of boats at sea, Alfred Elmore, R.A., pen-and-ink drawings of Spaniards, and J. Dodson elaborate houses and pen-and-ink sketches of rivers, bridges, and trees, all very charmingly and neatly executed—for precision was one of the chief characteristics of his work.

Lastly, I have an album which is full of water-colour sketches I have made—of different places I have visited during the last fifty or more years. These sketches include The Barracks at Boveney, near Windsor, with its red-tiled roof, pink walls, and quaint gables; the old Surly Hall, near Eton; the fine entrance hall at Knebworth, and the study, which Lord Lytton kindly converted into a studio for our use; Boreaton Park, near Shrewsbury, with its large stretch of yellow-green grass, gaunt trees and purple hills far away in the dim background; Walpole's room in "Strawberry Hill," with its old-fashioned fireplace and pointed window overlooking the quiet and peaceful lawn; and "The Grange," Castle Connell, near A——, which place I visited during my tour in Ireland.

In these albums (my husband's and my own), I possess a complete link with the past. I have only to turn over their pages to breathe once again my old aspirations and live once again my old life!

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